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# THE STORY OF FRANCE

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# THE STORY OF FRANCE

FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE  
CONSULATE OF NAPOLEON  
BONAPARTE

BY

THOMAS E. WATSON

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

*FROM THE END OF THE REIGN OF LOUIS THE  
FIFTEENTH TO THE CONSULATE OF  
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE*

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# THE STORY OF FRANCE



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## CHAPTER I

DEATH OF LOUIS XV. ACCESSION OF LOUIS XVI. AND  
MARIE ANTOINETTE. GENERAL CONDITIONS. JOY OF  
THE PEOPLE AT COMMENCEMENT OF NEW REIGN.  
UNIVERSAL LOYALTY

“**Y**ET forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed!”  
From this text the bishop of Senez, during the  
Lenten season of 1774, preached before King Louis XV.  
and his court.

With passionate courage and zeal the bishop lashed the wicked city of Paris, lashed the fashionable world and its vices, lashed guilty king and guilty people; and, in a terrible strain of prophetic eloquence, warned the gilded sinners of the wrath to come. God would not forever tolerate unbridled lust and sin: Paris was another city accursed; retribution was at hand. “Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown!”

Louis XV., though in practice a sinner, was theoretically as orthodox a Christian as ever lived, and he believed in a hell,—a literal fire, brimstone, and never-dying-worm hell. He also had a conscience, dormant usually, but ready to spring into amazing activity the moment the terror of death came upon him.

The bishop's sermon aroused this slumbering conscience, and the sensual old king went away profoundly troubled. The prophecy continued to ring in his ears after he had returned to the palace. A vague fear seized him, and he could not shake it off. He began to wish that the forty days were past. He spoke of it to Madame du Barry, and she shared his disquietude. Old Richelieu, the battered old beau of three reigns, as callous a libertine as ever soiled a flower and threw it away, laughed cynically at the king, laughed cynically at the Du Barry. Not all the bishops on earth could have aroused remorse in Richelieu. But with the king it was different; with Madame du Barry it was different. Beneath the libertine in Louis was the man, who shrank in terror from the hell which his religion pictured. Beneath the courtesan in Madame du Barry was a warm-hearted woman who wished to live, to love, to possess, to enjoy. To each of these, the bishop's stern prophecy brought chilly apprehensions, haunting fears.

Would that those forty days were passed!

Before they were passed, the old king had been laid, none too gently, among his fathers at St. Denis; and Madame du Barry was an outcast from the world of royal favour, — a wanderer upon the dreary road which was to lead her, shrieking vainly the while, to the remorseless guillotine!

Day was following day at Versailles in 1774 as in other years, neither king nor court showing any sign of change. The routine of ceremony is the same, the arduous doing of nothing the same, the welter of polite dissipation the same. Languid, disquieted, but unresisting, the aged



king floats with the current, dimly seeing where it tends, but too listless to stem the torrent. He is aging gently, is handsome and royal in bearing, is erect and apparently strong. One would say he has many years to live. He comes and goes in the usual round of pastime, business, and pleasure. Habitual indifference sits upon him like a shadow. He cares for nothing, and he knows that nothing cares for him. Seldom does he go abroad during these later years. Paris he avoids. Journeying from one of his palaces to another, he will skirt the city rather than go through it. Parisians might salute the royal presence with jeers. For Louis has lost place in the march of the world, and he vaguely feels the shame of it. He knows that from his feeble hands the Empire of his fathers has fallen, that in the far East as well as in the far West the lilies of France no longer greet the sun, that abroad he, the king, is mocked, at home despised. All this the aged monarch knows, has long known, but what then? Must Versailles be less splendid because of empires lost abroad? If crowned robbers seize Poland, dividing it between them without so much as saying to France, "By your leave," is that any good reason why Louis should worry and fret? If Famine stalk into the kingdom and the speculator put his sickle into the harvest-field of famine-prices, why should not the shepherd of the people reap where others glean, why should his Most Christian Majesty not have his share of profits in the monopoly which forces upward the price of grain? Things are not as they should be, and Louis knows it, is uneasy about it, would perhaps improve matters if he knew what to do, and could do it without toil and trouble. Not seeing very clearly, however, what should be done, and intimidated by an

instinctive feeling that the reformation of governments and peoples is a task involving considerable time, labour, and mental wear and tear, King Louis continues to confine his faculties to the deft striking off of the top of his egg with his fork amid the murmur of admiration of Parisian cockneys who come out to see him eat, and he beguiles his leisure with such other pleasures as have not palled, such amusements as yet amuse.

The winter of 1774 gives way slowly to the spring: the April sun grows warm, driving the chill from marble court and colonnade, arching rainbows above the fountains, carpeting in gold the terrace and promenade, and from every plant and tree of garden, park, and wood throwing its banners of leaf and bud and blossom. All Nature revels in loveliness. Life gathers up all its splendours for the living, and nowhere is the perfect glory of the new year more intoxicating than at the Little Trianon, a king's own paradise, where the king is now loitering, and is enjoying these sunny April days.

And here his journey ends. The carnival goes on with one reveller the less. Every sound in Nature may thrill with new life and joy, every colour may be rich with the royal red, or with the green of youth, as April gives place to May, but to Louis all things pale, all sounds grow dull, for Pestilence smites him suddenly here at Trianon, and he is carried home to his palace of Versailles, — sick unto death.

There was much smallpox abroad at this time, and there is little need to give credit to marvels to account for the king's infection. It may have come from the "gate-keeper's once so buxom daughter": it may have

been taken from one of the girls of the harem, or it may have happened that Louis, on his way to the hunt, passed too close to the bier of a young woman who had died of smallpox, and that death leaped from the coffin of the peasant girl to ride with the Bourbon king. There are vouchers for each story, and therefore each may be false.

As the malady of the king took on its fatal symptoms, there was a tumult among the courtiers,—in one faction terror, in another hope; the “Ins” were sick at heart, the “Outs” were full of joy. To Madame du Barry and the *grandees* who had been hanging to her scarlet robes, the end of the world seemed at hand, and with anxious faces they hovered about the sick-room, sorely afflicted. But to the opposite faction, the time was laden with great expectations. All those who had been excluded from favour were hungry for a change. They had all to win and nothing to lose by a new reign. They built their hopes upon the prince, who would be Louis XVI., and upon his youthful spouse, both of whom were so inexperienced, so mentally weak. Think how easy a thing it would be for adroit courtiers to manipulate a prince who was so much given to the pleasure of the table, the chase, and the forge,—a prince, who at nineteen years of age found amusement in “running after a footman to tickle him while his hands were full of dirty clothes!” Think of what might be done with a young queen who led the carnival of dissipation, who espoused the quarrels of her giddy companions, and who let herself down to the level of the loosest courtiers in her reckless pursuit of pleasure!

Such were the court factions which not only filled the palace with their discords, but which carried the war into the chamber of death. Nobles, priests, place-hunters

scheme, intrigue, and strive with each other savagely over the body of the dying king. Shall the Du Barry be put out of doors and religious consolation administered to the sufferer—thus ousting the faction which now rules? Or shall it be pretended that the king is not in serious danger, and that there is no pressing need just yet of allowing the men of God to drive away the king's mistress? Over this they wrangle—nobles, bishops, and place-hunters—while death marches grimly on.

Who puts an end to this shameful contest? The king. Tired out with waiting, tortured by fear of dying unabsolved, and convinced that all hope of recovery is gone, he imperatively demands the last consolations of his Church. Old Richelieu may mutter curses, but the king's command is obeyed. Priests do their holy office. The dying man, exerting himself with all his strength, rises in his bed, throws off the bed clothing, and tries to kneel at the feet of the priest—joining with piteous earnestness in the prayers. With what infinite comfort he receives those sacraments; how anxious he is to have it understood that he repents of any scandal he may have caused, and that he promises to do better in the future! "Repeat those words," he begs of the officiating cardinal, "repeat those words!"

Sixty-four years of life have been given to pleasures of the world, to lust, to pride, to vanity—to the devil, if the plain truth must be told. Less than sixty-four hours remain, and these are given to God!

Around this aged man, impure of life and covered over with the sins of three generations, faith draws her magic circle, and he is comforted. He has touched the sacramental bread and wine, he has heard the absolution pro-

nounced, and all the dark past is bright — to the eyes of faith. France, dismembered and plundered, reproaches him not. French soldiers, butchered in senseless wars in every quarter of the globe, haunt him not. French peasants, ground mercilessly under the wheels of his system, French boys and girls, driven by thousands into lives of shame and crime by reason of that system, disturb him not. It is all right. He found it so, he leaves it so. He sinned, but God is good and pardons sin,—and so he sinks into the dreamless sleep with as calm a conscience as ever blessed an anchorite.

Madame du Barry had packed her trunks and gone. The reign of the last of the harlot queens was over. In vain she lingered at Rueil, a brief space, hoping that Louis might recover. From the days of Diana of Poitiers forward to the time of the Montespan, the Maintenon, and the Pompadour, had been one long descent in national morals, the evil growing ever more ruinous, the sin ever more brazen and defiant. The day came when the king's concubine overshadowed his queen, banished her to the obscurities of domestic existence, and proudly controlled the revenues and the policies of the State. The official mistress of the king was as fully recognized as a portion of the Bourbon system as a general of the armies, or a judge of the courts.

More powerful than ministers, the king's concubine made and unmade careers, appointed and dismissed the highest officers, enriched her favourites out of the public funds, and ruined those who displeased her by despotic persecution. Did not Latude lie in the Bastille thirty-five long years because he had risked a harmless practical

joke upon Madame de Pompadour? Did not the highest heads in the kingdom bend low before the confidential servants of the king's mistress, paying court to the power behind the throne?

It had been a lengthy chapter, every page of it unspeakably foul, but it ended with the Du Barry. When Louis XV. called her to his bedside, kissed her hand for the last time, and said, "My love, we must part," neither he nor she realized how completely he was bidding farewell to a system as well as to a woman. Since that day, there has never been in any Christian land the acknowledged rule of the avowed prostitute. One thing, at least, the Revolution of 1789 accomplished,—it put back upon vice the necessity of paying the tribute of hypocrisy to virtue.

As the evening of May 10th, 1774, wore away, and it became apparent that the dying king would soon be gone, the whole court made ready to leave the palace and start for Choisy the moment Louis XV. should depart for the next world. Travelling habits were donned, and the carriages got ready. Between three and four o'clock, a signal of some sort (the blowing out of a candle, the memoir-writers say) was given, and it was known throughout the palace, like a flash, that the old king was dead, and a new reign had begun.

The courtiers had been eagerly waiting for the signal, and now with a rush and "a mighty noise absolutely like thunder" they pour out of the rooms where they have been waiting, and crowd through the corridors and down the stairs to the chamber in which stand Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. Old Madame Noailles first, the grandees of the kingdom pay their respects to the

young sovereigns, who are overcome, who are melted to tears, and who fall upon their knees to pray: "O God! guide us and protect us; we are too young to reign!" Then they all fled the house of death. Pestilence was there, and carriages could not travel too fast to take away king, queen, princes, nobles, and even the daughters of the monarch just deceased. The corpse of Louis XV. was almost deserted, and for the once "Well-beloved" no one was left to mourn.

A courtier had noticed that a boy, serving near the sick-room, was in tears. "Do you weep for your master?" asked the courtier in surprise. "For the king? Not in the least," answered the tender-hearted youth. "I am crying for a poor fellow in there who has not had the smallpox. He will get it, and die."

As the court carriages roll off toward Choisy, the royal party decorously pretends to weep, and compliant courtiers pretend to follow the example, but the burden is heavy and is soon thrown off. The Countess of Artois pronounces a word oddly, or is thought to have done so, and every one laughs. This ends the brief mourning for Louis XV. Handkerchiefs are pocketed, alleged tears dried, imaginary grief banished, and the brilliant party speeds onward, laughing, chatting, and jesting, toward Choisy.

In spite of all that has been said to the contrary, it does not appear that the death-bed of Louis XV. was surrounded by any peculiar horrors, or that he was denied any attention a man in his condition could receive. Smallpox was terribly fatal in those days, and the infection more feared than now. Nevertheless, the

king's daughters nursed him with tender care and heroic courage. The Du Barry came to the bedside as long as the sick man would allow it; and the high officers of State and of Church were punctual in their attendance. Old Richelieu and many other courtiers came and went fearlessly, so much so, indeed, that fifty people caught the disease, and ten died of it. Not until the old king had breathed his last did the stampede take place. Dead kings were nothing to Frenchmen. It was the living king they loved. The dead king had no offices to give, no estates, no pensions, no honours. The dead king needing only a coffin and vault, the menials and the functionaries whose special duty it was could attend to that.

The funeral of Louis XV. was hurried, shabby, and disrespectful, it is true, but the nature of the disease required speedy interment and the absence of ceremony. As the procession escorted by fifty of the Scots Guards (not grooms or palfreniers, as Mr. Carlyle states), passed out of the gates of Versailles at night, a grizzled veteran of the old wars, on sentry duty at the palace, shouldered his musket and brought his hand to the salute as the dead king passed by. "Nevertheless," murmured the old soldier, regretfully, "he was at Fontenoy."

The average citizen, remembering nothing of Fontenoy, and harassed by an acute recollection of oppressive taxes and court extravagance, took no sentimental view of the situation at all, but, on the other hand, was fain to relieve his feelings, as the royal hearse passed, by pelting it with mud and with bitter curses.

The accession of Louis XVI. was hailed throughout the realm with transports of delight. No king had ever



been more earnestly desired ; none was ever more eagerly welcomed. Ashamed of Louis XV., and filled with disgust by the mingled corruption and imbecility of his reign, the nation had looked forward with boundless hope and confidence to his grandson and successor. Loyalty to the crown, a fund so heavily drawn upon by the Grand Monarch, the Regent, and Louis XV., seemed as inexhaustible as the widow's cruse. Tired of the king the nation might become ; tired of the kingship, never.

What marvellous loyalty was that which the French people had laid at the feet of Louis XIV.! How willingly they allowed him to absorb all France,—its revenues to his court, its sons to his camps. How briskly did noblemen compete for the honour of rendering him menial service, and how eagerly the highest born ladies intrigued for entrance into his harem !

It required seventy years of accumulated national calamities to sicken the French with their Grand Monarch. The sickness came at last and it was acute,—one symptom of which, according to some authorities, was mud and stones shied at the Grand Monarch's coffin. With what rapture did the people then turn to Louis XV.! Beautiful as a Greek god, France loved him in his youth with a fondness which was almost worship. None of the infamies of the Regency were charged up to him. Bourbon's errors and Fleury's mistakes left his popularity untouched. And when he put himself at the head of his armies in 1744, every Frenchman was proud, was happy, was noisily enthusiastic. News came to Paris that he had been stricken down with sudden illness at Metz and would die. All Paris was filled with lamentations. People ran about the streets wringing their

hands as if death had invaded their own homes. There were cries of pain on all sides, pain and terror. Churches were crowded with sobbing multitudes, who implored God to spare the young king to his people. Priests wept as they recited the service. Grief and despair prevailed, and Paris "seemed a city taken by storm." Not long after this a courier arrived, during the night, with the good news that the king had recovered. Instantly the city was all astir. People came bundling out of their houses, hastily dressed, to hug other people wherever they met them. Joyful shouts resounded, joyful tears flowed. The messenger was almost smothered by embraces, and his horse was covered with kisses. Bonfires were lit, church bells rung, *Te Deums* chanted, and all Paris was in raptures.

Louis XV. had, in the long run, turned this love of the French people into hatred by practically the same methods which had made the funeral day of his great-grandfather a signal for national festivity. Hence, during all the later years of Louis XV., the French had yearned for Louis XVI.; had built their hopes upon him, put their faith in him, and looked forward to his reign as to a new era,—an era which men could honour and God could bless. There was no sign or symptom of revolution anywhere at the time Louis XVI. ascended the throne. France was at peace with herself and with all the world. Agriculture was in no worse plight than for generations past, manufactures were improving, commerce making steady progress, and, as Voltaire himself proclaimed, the general condition of the kingdom was growing better.

When Mr. Carlyle speaks of Louis XV. as lying down

to die in a powder-tower where "fire unquenched and unquenchable is smoking and smouldering all around," he paints a lurid word-picture whose colouring is not taken from the facts. The circumstances surrounding Louis XV. in no wise differed from those which had encompassed Louis XIV. nearly a century before. Governmental conditions were almost identically the same. Whatever difference existed was favourable to the new reign. Not only were meddlesome and quarrelsome parliaments gone, but the revenues from the standing taxes were increasing because of the growing wealth of the country. The income of Louis XVI. from the same taxes soon exceeded those of Louis XV. by 130,000,000 livres. The exports, which had been 106,000,000 livres in 1720, were 192,000,000 in 1748, 257,000,000 in 1755, and 309,000,000 in 1776.

The evidence that national prosperity was on the increase is overwhelming. All the leading authorities, royalist and republican, agree upon it. What the State needed, therefore, was peace and economy. To escape the dangers of the deficit a firm restraint of expenditure was requisite, and a business-like refunding of the debt at lower interest until the growing wealth of the nation should so swell the annual revenues as to cause the balance to cross over to the safe side of the ledger. There was absolutely no immediate danger from that or from any other source so far as human eye could see. At a much later period so close an observer as Thomas Jefferson journeyed over the kingdom, and, while the stern republican saw much to condemn, he saw nothing which caused him to prophesy a revolution.

The "powder-tower" theory is the mere word-painting

of prose poetry. Combustible materials existed in abundance, it is true, but they existed in all lands, even as they do now. There was no fire in the "powder-tower," else the explosion would not have been delayed for fifteen years.

Louis XVI. had one of the rarest faculties for making blunders that the world ever saw. He had, in that respect, only one superior, — his wife. And it required fifteen years of their united blunderings, aided by the insane folly of a profligate court, to estrange the loyal love of the French people and to beat down into the dust the strongly built fabric of the Ancien Régime.

So far is it from being true that the Revolution sprang upon these young sovereigns unawares and through no sin of their own, that the unvarnished record reveals a calamity provoked by themselves, and moving upon them, from one slow stage to another, with all the regularity of a Greek tragedy. There were abuses in France which cried aloud for redress, but the scream of oppressed humanity was no more piercing than it had long been; no more disquieting than it was in Germany, Spain, or Russia. Wrongs had been denounced, reforms advocated, and public opinion developed into a censor of the government; but no talk of revolt was in the air or in the thoughts of men. The philosophers were dreaming of improved conditions and pointing out errors, deficiencies, and abuses. Doctrinaires were showing how governmental affairs might be altered for the better; but not a voice was raised against the king or the monarchy. In all France there was not a man, high or low, who dreamed of demolishing the throne, or abolishing the system then existing.

The peasant wanted to get rid of the feudal burdens which compelled him to work without pay for the lord of the manor; which compelled him to submit to the depredations of hunters and game; which compelled him to patronize the lord's monopoly of wine-press, oven, and mill; which compelled him to pay almost the whole of what was paid for the support of both the Church and the State; and which kept him degraded, impoverished, mentally benighted, and politically null. But, keenly as the peasant felt the hardships of his condition, he had no thought of insurrection. He had borne his cross so long that it seemed to him to be a part of the family furniture. To toil, to endure, to be poor, to be despised by his betters,—it all seemed natural to the peasant. He might occasionally gather up the hardihood to shoot a gamekeeper, but usually it was the other way,—the gamekeeper shot him. Beyond the poaching upon the lord's woods and game, the spirit of revolt did not venture. And when the gamekeeper killed a poacher for shooting the lord's rabbit, it seemed the most natural thing in the world. Sympathy was all on the side of the lord and the rabbit. How could the peasant resist his oppressors? How could any revolution originate with him? He had no arms, no leader, no organization. Bad as his condition was, his father's had been worse, and his grandfather's more wretched still. What incendiary appealed to his passions or his prejudices, his wants or his hopes? Who was there to awake the sleeping devil in him by telling him of his rights as a man? Nobody. The State, with its caste-system holding him as in a resistless machine, carried him as a mere cog in the wheel, asking him no question. The Church, speak

ing for God, told him that all was lovely, and must remain as it was. Incendiary books might be written, but what peasant could read them? Reform might be the burden of song and pamphlet, of conversation in the salons, of Turgot, Voltaire, Quesnay, Montesquieu, Raynal, and Rousseau, but it was all up in the air to the peasant. Not until the higher orders split into furious factions and called in the peasant to do the fighting did the sans-culotte appear upon the scene, sanguinary and terrible in the pent-up wrath of countless generations.

Among the middle class, composed of manufacturers, merchants, lawyers, doctors, bankers, etc., the spirit of discontent was stronger than among the peasants. The nobles had squandered their money right and left, and the middle class had got it. Greatly endowed in lands, houses, furniture, and jewels, the hereditary aristocracy was poor in ready money. It was the fashion to spend all they could make, inherit, or borrow; it was beneath the dignity of an aristocrat to higggle about prices, and, consequently, he was robbed on all sides by those who dealt with him. But, while the bourgeoisie had grown rich, it was nevertheless unprivileged. They were almost as completely shut out from the consecrated avenues of aristocracy as the peasants themselves. The poorest noble, though vicious and ignorant, took precedence of the richest merchant, no matter how worthy and cultured. The son of the millionaire banker, whose cash might be necessary to the very life of the State, could never be a captain in its army. Four generations of nobility were needful for that. At every turn in the walk of life, the rich men of the middle class, "self made" men, — strong, aggressive, conceited, and ambitious, — found themselves recoil-

ing before the insolence and privileges of the nobles. They resented it with growing anger, but even they had not dreamt of changing the situation by force.

In the first volume of this work the old régime has been described, and we have seen that the privileged classes of France, as heretofore stated, consisted of about 270,000 persons, half of whom were nobles, the other half priests. A fifth of the soil belonged to the 30,000 noble families, and a fifth to the clergy. Another fifth belonged to the king and the city governments. The remaining two-fifths were owned by the middle class and the peasantry. Arthur Young reached the conclusion in 1788 that one-third of the land belonged to the peasants. This estimate is considered by Taine and others as too high. But even at that time a very considerable portion of the soil belonged to those who worked it. The French peasant for several generations had had the land fever in an aggravated form, in spite of all the feudal burdens. He would toil like a slave, dress like a beggar, eat like a hermit, cheat like a gypsy, and buy land. With that desperate tenacity which cannot be resisted, he encroached upon the feudal lord who was almost always absent, cut his wood, poached his game, fished his ponds, gleaned his fields, "squatted" on his land, and by purchase in some instances, the liberality of the lord in others, and the collusion of the lord's steward in others, he made constant progress in land ownership.

The manner in which the peasants could draw together in a tacit conspiracy to harass a wealthy proprietor, who was at once oppressive and cowardly, is described in a letter written by Madame de Nocé to Diderot. Madame de Nocé is a neighbour to Helvetius, a gentleman who has

accumulated a fortune farming the taxes, and who has now turned away from the labours of that form of robbery to refresh his faculties with philosophy. Having invested a portion of his plunder in one of the grand old estates which the proud incompetent nobles are unable to hold, Helvetius has come into the country seeking that ideal peace, comfort, and happiness which the country is ever promising and never gives. Instead of the quietude and recreation he expected, Helvetius discovers that even in the depths of rural quietudes one can provoke hostilities which banish the idealities of the dreamer. In spite of his wealth he is wretched. His neighbours and the peasants detest him. He is a stickler for all his proprietary rights, exacts dues, repels encroachments, harasses poachers, levies war upon trespassers, and keeps twenty-four men, with guns and dogs, to hold intruding natives at bay.

Certain of the natives, poor peasants who own no land, have been living for many years in wretched hovels along the border of his woods. Here they have made their homes for so long a time that they have come to regard themselves as rightfully there. Previous owners of the estate have respected this feeling, and left the huts as they were. Not so Helvetius. This philosopher has no sooner taken possession than he tears down the hovels of the peasants, and turns the homeless people adrift. They go, but with hatred in their hearts; and Helvetius finds that with his harsh assertion of his rights and his aggressive bearing toward the poor among whom he lives, his estate is beleaguered by a vast and formidable conspiracy.

The many combine against the tyrannical one, the peasants against the lord. They plunder his grounds by night, break his windows, cut his trees, throw down his



walls, tear up his spiked paling, kill his game, and seem disposed to kill the philosopher himself. Helvetius lives in fear, and dares not go abroad in his own estate without a body-guard of gamekeepers. "I would not have his fine estate as a present," writes Madame de Nocé, "had I to live there in perpetual alarms." Under just such a pressure many a landowner sells and moves away.

The farms owned by the peasants were mere gardens, and small ones at that. The owners as a rule did not live upon them. The village was the home of the peasant community, and from the village every morning, the entire population, men, women, and children, poured out into the farms to work. The farm tools were carried back and forth a mile, two miles, and even more. The manure the same, — frequently in baskets on the heads of the women. The women and children did at least their full share of the drudgery, digging, manuring, planting, weeding, and garnering. Says Arthur Young, date July 13th, 1789: "Leave Mars-le-Tour at four in the morning. The village herdsman was sounding his horn; and it was droll to see every door vomiting out its hogs and sheep and goats, the flock increasing as he advances." The cattle had slept with the folks. Even at that day the peasant farm was cut up into slices. When the father died, each of the children wanted his share of each of the tiny bits of land the father had owned. These subdivisions, going on from one generation to another, reduced some of the farms to the size of patches on a bed-quilt. "I have seen," says Lady Verney, "these divisions carried to such excess that a single fruit tree, standing in about ten perches of land, constituted the farm."

Near Clermont, the same lady speaks of "an old man

digging potatoes on a piece of land the size of a pocket-handkerchief." In places near large towns, a placard was to be seen advertising with pride "a piece of ground to be sold with four trees." The point in this boast is that the adjoining plot cannot have any trees at all because it is only twelve feet wide,—the law forbidding the planting of trees at less than six feet from the adjoining line. With his tiny bits of land scattered here and there among other slices, often several miles apart, the farm life of the French peasant was necessarily a haggard existence. By excessive toil, unlimited manuring, and miserly economy, life could be sustained upon these little bedquilt farms; but how could improved methods ever be introduced? Near a large town, these gardens, producing marvellous crops of vegetables, fruits, and wines, might yield a profit; but how could they compete in wheat raising with the American farm of 30,000 or 100,000 acres, where improved methods and labour-saving machinery of all kinds have revolutionized the spade, rake, hand-cart, sickle, and hand-thresh system? In France there are now 12,600,000 farms of less than fifteen acres, and we feel no surprise when we learn that 3,000,000 of the 8,000,000 land-owners are on the pauper roll claiming exemption from personal taxes.

Except as a free gift, the Church contributed nothing to the support of the State. During the reign of Louis XVI. their free gift averaged less than four and a half million francs, whereas the annual subsidy the Church received from the king was two and a half million francs. It was only when the clergy were softened and gratified by some royal edict of extra harshness against the Protestants that their free gifts

amounted to much. During the period when they were wheedling Louis XIV. out of the fatal Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the clergy poured riches into the treasury of the State; in 1789, when religious freedom for the Protestants was favoured by the ministers of Louis XVI., the clergy refused to contribute a cent. With its yearly income of \$15,000,000 from its untaxed capital of \$400,000,000, and its tithe-revenue of at least as much more, the Church serenely held forward on its way, unmindful of the miseries of the people or the necessities of the State.

The higher clergy, the princes of the Church, imitating the king and his satellites, rolled in luxury, revelled in good living. Whatever religious duty was performed during these degenerate days was done by the shabbily clad and poorly paid curé, who moved among the lower classes ministering to them with more or less efficiency, and eking out a scanty existence on salaries ranging from \$80 to \$150. The princes of the Church were usually men of noble birth; the curés were men of the people. The cardinals and the bishops looked down on the curé and scorned him; the curé looked up at the bishop, envied him, and hated him.

With the exception of what the royal family spent, almost the whole of the revenues of the kingdom was divided among the nobles, male and female, in salaries, pensions, gifts, and perquisites. The king's ministers and intendants were generally men of the middle class, for reasons of State policy, but all the high positions about the palace, the person of the monarch, and the diplomatic service were in the hands of the nobles. The army was officered exclusively by nobles, and the pay of the officers,

as a body, exceeded that of the troops. We can imagine how much love was lost between supercilious young officers, dandies and nobles, and the gaunt, squalid soldiers of the line. There is an anecdote which fairly illustrates the situation: A prince of the blood-royal gives a banquet to officers of the army. A table for a hundred guests is set under a huge tent, and grenadiers are detailed to wait on the table. Their feet, it seems, smell badly. The prince catches a whiff of sour foot and doesn't like it. "These worthy fellows," says he to his companions, "smell strong of the stocking." "Because we haven't got any," bluntly retorted a soldier who had overheard the remark. "A profound silence followed," says De Ségur, to whose *Memoirs* we owe the incident.

The noble gets prouder as he gets poorer. Having no money, and in many cases no property, he makes much of his privileges, and exacts his feudal dues with rigorous minuteness. His *château* may be gone into other hands, but he is still lord of the dove-cote, the rabbit-warren, the fish-pond. He must have his toll out of the wine, the provisions, the passing merchandise. His detested rights shadow the bridge, the mill, the public fair, the public scales, the oven, and the wine-press. He is the hawk of the community, soaring aloft and pouncing down upon the natives for his living. The time has been when, if my lady of the *château* were ill and the frogs of the moat disturbed her rest, feudal law required the peasants to turn out of their huts and beat about in the marsh all night long, if need be, to frighten the frogs into silence, so that my lady of the *château* might sleep. Circumstances have so far favoured the peasant that he can now avoid the frog-duty by making money-payment in lieu thereof!

On the question of game, the noble is uncompromising. Time simply stiffens the joints of the Ancien Régime when it comes to that. Peasants must *not* kill game of any sort, be it never so destructive to his crops. Neither must he injure the flavour of the birds by scattering manure at certain seasons. Nor must he disturb the young partridges by weeding his crops during the hatching period. If he builds enclosures to protect the crop, he must first get a license for so doing; and the license will be procured with difficulty, and will cost a snug sum of money. If the peasant presumes to erect any fence, shed, or house which in any manner interferes with the free passage of the hunters, horses, and dogs through the premises, woe to the peasant, — for the law will lay its heavy hand upon him. The farm must be open at all times to the inroads of the nobles; and the farmer must be prepared in all seasons to see the glittering cavalcade of courtiers, lords, ladies, and flunkies come tearing through the grain-field, the vineyard, or the garden, trampling his wheat, ruining his vegetables, breaking down his vines, and playing havoc with his grapes. A regiment of cavalry would do little more damage, charging across the farm, than is done by one of these hunting-parties.

The celebrated Beaumarchais, appointed to the post of Lieutenant-general of the Preserves in the Bailiwick, and Captainry of the Warren of the Louvre, once passed judgment upon a farmer who had built a shed, and had neglected to pull it down when so ordered. The sentence is dated July 31st, 1766, and condemns “the said Ragondet, farmer, to a fine of one hundred livres (\$20), and to pull down the shed and outer walls,” etc.

This farmer, Ragondet, lived in a captainry of the

king, a district over which the exclusive hunting privilege belonged to the king. This particular district extended for forty-five miles all around Paris. Any farmer who put up a fence, shed, or building of any sort, without a license, was liable to a punishment similar to that which fell upon Ragondet. He could neither kill the game which devoured his crop, put up fences to keep it out, nor erect sheds to protect his harvest when gathered. Both the game and the hunter must have full liberty of entrance ; farmer Ragondet and his crop must bear it the best they can. It had always been so and must remain so. Farmer Ragondet must pay the fine, pull down the shed, gather what remains of the crop after game and hunter have had their pleasure, thank God that he is not dead—and so march onward with an humble, contrite heart.

The king enjoyed many captainries ; and those which were not owned by the king belonged to the nobles. The Condés possessed, on their enormous estate of Chantilly, a captainry one hundred miles in circumference ; and around each of the thirty or forty thousand palaces in the kingdom, a like monopoly, monstrosity, and intolerable tyranny of hunting existed.

Exclusive of the rent proper, or his share of the crop when farming on shares, the feudal lord enjoys the *corvées*, or right to exact labour from his tenant. He can requisition the work-cattle of the peasant along with the peasant himself. He can exact a heavy penalty from the peasant, by way of mutation fine, when the latter buys or sells land. He contributes neither labour nor money to the building and maintenance of roads and bridges. On its way to the market, he and the

king will take toll, or passage duty, sixteen times before a cask of wine can reach Paris from Languedoc, Dauphiny, or Roussillon; and it must then pay other duties before it can enter the market.

At the gates of Paris, in the little parish of Auber-villiers, there are "excessive duties on hay, straw, seeds, tallow, candles, eggs, sugar, fish, fagots, and firewood." A fish taken at Harfleur and brought to Paris for sale pays duties of eleven times its value. Every road is fettered with tolls and tax collectors. Not a chicken or pig can smuggle through to market without paying duties. So galling are these burdens that in certain parts of France despair paralyzes industry, and the wretched peasants quit the struggle.

The State, with its detested and detestable salt monopoly, its *taille*, or direct tax, its *octroi*, or tariff taxes, its duties at every crook and turn, wrings out of the peasant a heavy share of all he can produce. The Church comes along next, and in the name of God calls for a tenth; to which must be added fees for christenings, marriages, burials, and pardons for sins—to say nothing of tariff rates on prayers for the living, the dying, and the dead. Then comes the feudal lord; and by the time the peasant escapes from *him*, nothing but skin and bones remain. Even Taine asserts that the peasant in some places paid in dues, tithes, and taxes more than three-fourths of all he made. In other places the entire net product went to the Church and the State.

Money thus wrung from the lower order brightens the palaces of the privileged—arrays them in a splendour like unto that of Solomon; spreads before them in elysian beauty gardens, parterres, parks, fountains, lawns, lakes,

sylvan temples consecrated to love, rural edens dedicated to the "sweetness of doing nothing."

The royal household spends \$55,000,000. The two brothers of the king enjoy incomes of \$400,000. The Duke of Orleans has a revenue of a million livres. The Noailles family, into which La Fayette married, drew annually from the treasury 2,000,000 francs or \$400,000. The Polignac family were given 700,000 francs in pensions. The Prince of Conti gets \$300,000 to pay his debts with, and \$120,000 besides. To the three daughters of Louis XV. \$120,000 are given annually for the supply of their tables. To the two brothers of Louis XVI. are given upwards of \$2,000,000 annually for their support. On one loan made by Calonne, only 25,000,000 livres of the 100,000,000 reached the treasury; the courtiers got the balance. The king's brother, the Count of Artois, got 56,000,000 livres from Calonne during his ministry, and the Count of Provence 25,000,000. To the Prince of Condé \$3,000,000 cash and an annuity of \$120,000 are given by Calonne, in exchange for an income of \$60,000. He persuades the king to buy St. Cloud for the queen from the Duke of Orleans, and gives \$1,540,000 for it. He buys Rambouillet for the king himself, at a price equally exorbitant, when the king already owns more palaces than he has ever occupied. The king comes to the aid of the bankrupt Prince Guéméné and spends more than \$3,000,000 out of the public funds to ease matters for the noble spendthrift.

Offices, salaries, pensions, gifts, perquisites, send their refreshing showers all over the domains of the privileged. The man who hands the king his newspaper holds that privilege as an office, and gets handsomely paid for it.



There are appointments held by nobles which have no duties discoverable. The holder simply draws his breath and his salary. Ducrot, hairdresser, gets a pension of 1700 francs for having been hairdresser to Mademoiselle d'Artois, a child who died at three years old, before she had hair enough to dress. Another person drew a pension because she once washed the ruffles of the late Dauphin, — a pension of 1500 francs. Two hundred and ninety-five cooks prepare food for the king, nearly two thousand horses stand in his stables, and the entire establishment is in keeping with these two items. Each noble, each member of the royal family, each cardinal, bishop, and archbishop of the Church, is fitted up in the same style. No wonder there is light in the palace ; no wonder there is gloom in the hut. No wonder the fierce battle-cry will soon be heard : " War to the château, peace to the hut ! "

And yet the tyranny of the ruling classes and the miseries of the lower orders were not peculiar to France. Conditions were even worse in other lands. In Russia some thirty millions of serfs, bound to the soil, belonged soul and body to the landowner. Husbands could be separated from wives, girls sold away from their parents, and whenever the estate changed hands the serfs went to the purchaser along with the land. In Prussia, by the code of Frederick the Great, peasants were chained to a perpetual servitude. They were forbidden to rise out of their social and political slavery. Frederick's armies were composed of peasant soldiers commanded by noble officers, but however arduous the service or brilliant the victories, the peasant remained a peasant. To him the door of progress was closed, while on his

back rested the burden of the empire. He could not leave his district nor marry without the master's consent, and was bound to work for him, without pay, from one to three days in each week. If the master's house decayed, he repaired it; if his master's coach needed a driver, he drove it. He carted to market the produce of his master's farm, and his own crop was worked under his master's orders. Absolute property of his own the law of the great Frederick denied him.

In Hungary the situation of the serfs was one of almost literal slavery. They were driven to their work under the lash; they were bought and they were sold in the market. So harsh was the grip of the landlord, so abject the position of the peasant, that even in our own day the serf labours for his lord fifty days in each year, without pay, and those fifty days are subject to the arbitrary choice of the lord.

In 1898 the peasants of Hungary rose in revolt against this long-standing abuse. They found a leader in Stephen Varkonyl. This man was himself the son of peasants, himself a labourer, educated to toil and suffering, graduated in the college of bitter experience. He had seen the wives and daughters of the poor forced to scrub the floors of the manor-house once a week, without pay. He had seen men used as oxen, hitched to ploughs, and driven down the furrow, as beasts are driven. He dared to believe that this was wrong. He dared to hope that the yoke might be lifted from his people, and that they also might become as men. So he revolted,—he and his class. The rising was put down, Church and State uniting thereto, and Stephen Varkonyl, convicted of treason, is now (1899) serving out his sentence as a felon.

As compared with France under the Ancien Régime England was far in advance of her neighbour, but even in England progress had been mainly confined to the ruling class. What the crown had been compelled to yield to the people the land-owning aristocracy had monopolized. The lower orders were held down by a desolating tyranny. The game laws, labour laws, and penal statutes were written in blood. There were one hundred and sixty-eight offences punishable with death, and this barbarous code dealt more tenderly with pheasants than with peasants. Gamekeepers might shoot poachers and never be indicted, but the poacher who killed a deer was sure to hang. The Tudor legislation, which had judicially murdered so many thousands of men and women for the crime of being hungry and asking for bread, had left its red imprint not only on the code, but on the soul, of the ages which followed.

By a statute of Edward VI. men and women able to work and who lived idly for three days were branded with a red-hot iron on the breast, and became slaves for two years to the informer. The master could put a ring of iron on the neck of the slave, could beat him, could chain him, could sell him, bequeath him by will or hire him to others, and a first attempt at escape meant slavery for life—a second meant death. For capitalists to combine was a merit: for labourers to organize was a crime. Ale-houses were encouraged, brewers became peers of the realm, and while property was more sacred to the law than life, the soul was beaten out of the dull, toiling millions by beer-drinking facilities upon the one side and the oppressions of the ruling class on the other.

Thomas Jefferson, travelling on the continent in 1787,

was shocked to see Italian women wield the sledge-hammer in blacksmith shops; and to see them work with the maul and the spade. Had he gone into Germany he would have seen them harnessed to wagons, and doing the work of cart-donkeys. Had he visited the mines in England, he would have seen them going upon their hands and knees, all the day long, through the tunnels of the mines underground, drawing after them coal-carts, by a chain which was fastened round their necks, and which passed between their legs. Had he gone to Ireland, he would have seen many thousands of peasants who lived on less than two cents per day, and who died like flies from famine or pestilence.

Many years after Jefferson's tour, men, women, and children continued to be sold in England along with the salt-pit and the coal-mine to which they belonged. These human beings constituted a part of the machinery and went with it in leases and sales. Year in and year out little children lived and worked underground, deep in the gloom of a night without moonlight or star, rarely seeing the glad face of nature and of day, lost to God's glory of sunny field, shady wood, and silvery waters—lost to intelligence, hope, enjoyment, improvement, and doomed forever to the world of the beasts of burden.

## CHAPTER II

### LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH

HIS CORONATION ; FIRST MISTAKES ; MAUREPAS ; TURGOT ; PARLIAMENT  
RECALLED

THE only son of Louis XV. had died in 1765. He had been as completely obscured by his father as his father's grandfather had been eclipsed by Louis the Grand. A more colourless prince never lived in palace at public expense. The one thing needful to the line of succession, however, he did manage to do. He married and begot sons. Then he died, leaving no other discoverable marks upon the sands of time.

The oldest son of the colourless prince became, therefore, the heir to the throne, and in due season assumed the title of Louis XVI. Born in August, 1754, he had been married to Marie Antoinette, Austrian Archduchess, in 1771; and, both in his character of prince and as husband of such a gay, romping girl as his young wife, was perhaps the worst-placed man in Christendom. There was absolutely nothing royal about Louis XVI. In person he was short and fat; his cheeks puffed, his jowl heavy, his mouth coarse, the lips protruding, his eyes prominent and without expression, his entire facial appearance dull and commonplace. A short, fat chin, a weak nose, and a retreating forehead, completed the unattractive portrait. In gait he was uncertain, awkward, heavy. He was near-sighted,

and stumbled around the palace with all the ease of a country blacksmith in a city parlour. Louis was not only clumsy, he was untidy. Neither in look, dress, nor manner did he give any proof of gentle birth. A coarser lout was not to be found in the kingdom. None of the Bourbon ease of manner, courtliness of address, or suavity of spirit was his. In speech he was by turns timid, boisterous, or rough. He could be very shy, very vulgarly talkative, or very unexpectedly harsh. He could never be gracious and royal: laughed too loudly when pleased, spoke brutally when angry, and did not speak at all on many an occasion where a pleasantly appropriate word would have been worth to him and to others its weight in gold.

Louis XV. had heartily despised this uncouth grandson whom Madame du Barry ventured to describe as "that fat, ill-mannered boy." The old king himself had to a marked degree the external appearance of a gentleman; the boorishness of the grandson provoked his disgust, and he took no pains to conceal his contempt from Louis or from others. Ridicule of the prince, having been tacitly sanctioned by the king, the courtiers came to despise him and to make him a common target.

From the very beginning, her husband must have inspired Marie Antoinette with a feeling of repugnance. Think of a bridegroom, the husband of the daughter of the Empress Maria Theresa, and heir to the throne of France, being reproved for overeating at the wedding-supper! Yet we are told, on good authority, that the young husband was assaulting the victuals with such reckless and voracious appetite that Louis XV. remonstrated. "Do not overload your stomach," urged

the old monarch, alarmed at the young man's absorptive performance. "Why not?" asked the bridegroom, naively. "I always sleep best after a hearty supper." That night the prince accompanied his blushing bride to her chamber door, bowed, bade her good night, and went away. It was several years before he ventured further.

A tremendous eater, Louis XVI. was likewise a copious drinker and a mighty hunter. His sole amusements were amateur map-drawing, amateur blacksmith work, and regular unwearied hunting. In the ordinary gayeties of the court he took no part. He could not entertain or be entertained in conversation; he could not make or appreciate music; he could not act in plays, and he slept while others acted; he could not dance, and he spoiled the fun of the others when he tried to dance with them. He was as heavy of conduct as his wife was light. Not very clever herself, she had sufficient wit to measure her husband, and she laughed at him even as the others did. Why not? He did not even kiss her, much less occupy the same room at night. In her attitude to her husband at this time there may have been a dash of resentment, a wondering contempt, for this heavy boor who always came as far as the door, and who never entered.

Besides map-making, Louis XVI. had one intellectual exercise: he kept a diary. The keeping of a diary does not necessarily imply a violent expansion of the mental faculties, yet very many people of mental superiority have kept diaries. But there never was such a diary as that kept by Louis XVI. If the contents of one's diary are to be taken as a measure of one's intellect, then Louis XVI. was the weakest of all the sons of Adam who have kept diaries.

He married on May 16, 1770. The following entries, concurrent with that event, may be interesting as an index to his mental processes at that critical period.

"Sunday, *May* 13. Left Versailles, supped and slept at M. de Saint Florentin's at Compiègne.

"Monday, *May* 14. Met the Archduchess (his bride).

"Tuesday, *May* 15. Supped at La Muette, slept at Versailles.

"Wednesday, *May* 16. My wedding. A party in the gallery. Royal banquet at the theatre.

"Thursday, *May* 17. Opera *Perseus*.

"Friday, *May* 18. Stag-hunting. Big field at Belle Image. Shot one.

"Saturday, *May* 19. Ball in the theatre. Illuminations."

The last entry for this month of his marriage is: "I have had the belly-ache."

On the days when the king killed no game he wrote in his diary the word *Rien*,—nothing. Killing game, all sorts of game, from deer to swallows, was the big pursuit of his life. He kept the records of the butcheries of half-tame animals with scrupulous care. The place, the date, the number, the kind, were all tabulated, and then these mortuary statistics were enclosed in frames, and hung up in his private room to be preserved as watchfully as any other archives of the empire. Is it any wonder that Louis XV. had a mild contempt for this unkingly young man? Is it a wonder that his wife joined the courtly and intelligent aristocrats of the palace in making fun of him?

The imbecility of Louis XVI. was almost pathetic in its completeness. In vain do sympathetic writers, pitying his fate, try to put some mental force, some dignity of



character, into their martyr king. The effort fails. No genius can equal such a task. Louis XVI. was so hopelessly weak, vacillating, vulgar, and mediocre that the facts cannot be obscured by romancers. In his personal habits he was unclean, in his deportment undignified, in his pleasures low and repulsive, in his labours frivolous, in his conception of his kingly office grotesquely feeble.

Possessed with the idea that he must economize, he stints himself cruelly in the use of writing paper,—and buys another palace which he did not need for 3,000,000 francs. Labouring under the hallucination that he must emulate the Grand Monarch as a worker, he copies a paper which Turgot has drawn up, and presents it proudly to the minister next morning, with the remark, “You see that I, also, am a worker!” Believing that he was firm of purpose, and was master of the situation, he was pulled and hauled about, first by one faction and then another.

“Sire, the privileged will all combine against me when I begin to lop off abuses,” said Turgot, warningly. “Never mind! I’ll stand by you! Fear nothing;” answered Louis; and when the privileged *did* combine against Turgot, as he had foreseen, the poor king fled at the first fire.

The Du Barry ministry, at the head of which stood the Duke of Aiguillon, followed the fortunes of the royal mistress. A Letter of the Seal sent her to a convent, and curt dismissals sent them into retirement.

Who would get their places? Who would be prime minister and chief dispenser of pensions and appointments? “The intrigues of the new court are abomina-

ble," wrote the Abbé Baudeau. The queen favoured the Duke of Choiseul, who had negotiated her marriage, and who was most anxious to enter once more the realms of royal patronage. For some time he had been in disgrace and exile. The queen so far prevailed that he was permitted to return to court, but Louis XVI. gave him what the courtiers were in the habit of calling a thrust "from the hog's snout." "Duke," said he, "you have grown fat; you are losing your hair—you are becoming bald." Gored in this manner, Choiseul made haste to quit the court, and lost no time in joining the rancorous opposition which had already been formed by the malcontents of the court.

The young king had decided to call to the highest office in the ministry M. de Machault, a statesman who enjoyed the highest reputation for ability, severity, and integrity. The letter summoning him had already been written. The Jesuit priest, Abbé de Radonvilliers, hovering about and watching everything, was informed of this fact, and set to work to defeat the king's purpose. Machault was an enemy of the priests, especially of the Jesuits, and he had, when formerly in office, opposed all donations of funded property to the clergy. The Abbé de Radonvilliers had only to whisper to Madame Adelaide, the king's aunt, that Machault was a Jansenist, and was about to be made prime minister. The orthodox old lady fell into a flutter of expostulation, and her influence was sufficient to cause Louis to change the envelope, and to send to M. de Maurepas the letter which had been intended for Machault. De Maurepas was a courtier of the old school, a man of address, some wit, some ability, much suppleness, and no principles.

If a statesman at all, he was an opportunist. He did for each day what that day seemed to demand, having thought for no other day whatever. If reforms appeared to be in request, he was a reformer; if reaction set in, he was a conservative. If the court seemed to want Turgot, Malesherbes, and Necker, he called them to office. If adverse winds rose and blew storm-clouds, — out went Turgot, Malesherbes, and Necker. A thorough man of the world, Maurepas gained an ascendancy over the mind of Louis which only ended with the aged minister's life.

Maurepas was the uncle of the Duke of Aiguillon, and he prevailed upon the king to grant the outgoing Du Barry-ite a pension of 500,000 livres. The duke pocketed the money, grumbled because there was not more of it, immediately joined the malcontents, and proved his gratitude for the pension by doing everything in his power to blacken the name of Marie Antoinette, to whose influence he attributed his dismissal.

There can be no doubt that Louis XVI. commenced his reign with the best of intentions. He had conceived some vague design of reforming the abuses of the old order. Just what he meant to do was never clear to himself or to others, but it is greatly to his credit that the confused trend of his purpose was towards the correction of evil. To the good old Duke of Noailles, Louis said, “Do not leave me; I have need of honest men about me who will point out my duty to me.” Acting from the same impulse he called to the ministry the illustrious Turgot—a man in every way worthy to be the administrator of the affairs of a great kingdom.

Turgot was of Norman descent, and his family, for

several generations, had been prosperous and influential. His immediate ancestors had gained entrance into the "noblesse of the Robe," and his father held high municipal office in Paris. Sent first to the college of Louis-le-Grand, then to that of Plessis, Turgot took his degree as bachelor of theology at Saint Sulpice; and from thence went to the Sorbonne to complete his education for clerical life. Greatly distinguished as a scholar, warmly admired by teachers and fellow-students for his manliness, modesty, integrity, and strength of mind and character, a splendid career was predicted for him in the service of opulent Rome. A bride more richly dowered than the Catholic Church, in those days, earth did not boast. He had only to say the word, and Turgot would have risen from one brilliant ecclesiastical appointment to another, even as his fellow-student, Loménie de Brienne, rose.

But as the conscientious student neared the completion of his course, he found that it would be impossible for him to be a priest. His faith was not sufficient. He had scrupulously examined the creed, and he could not embrace it. His error consisted in making the examination. He should have believed what was taught him, as most theological students do. Faith, of the pure sort, is given only when one becomes as a little child. {Investigation is dangerous, reasoning faculties unreliable, and he who doubts is damned.} But Turgot had some odd notions of his own, and to a deputation of fellow-students who waited upon him and implored him not to sacrifice his career, he nobly replied:—"You shall do as you will; for my own part, it is impossible for me to wear a mask all my life."

With his father's consent, Turgot chose the legal profession, and soon held an important position as Deputy-Counsellor to the Procurer-General. It was as a student of political economy that he first attracted notice. The most eminent philosophers of the day were his friends and correspondents. His character, his learning, and his published works established for him a growing reputation, and he was the hope of the reformers, who were eager to commit the government to redress of grievances and the establishment of a better system.

In 1761, through some influence which cannot be traced, Louis XV. appointed Turgot intendant for the district of Limoges, — one of the most poverty-stricken in France. As has been shown already, an intendant was almost absolute master of the administration of his district. He was the king, for the time being. Wielding this enormous power, Turgot was able to effect reforms in the Limousin. He found the peasants groaning under the *corvées*, the forced labour on the roads: he commuted the service into a small money-payment, and then hired the roads worked by contract. Thus he got better roads, and relieved the peasants at the same time. He found the taxes grossly unequal, and at the cost of immense labour he had the entire district overhauled and reassessed, with a view to equalizing the burdens. He found the military system bearing down upon the people intolerably by its favouritism, its harshness, its forcing the conscript to distant parts of the country. Turgot remedied these evils as far as possible, and was able to keep the conscripts of his district within the Limousin, thus making a local militia, or Home-Guard.

The common food of the peasants of the Limousin was

coarse, black bread and the chestnut ; meat was a luxury they rarely tasted. They had formerly raised cattle, but the tax had been so heavy that the number was constantly on the decline. Turgot removed the cattle tax, encouraged the sowing of clover in the meadows, and introduced the potato. Not only did the reformer have to combat the furious opposition of the nobles, but also the ignorance and prejudice of the peasants. Every change proposed they regarded with suspicion, and nothing but his power as intendant enabled him to carry out his plans. Potatoes especially were looked upon with distrust. They were not mentioned in the Bible, and that was a powerful circumstance against them. However, when it was seen that Turgot had potatoes served every day upon his own table, the peasants tested them by feeding them to the hogs and the cows ; and, finally, making the daring leap, began to eat the tubers themselves.

Turgot also established workshops for the employment of idle labourers. The workmen were paid by the piece in leather currency which was good in exchange for provisions. In this practical manner the wise statesman endeavoured to cut off the revenue of the tavern, and to swell the comforts of the family. Very lofty and benign were the views of Turgot upon the vital question of labour. In the most rigorous manner he came down upon those heartless nobles of the Limousin, who in a time of distress had discharged their croppers, and turned them adrift. Turgot sternly forbade this, and put a stop to it.

At a later day, when he abolished the tyranny of the guilds in Paris, he put these words in the mouth of his king, Louis XVI. : "God, when he made man with wants, and rendered labour an indispensable resource,

made the right of work the property of every individual in the world, and this property is the first, the most sacred, and the most imprescriptible of all kinds of property. We regard it as one of our first duties, an act worthy of all benevolence, to free our subjects from every infraction of that inalienable right of humanity."

It speaks volumes for the happy-go-lucky administration of Louis XV., that Turgot was allowed, for thirteen years, to smash images in the china-shop of the Ancien Régime. The royal assent was given whenever Turgot asked it; and the complaints of the nobles passed unheeded. What is the secret of this? For one thing, the priests were all with Turgot. They favoured his reforms. Up to that time he had not laid impious hands upon their establishment, and their corporate spirit had not been aroused. When he left Limoges to "go up higher" in the councils of his king, the curés of the district celebrated mass in his honour; and the people turned out in multitudes to attend. He had won the love, the confidence, and the obedience of the entire people,—having made no enemies save those whose special privileges he had lessened or abolished.

Is it strange that Turgot should hope to do for France what he had done for Limoges? Is it strange that he took into the cabinet of his king the determination to weed out feudal abuses in every province, and to give to all of them the remedial administration which had succeeded so well in Limoges, after thirteen years of fair trial?

One is led instinctively to inquire, how did such a courageous reformer as Turgot get his appointment as king's minister? It is said that the Abbé de Vèry,

an ardent boyhood friend of Turgot, besought Madame de Maurepas to have Turgot selected. It is also said that the Duchess d'Enville, of the Rochefoucauld house, worked for him. It is probable that all the reformers strenuously manœuvred and intrigued to the same purpose. Maurepas, trimming his sails to suit the wind, as such expert sailors are wont to do, yielded to the pressure, and Turgot entered the ministry. Maurepas, having introduced Turgot into the ministry, should have given him a free hand. A reformer, encouraged to propose reforms, and not allowed to effect them, will inevitably cause trouble; and when such a reformer is assured beforehand that the king will stand by him, and the king in good faith means to do it, the putting of barriers in the way of the reforms is surely a perilous policy. That is precisely what Maurepas did; and this is the important fact which is so often overlooked.

Louis XV. had abolished the old Parliament because it had exercised political powers, and had arrogated to itself the right to oppose the royal edicts. In lieu of this old Parliament, he had established another, which was simply a law court. This body was known as the Maupeou Parliament, after Chancellor Maupeou, who had organized it. The old Parliament, the nobility of the Robe, clamoured loudly for reinstatement, and encouraged all manner of attacks upon the Parliament which had displaced them.

It was this underground support which had enabled Beaumarchais to sustain himself so well in his famous lawsuit with Goezman, one of the judges of the new Court. Beaumarchais was a shifty, able, witty, and impudent adventurer, unscrupulous and daring, who had



attempted to bribe Goezman, through the latter's wife, to decide in his favour a suit of his against Count de la Blache. The count probably paid more than Beaumarchais, and won his suit. Goezman's wife returned all of the bribe Beaumarchais had paid, excepting fifteen louis, which she said she was entitled to keep, under the express terms of the contract. A war of pamphlets ensued, and Beaumarchais was happy, for he had the chance to talk, and an audience to listen. Everybody connected with the old order hated the new Parliament; and the fearless and witty Beaumarchais found himself the champion of a popular cause, when he, in behalf of the old Parliament, which was corrupt, assailed the new Parliament, which was equally so.

The new Parliament, however, came to a decision which seems to have been correct: each party to the transaction was condemned, the unscrupulous bribe-giver and the corrupt bribe-taker. It is not at all certain that Goezman knew anything of his wife's conduct until after she was exposed. He strenuously denied having been a party to it; but the Parliament expelled him, and he fell into disgrace. He lost his place then, and his head during the Revolution. Louis XV. read Beaumarchais' witty memorials against Goezman, laughed at the jokes, but held steadily to his course. He had snuffed out the old Parliament, and he was resolved not to light it up again.

But Maurepas was not so wise. Maurepas was convinced that there was a great popular craving for the old Parliament. The queen had been persuaded that she wanted it, and her influence was brought to bear. The courtiers had been convinced that they wanted it,

and their weight fell into the same scale. Breathing the atmosphere of old Parliament favour, Maurepas became an old Parliament man, and the king was easily won over. "Very well," said old Maupeou; "I had gained the king a great cause; he is pleased to reopen a question which was settled; he is the master." The long-headed veteran could only shrug his shoulders and go into retirement. "If the king is pleased to lose his kingdom—well, he is master." The new Parliament was abolished, the old Parliament was restored.

The nobility of the Robe came back to their places in the same temper of captious opposition they had shown under Louis XV. Instead of gratitude to Louis XVI. for their restoration, they came back prepared to pour out upon his undeserving and helpless head all of the wrath they had been compelled to bottle up during their exclusion from power. They had hardly seated themselves before they declared war against Turgot and his reforms. With their insane opposition to moderate remedial measures began the ferment, the heated debates, the popular demonstrations, which led step by step to the rule of the mob, and the madness of the Terror. Louis XV. had foreseen this very clearly, and his grandson did not; hence abuses produced no Revolution under the one, while attempts to reform of those abuses produced it under the other.

Turgot fully appreciated the difficulties in his way. He knew the king was weak, the courtiers hostile, the Church unfriendly, and he sought to strengthen his position by warning Louis, in advance of the foes who would try to overcome him. Especially he feared the opposition of the old Parliament, and he told Louis so.

"Fear nothing," said the king. "I will stand by you." Wisely prudent Turgot confined himself, at first, to this programme: "No repudiation of debts: no increase of taxes: no loans to augment the public debt."

So corrupt had become every branch of administration in France that the opportunities for improvement were bewilderingly numerous. For instance, grain, essential to the very existence of the people, could not circulate from province to province, but was shackled by ruinous tariffs. Thus speculation was encouraged and monopoly created. Even a king had coined profits by causing famine. Turgot abolished the abuse, and grain moved freely from field to market. It had been the custom for the comptroller-general to receive from the farmers-general of the taxes a gift of 300,000 francs on the signature of a new contract. This indirect bribe was garnished by the soft name of the Pot of Wine. It fell under the head of "perquisites" in the general classification of political thievery. Turgot scornfully refused to accept it.

To obtain their lusciously profitable contracts, the farmers-general had been accustomed to divide out among certain influential persons at court various sums of money, the gifts being placed always where it was supposed they would do the most good. The Abbé Terray (a scrupulous man in all religious forms) had not frowned upon these speculative investments among his friends, and in the last contract sanctioned by him these gifts amounted to 1,980,000 francs, — nearly two hundred thousand dollars! Turgot, by a letter addressed to the farmers-general, forbade them in the king's name to continue to influence contracts in this vicious manner.

The Abbé Terray had leased the immensely valuable crown-lands to a syndicate for a term of thirty years at the absurd price of 1,500,000 francs. Turgot cancelled the contract, having never a fear that vested rights could be born of conscious wrongs, and having no scruple in favour of robbers because of the fact that they might be screened by a charter. Under his management there was a new lease, for a term of nine years, at the price of 6,000,000 francs per year.

A former administration had granted to a corporation the monopoly of making powder, with the result that the powder company was reaping a dividend of 30 per cent. Turgot cancelled the contract, abolished the monopoly, arranged to return the company its capital stock at 10 per cent interest within four years, and established a government board to take charge of the manufacture of powder.

Strongly opposed to irredeemable paper money, Turgot was wise enough to know that metallic currency is insufficient for general commerce, and he founded the Discount Bank (March 24th, 1776), the pioneer of Napoleon's Bank of France.

In all these measures the minister had the support of the king. As fast as he crushed one abuse, he advanced to grapple with another. Thus he showered blessings upon his country and brought down curses upon himself. He called certain public plunderers to account, and made them disgorge. He also prevailed upon the king to abolish certain offices about the palace which were absurdly useless, and which had been retained simply because of the salaries attached. The people who had held these offices raised a furious clamour against Turgot,

and the officials who had been robbing the State and who had been compelled to make restitution became his active and bitter enemies. Some of these courtiers had great influence with the queen, and thus she became enlisted against him.

To make the position of the minister more difficult, riots had broken out in several provinces, owing to the dearth and the high price of bread. The people were made to believe that Turgot's reforms were responsible for their troubles. Free trade in grain, as established by him, had unfortunately been coincident with scarcity and high prices. The ignorant masses laid their sufferings at the door of the humane reformer, who was wearing out his life in their service. Necker, ambitious to win a place in the ministry, took sides against Turgot, and published a book against free trade in grain, which did much to increase the clamour against the minister. To the last day of his life Turgot believed that the nobles, particularly the Prince of Conti, organized the riots and aggravated the popular ferment for the purpose of forcing him into retirement and putting a stop to his reforms. The riots were easily controlled, and the mobs disappeared as suddenly as they had gathered.

In the summer of 1775, Louis XVI. was formally crowned at Rheims. Never was the ceremony performed with greater pomp; never did the people display more enthusiasm. Lay peers, in tunics of golden fabric, girdles of gold and silver, mantles of violet cloth and ermine, crowns on caps of violet satin, collars of the order of the Holy Ghost; the princes of the Church arrayed in gorgeous vestments, mitred, and with precious reliquaries

suspended from their necks ; the masters of ceremonies, brave in black velvet, silver lace, and white plumes ; the Swiss guards of the king, brilliant in silvered uniforms ; the church crowded with loyal thousands garbed in their very best, — all contributed to make the coronation of Louis XVI. unusually magnificent.

According to custom, the king places himself in bed in a room convenient to the church. He is stretched upon a state-bed, is clothed in a long crimson waistcoat, trimmed with gold. Under the waistcoat is the shirt, open at the places where he is to be touched with the holy oil ; over it is a long robe of silver stuff, and on his head a black velvet cap blazing with diamonds. At seven o'clock in the morning, dukes and bishops go to fetch the king to the church. The messengers find the door shut. The chanter strikes upon it with his baton. From within the chamberlain demands, "What do you want?" "We ask for the king," replies an ecclesiastical peer. "The king sleeps," says the chamberlain. Then the chanter strikes the door again, and the same conversation is repeated. At the third knock, the ecclesiastical peer exclaims: "We demand Louis XVI., whom God has given us for our king." Here the door flies open, and the peers approach the king and make a deep obeisance. Holy water is presented to Louis, and then there is prayer, after which two bishops raise him from the couch and conduct him in pompous procession to the church, chanting prayers as they go.

By the time the king has reached his place in the church, the holy ampulla has arrived at the door. The holy ampulla is a most precious bottle of heavenly oil which a dove brought from on high, and which has been used

to anoint every French king since the days of Clovis. Though frequently used, the supply does not diminish. The moving of this bottle of oil from the church of St. Remi, where it belongs, is always a tremendous affair. Upon this occasion, it was brought to Rheims by the grand prior, who rode a white horse which was covered with housings of silver, and led by two grooms of the royal stables. The bottle itself was mantled in cloth of gold. Over the grand prior was a canopy of silvered cloth, which canopy was borne by four peers of the realm, who were called Knights of the Holy Ampulla. The custodians of the sacred bottle refused to surrender it until the king had given four hostages for its return, and an oath had been duly sworn in the premises. With due formality the heavenly oil was passed from the hands of one set of dignitaries into those of another, and the marvellous phial was at length escorted to the altar. The oath was then administered to the king, who solemnly swore, among other things, to exterminate heretics. Two peers present Louis to the congregation, and demand whether he is approved of as king of France. To this faint echo of the old right of electing their kings have the French people come. No objection being made, the ceremony proceeds. Another oath is administered, requiring the king to maintain the Catholic orders of the Holy Ghost and St. Louis, and always to wear the badge of the latter.

The sword of Charlemagne is presented, and passed on by the king to the noble who officiates as constable. The king then kneels down before a seated archbishop, who touches the royal person with the holy oil, on the crown of the head, on the breast, between the shoulders,

upon each shoulder, and upon the joint of each arm. Then the venerable archbishop prays: "May he humble the proud; may he be a lesson for the rich; may he be charitable towards the poor; and may he be a peacemaker among nations." The king's garments are then laced up by the ecclesiastical peers, and the grand chamberlain invests him with tunic, dalmatic, and royal mantle of violet velvet trimmed and lined with ermine, and embroidered with gold. Down upon his knees falls the king once more, and the priests touch the palm of each of his hands with oil. Then the ring is put upon his finger, the sceptre in his right hand, and the hand of justice in his left. The sceptre is of gold, ornamented with pearls: the hand of justice is a staff of gold terminating in a hand of ivory.

At this stage of the ceremony, the clergy allow the lay peers to take part: the archbishop lifts the crown off the altar, puts it upon the king's head, and all the peers, lay and clerical, raise their hands to support the crown in its place. The crown is of gold, ornamented with diamonds and pearls. After this, the king is led to the throne, more prayers are recited, and the prelate, removing his mitre, bows profoundly before the king, and kisses him, saying: "May the king live forever!" The other peers kiss the king, return to their seats, and the coronation is over. Doors are thrown wide open, the enthusiastic multitude rushes in, the roofs resound with loyal, heartfelt shouts of "Live the king!" and the fowlers, according to immemorial custom, let loose in the church a number of birds.

This was the last time the holy ampulla performed its solemn journey and its sacred office. In the madness of



the Revolution the Convention deputy, Ruhl, had the temerity to dash this venerable bottle into fragments upon the pavement, and thus one hoary imposture ceased to nourish the credulity or feed the scepticism of the world.

At this period Madame Roland writes : —

“The ministers are enlightened and well disposed, the young king docile and eager for good, the queen amiable and beneficent, the court kind and respectable, the legislative body honourable, the people obedient, wishing only to love their master, the kingdom full of resources. Ah, but we are going to be happy!”

If it be objected that these were the words of an imaginative girl, let us quote Talleyrand, the keen-eyed and level-headed priest who attended the coronation. “What a glorious time! A young king scrupulously moral and uncommonly modest, ministers well known for their ability and uprightness, a queen whose affableness, grace, and kindness tempered the austere virtues of her consort; everybody filled with respect, the heart of every subject overflowing with affection for the young sovereigns; joy was everywhere. Never did such bright spring precede such a stormy autumn, such a dismal winter.”

### CHAPTER III

REVOLUTION NOT SUDDEN; TURGOT; REFORM; MALES-  
HERBES; ST. GERMAIN; NECKER; FRANKLIN; LA  
FAYETTE; THE AMERICAN WAR

IN their extreme hurry to paint blood-curdling pictures of revolutionary scenes and characters, historians rush over the greater part of the reign of Louis XVI. ; and, in eager pursuit of the "powder-tower" theory of Thomas Carlyle, have no ears or eyes for anything besides the final explosion. Will it not be more satisfactory to the reader, to the student of political changes, if we patiently follow the steps which led, one by one, to the collapse of the old régime? In revolution, as in all other things, there is the time of the seed-sowing, the time of cultivation and growth, and the time of the harvest. Even in France revolution does not spring up at the stamp of the foot.

Turgot, comptroller-general of the kingdom, grappled resolutely with the deficit. He cut down expenses and he abolished a few useless offices. From the same taxes, improved methods of collection brought in larger returns. The income of the State was on the increase; its outgo was on the decline. Public credit rose, commerce was quickened, and general confidence prevailed. Very earnestly Turgot had urged the king to be crowned quietly at Paris with as little expense as possible, and to omit from the coronation oath the pledge to extermi-

nate heretics. Louis would not listen, the queen was indignant, and the priests were up in arms immediately. Hence, riding in a golden coach eighteen feet high, the feeble-minded monarch had been driven into Rheims, and had spent four days and as many millions in the elaborate nonsense which has already been described.

Instead then of making a journey to the different provinces, cultivating the enthusiastic good-will of his people, and learning something of actual conditions, he shut himself up at Versailles, tinkered upon locks, framed orderly reports of his daily hunts, sat at the council table where ministers wrangled, indulged his huge appetite for the pleasures of the table, and was carried to bed by his lacqueys more or less tipsy every night.

The crafty old courtier and intriguer, Maurepas, was to all intents and purposes supreme; nothing was done without him. With adroit paternalism, he took charge of the king and the kingdom. He was determined never to go out of the palace until he went feet foremost. When the king would not bend to him, he bent to the king; when the queen's hand was stronger than his own, he played to the lead of the queen; when palace cabals were too strong to be resisted, he did not resist. Thus he steered his craft clear of breakers, and in the main had his way about everything. Yielding still to the reformers, Maurepas allowed Malesherbes to succeed the Duke of Villiers, and M. de St. Germain to replace Marshal Mury.

Malesherbes was the most eminent and upright lawyer of his day, and for twenty-three years had been president of the Court of Aids. He had memorialized the king upon the subject of fiscal reform, was a bold opponent of

arbitrary arrests (*lettres de cachet*), and favoured religious toleration. He was the first to advise the king to convoke the States-General and to give the great bulk of the people representation in affairs of government. He signaled his entrance to office by visiting the Bastille and releasing all prisoners held upon suspicion.

The selection of M. de St. Germain was less happy. He was an old officer, who had served in Austria, Bavaria, and the Palatinate, as well as in France. He had been lieutenant-general during the Seven Years' War, and enjoyed the doubtful glory of having brought his division into action at Rosbach more quickly than his colleagues, and of having halted in his flight from the battle-field while his colleagues were still running. Having served in Denmark awhile, he had returned to France in poverty, and was living in Alsace on the retired list when the royal summons called him to the ministry of war. The old soldier had no sooner taken possession of his post than he began to introduce reforms. He lessened the absurd privileges of the picked corps, and compelled officers to pay attention to their duties. This naturally excited discontent among the nobles, who loved the pay of majorships, colonelcies, etc., but did not relish the burdens of the office. Unluckily, St. Germain had imbibed the belief which was common to Frederick the Great and other commanders of his day, that the private soldier was best controlled by a generous application of the stick and the cowhide. St. Germain had often seen the writhings of the grizzled soldiers of the great Frederick, had often heard their howls of pain as smart young martinets of officers beat them with sticks to fasten in their memories some lesson of the drill

St. Germain in his ardour for reform determined to introduce corporal punishment into the French army. The officers were to have the right to beat the privates with the flat of the sword. A measure more unwise could never have been broached at a time more inopportune. The privates were already groaning under as many grievances as human nature could tolerate. Their pay was small, their officers insolent, and their hopes of promotion destroyed by the rule that only the nobles could hold the commissions. If their officers appropriated to their own use a portion of the pay set apart for the privates, there was no redress for the wrong. The officer was everything—especially in time of peace. The war budget carried 44,000,000 francs for the privates of the army; for the officers it carried 46,000,000 !

The proposition to give the right to beat the private soldier with the flat of the sword aroused universal wrath, and the ill-advised reform was never put into practice. Nevertheless, the reformers had to bear the odium. The nobles adroitly turned the tide of indignation against Turgot, the typical reformer. It went for nothing that Turgot had never sanctioned the measures of M. de St. Germain; he had commenced the work of reform, and he was responsible. By this time it became apparent to the privileged classes that Turgot was a very dangerous man. He was no less than a social and political incendiary. No custom or privilege, however hoary, compelled his reverence. No time-honoured tyranny could assume that it was secure from his attack. As the plans of the broad-minded statesman began to unfold themselves, the privileged realized that they must combine, else

he would separately overthrow them all. It was the easier for them to unite because Turgot was a man of no policy. He was proud, austere, unconciliatory. Conscious of his own lofty purposes, he would not stoop to smooth the way by flatteries, briberies, duplicities, or any other of the useful little arts of the politician. He was honest ; he scorned to lie by word, or look, or act ; he was too proud to veil his plans with the cunning web of subterfuge and diplomacy. Hence he excited alarms, aroused enmities, created antagonisms, where a Mazarin or a Napoleon would have crept upon his prey with catlike tread, and would never have cried to the privileged, "Surrender !" until the masked battery was in position, and the most foolhardy could have seen that resistance would not avail.

What were the reforms favoured by Turgot ? He proposed the gradual introduction of a system of local self-government ; the abolition of the *corvées*, forced labour, throughout the kingdom ; the imposition of a land tax upon the clergy and the nobility ; the suppression of the majority of the monasteries ; the improvement of the condition of curés and vicars ; the equalization of all taxes by a general survey and assessment ; the grant of liberty of worship, liberty of conscience, and the recall of the Protestants ; redemption of the feudal revenues ; a uniform code of laws, of weights, and of measures ; the suppression of wardenships and masterships in the incorporated trade guilds ; freedom of trade, of commerce, and of industry ; and a system of public education which should reach the ignorant masses, and shed the light of learning to the uttermost boundaries of France.

Suppose the king had seconded Turgot, had kept his

pledge to stand by him—where would have been the incentive for revolution? The philosopher would have seen his dreams realized; the reformer, the wind taken out of his sails; the demagogue, the ground cut from under his feet.

But it was not to be so. Every corporated abuse in the kingdom saw itself threatened, and with one voice they denounced Turgot. Courtiers, who had lost fat sinecures, cried out that the State was on the high road to ruin. Parliaments, which saw their power menaced by the suggestion of local assemblies, bitterly resented the change. Feudal lords and clerical princes, who paid no taxes, heard of the proposition to tax *them* as though it were the trump of doom. The farmers-general, who had so long syndicated and divided among themselves the national revenues, loudly protested that Turgot was an enemy to the best interests of the nation. The queen was sorely displeased because the economical minister objected to her “sight drafts” on the treasury, and had abolished a useless office filled by one of her Trianon favourites. Lastly, the king’s conscience was pricked by the ingenious priests.

“You have given me a comptroller who never goes to mass,” complained the wavering Louis to his Maurepas.

“Sire, the Abbé Terray always went,” answered the veteran courtier, adroitly. Terray was the orthodox churchman who had bankrupted the treasury some years before, and enriched himself out of the public funds.

Early in 1776, Turgot laid before the king his famous six ordinances, the most important of which related to the trade guilds and the *corvées*.

In nearly every town in France the work in the dif-

ferent trades and arts was conducted by a few master workmen, incorporated into guilds, and who monopolized the production and sale of the articles belonging to their particular industry. No citizen could exercise a trade or calling without having obtained the consent of these corporations. Citizens were deprived, not only of the free choice of disposing of their own labour, but of utilizing the labour of others. The guild was master, saying who should work, what should be made, how much produced, and the price to be paid. It often happened that a simple piece of work had to go through the hands of artisans of several different corporations, each of which levied its tribute upon the customer. Thus there was a tyranny in the labour world as there was oppression in the realm of capital—and organized labour was quite as cruel in shutting out the individual workman as combined capital was in dealing with its competitor. A few labourers in the cities enjoyed the advantages of good work at high wages; while the mass of the wage-earners, willing to work, able to work, and demanded by the work, were shut off from the privilege.

Turgot's edict swept away the worst features of this antiquated system, and established the freedom of labour, the right of the citizen to choose his calling, to ply his trade, and to sell his product to suit himself. The *corvées* were to be abolished throughout the kingdom, and the necessary funds for the repair of the roads were to be raised by a general tax, on the basis of the *twentieth* paid by landed proprietors, and this tax was to bear equally upon all owners, great and small, lay and ecclesiastical, peasant and peer.

Against these reforms there came a roar of protest.



The master-workmen in the guilds, making common cause with the priest and the peer, who resented the proposition to tax them, declared vehemently that if trades and arts were thrown open to all, commerce would languish, skilled labour would leave the kingdom, subordination would cease, talent would be extinguished by the "mediocrity of wages," bankruptcies would multiply, confidence be destroyed, and dire confusion would reign throughout the realm.

As to the clergy and the nobles, their resentment was sincere and profound. Their exemptions originally rested upon some reasons connected with the old feudal system, when the noble had to fight in order that the peasant might have security in which to work; but while the reasons had long since gone, the exemptions remained and were as dear now to the noble as in the days when he had earned them. The corporate spirit of the Church and the caste feeling of the nobility were thoroughly aroused. Turgot was, in the eyes of the courtier and the priest, a monster,—a social and political image-breaker, who must be put down. Unless the incendiary were overpowered the entire edifice of special privilege would be ablaze. The Parliament of Paris stood forth for the nobles, and proclaimed that "the populace of France is liable to tax and to forced labour at will; and that is a part of the constitution which the king cannot change."

Writing to Gustavus III., in March, 1776, the Swedish ambassador said, "Monsieur Turgot finds himself opposed by a most formidable league, composed of all the nobles of the kingdom, all the Parliaments, all the financiers, all the women of the court, and all the priests."

The Count of Provence, the king's brother, after-

wards Louis XVIII., wrote a sharp and scurrilous lampoon against the minister; Necker contributed his book, the queen her intrigues, the court its eternal buzz of defamation, the priests their subtle machinations, the Parliament its factious opposition. Where were the people—the masses whose battle the stout reformer was waging under so many difficulties? The people were dumb, the people were dormant; never a word did they utter, never a finger did they lift.

Turgot had never deluded himself with the belief that the people would give him any support. He knew better. He knew well enough that reformers must expect indifference, or hostility, from the very classes they seek to improve. He knew perfectly well that if the choice is left to the rabble, the cry will ever be, "Give us Barabbas."

"It is not error which opposes the progress of truth; it is indolence, obstinacy, the spirit of routine—everything which favours inaction." Such had long been his opinion, and he was not surprised nor disappointed when his own experience vindicated the correctness of his judgment.

Unmoved by the tempest which was raging around him, Turgot held on his way. His edicts were laid before the cabinet. In the debate which followed, the keeper of the seals, Miromesnil, spoke for the nobles, and stoutly maintained that their exemptions must be preserved. Turgot answered with vigour: "The keeper of the seals seems to adopt the principle that, by the Constitution of the State, the noblesse should be exempt from all taxation. This idea will appear a paradox to the nation. The commoners are certainly the greatest

number, and we are no longer in the days when their voices did not count."

"Come!" exclaimed the king, abruptly, "I see that there are only M. Turgot and I here who love the people;" and he signed the edicts.

The contest was now transferred to the Parliament of Paris. That body refused to register the new laws. The king remained firm, called the lawyers before him, and in a Bed of Justice compelled them to register the acts.

This triumph of the minister was but the prelude to his fall. His foes redoubled their efforts. The courtiers played upon the jealousy of old Maurepas, and succeeded in turning him against a statesman whose influence was threatening to exceed his own in the councils of the king. The queen became his avowed enemy. She intemperately espoused the cause of one of her favourites, M. de Guines, whom Turgot despised, and who had been guilty of dishonesty in his office; and she succeeded in having Guines reinstated in his office, vindicated at the same time by a letter of praise from Louis, which, in effect, amounted to a rebuke to Turgot. So far did the zeal of the queen lead her, that she even sought to have the great minister committed to the Bastille!

In vain Turgot reminded Louis of the pledges upon whose faith he had accepted office. In vain he urged the king to give the reforms time to demonstrate their value, their power for good. Louis was tired of Turgot and reform, tired of the clamours of the court, tired of the disagreeable weather which Turgot had brought to Versailles. It seemed to the king that all the world was against his troublesome minister. The queen frowned,

the courtiers sneered, the priests shook their heads, the Parliaments sulked, the army muttered, the nobility vented its wrath in curses loud and deep, the corporated farmers-of-the-taxes gnashed their hungry teeth, and the aristocracy of labour, as represented in the guilds, swore that it would never do to open up to common workmen the various fields of industry.

The king was sorely perplexed. In his heart of hearts he knew that Turgot was right. "They may say what they please, but he is an honest man," contended Louis. While the king was thus wavering, Turgot came forward with a fresh edict of reform.

"What ! another one !" cried Louis, in dismay.

He listened impatiently while the minister read his report, his censure of the old law, his explanation of the utility and benevolence of his remedy.

"Is that all ?" asked the king, brusquely.

"Yes, Sire, that is all."

"So much the better," continued the king ; and he showed the great minister the door.

Turgot, like all true-hearted men, felt the blow which stopped his work. No man who loves his task lays it down willingly till it is done. Turgot had formed great plans ; he had, in his sober way, dreamed of a new France—a France which, spurning the cerements of a dead feudalism, should put on the glorious raiment of a higher and better civilization ; and which should go forth to the future with strength in her loins, hope in her soul, and the Miriam song of triumph on her lips.

"Give me ten years, and you will see this chaos take distinct form, and you will not recognize the country, so great will be its improvement." Thus pleaded the

minister. "Fear nothing. I will stand by you!" Thus the king had answered. And now it had all come to this!

Turgot was bitterly disappointed, and the philosophers were in despair. "This event," wrote Condorcet, "has changed all nature in my eyes. I have no longer the same pleasure in looking at those fair landscapes over which he would have shed happiness and contentment. The sight of the gayety of the people wrings my heart. They dance and sport as if they had lost nothing. Ah, we have had a delicious dream, but it has been all too short."

Voltaire wrote to La Harpe: "I see nothing but death before me since Turgot is no longer in office. I cannot understand how the king can have dismissed him. It is a thunderbolt which has struck both my brain and my heart."

Even Maria Theresa, watching the affairs of France with the keenest anxiety, condemned the dismissal of Turgot. Instinctively she felt that Marie Antoinette had taken part in it, but the young queen demurely made her denial.

With these few exceptions the dismissal of the minister was either regarded with indifference or was hailed with joy. The privileged were in ecstasies. Their jubilation was loud, long, and indecent. They gloried in the statesman's fall as though they had crushed an enemy to the human race. Too blind to foresee the revolution which the clear-eyed Turgot had laboured to avert with his moderate and gradual reforms, they hated him as legalized abuses have ever hated the advocates of change.

"All I desire, sir, is that you may be always able to believe that I was short-sighted, and that I pointed out to

you only fanciful dangers. I hope that time may not justify me, and that your reign may be as happy and as tranquil for yourself and your people as they flattered themselves it would be." In these dignified words Turgot took leave of his king and passed into retirement. His remaining years were given to philosophical studies and to correspondence with the learned men of his time. He died in 1781.

The work which this statesman did for his country cannot be overestimated. He was a pioneer in thought and in administration. His was the rare combination of faculties which can both theorize and practise, both plan reforms and execute them. He was no mere doctrinaire. In the loftiest sense of the word he was a lawgiver, a legislator who could fit to actual conditions the laws best adapted to their improvement. It was Turgot who gave to France its first taste of reform. It was he who demonstrated that the old order could be changed. It was by his initiative that governmental policies came under public discussion. He set the example of censuring the old and proposing the new. In the preamble to his edicts of reform he had adopted the practice of setting forth the reasons which moved the king to abolish the old law and adopt the new. In this manner he made his appeal to the judgment of the nation, and, as it were, called upon the people to think for themselves and to take an interest in national legislation. Tacitly, it was an admission of the nation's right to know why laws were enacted or repealed. No other minister had done this. The quick-witted Voltaire realized the full significance of Turgot's preambles, and he exclaimed, "It seems as if a new heaven and a new earth had made their appearance!"

So great was the impression made by this wise statesman upon his own generation that when Voltaire came to Paris in 1778 to receive the ovation which killed him, he sought Turgot, caught up his hand, and cried, "Let me kiss the hand which has signed the salvation of the people."

Turgot having been retired, his reforms were suspended. The forced labour and the trade monopolies came back again, doubly hateful now because of the hope that they had been permanently abolished.

M. de Cluny was made Comptroller-General, and by October 22, 1776, when he died, he had wasted in scandalous extravagance as great a sum as Turgot had been able to save in twenty months. There was no more talk of economy at court. There were no more sinecures suppressed. Hungry from their partial exclusion during the administration of Turgot, the favourites of the court rushed up to the treasury and helped themselves. The queen's "sight drafts" flew thick and fast. Trianon blossomed as a rose and all was merry at Versailles.

To facilitate public debauchery and to add to the State's revenue, M. de Cluny established the national lottery, an infamous source of profit to the treasury which was to endure until the time of Louis Philippe. After a few months of Cluny, even old Maurepas saw that things were going to the bad, and he meditated the removal of the profligate minister, but death saved him the trouble. Then it was that he advised the king to send for Necker, and the king, who had solemnly sworn to exterminate heretics, called a Protestant to his counsels, cash being the one thing needful, and Necker being a man who could command unlimited cash.

Necker was a native of Geneva, had come to Paris when young, had been for many years a clerk in The-lusson's banking-house, and had finally become a partner in the business. With a noble ambition to serve his country, he was eager to devote himself to the task of regulating the finances, cutting down expenses, correcting abuses, and abolishing feudal wrongs. The Catholic clergy raised an outcry against the appointment: under the law he was not eligible to the office. But he was rich, had enormous influence among the moneyed men, enjoyed the confidence of the business world, and Maurepas realized that Necker was the man to have, in spite of the clergy. "We will give him up to you," said Maurepas to them, "if you undertake to pay off the debt of the State."

Although he became in fact the comptroller-general, he could not, on account of his religion, hold the title to the office, nor was he allowed to enter the council of the king. In name, he was simply a director of the finances. Debarred by religious intolerance from wearing the title of the office he really filled, he submitted to the humiliation, and, refusing to accept any salary, gave his zeal, energy, talent, and influence to the effort to save the State from impending bankruptcy and revolution.

Following the precedent set by Turgot, he began to reduce expenditures, and to abolish useless offices. He introduced also improved methods, and made the same taxes produce larger revenues by cutting down the godless profit of the farmers-general. These men were leagued together in a great syndicate, they acted in concert, and their power was almost irresistible. They bought from the government, for a fixed sum, the privi-



lege of levying and collecting the direct taxes. Under this system the government was robbed on the one hand and the taxpayer on the other. The tax-farmers as a rule did not pay to the treasury one-half of the amount they wrung from the people.

One night, at Ferney, Voltaire's guests were amusing themselves by telling stories of famous pirates and robbers. Till the hour of bedtime drew near, story followed story—all about robbers. The party could not break up without a story from Voltaire himself; he was besought for a story about a robber. Seizing his chamber candlestick, and rising, ready to quit the room, Voltaire commenced: "Once upon a time there was a farmer-general—I have forgotten the rest," and he marched off to bed, chuckling as he went. He had named the biggest robber of all.

Necker understood these men and realized their power, but his own financial backing was so strong that he compelled them to accept a new contract by which the government got an increase of fifteen million francs from the taxes. At the same time he suppressed useless offices. The treasurers-general, numbering forty-eight, were reduced to twelve; the twenty-seven treasurers of the war and navy departments reduced to two; and many of the absurd appointments around the palace were abolished. The serf was not forgotten. By feudal law he could not marry, devise property, or quit the land of his lord without forfeiting his goods. Necker persuaded the king to issue a decree removing this badge of slavery from the royal domains, and the Parliament reluctantly registered it. Many lords followed the monarch's lead, but the clergy did not. The monks of the Jura, for

example, claimed that the enfranchisement of their serfs would lose the chapter twenty-five thousand livres per year, and they refused to grant freedom to the serf unless the government would indemnify the Church for the loss.

Another reform was due to Necker. He prevailed upon the king to abolish the horrible preliminary torture by which prisoners had been compelled to give evidence against themselves. Even after this change in the law, torture still remained as a punishment following conviction ; it was merely forbidden as an incident to the trial. The prisoner could no longer be subjected to inhuman treatment, could no longer be pulled and twisted, wrenched and torn, burnt and beaten, racked and maimed, in the effort to make him say he was guilty.

These reforms were not accomplished without arousing the fiercest resentments. Those who lost by the reforms hated the reformer. The same classes which had combated Turgot combined against Necker. The syndicate of tax-farmers bore him deadly enmity because he had made them drop fifteen millions of their plunder. The courtiers antagonized him because he had unroofed many a soft, snug sinecure. The nobles clamoured because he advised that the privileged be required to make oath to their tax returns. The Parliaments opened their batteries upon him because he had taken up Turgot's scheme of local assemblies and was actually getting them at work in the province of Berry. The fiery feather-head, D'Espréménil, who will be heard so often as this story proceeds, was heard first in factious opposition to Necker. "Who is the adventurer, who is the charlatan, who dares," etc. To the chorus of detraction the clergy added their dis-

cordant jangle. Necker was a Protestant; worse than that, he was from Geneva; worse than that, he wanted the wealth of the Church to bear its proportion of the taxes. What could such disciples of the meek and lowly Jesus do but rail at Necker?

While the philanthropic banker was thus reaping the usual reward of the reformer who attempts to save a nation which does not wish to be saved, he added enormously to the sultriness of the political atmosphere by publishing his famous "Account Rendered" (1781). In this publication he claimed to give a full and itemized statement of the financial condition of the government, its income and its outgo, its revenues, and its debts and expenditures. Such a thing had never been done before. The financial accounts of the nation had been State secrets. The nation was not supposed to have any right to know how its money was spent; that was the king's business, and his alone. If the revenues were spent in obedience to his wishes, all well and good; that ended it. To such an extent was the public money considered the king's own property that his personal and household expenses were not separately kept at all. He could draw on the funds without limit, and so could the queen, if the king pleased. If any courtier wanted his debts paid, and could prevail on king or queen to give him an order on the treasury, the comptroller had no discretion in the matter. Obedience was necessary. The drain on the public funds from this one source was frightful.

Necker let in the light, unsealed the national ledger, and invited the taxpayers to come and see what went with their money. The sensation produced by this new departure was immense. The whole nation seemed to rush

forward to read the account, to examine the figures, and to discuss the situation revealed.

While it is true that the "Account Rendered" was not accurate, because it omitted the debt incurred by reason of the American war, and because it showed a surplus revenue of ten millions when, in fact, there was a deficit, still, if Necker's career had accomplished nothing more than the publication of the Account it would have been a notable, history-making career. The very act of taking the people into the confidence of the government, and conceding, by acts which spoke louder than words, their right to know what went with their money, was of itself a revolution. It was one of those steps which marks a distinct advance, a departure from old methods, and the adoption of new.

The outcry against Necker now became universal. He was vilified as "a foreigner, a republican, a Protestant." He had published to the world those things which were considered State secrets. He had exposed the holy of holies of special privileges. Down with him! While this shrill clamour was at its height, the imp of the perverse tempted Necker into doing a very silly thing. He demanded of Maurepas the right to enter the Council of Ministers. It was a blunder, and the wily old courtier was only too glad to reap the advantage of it. In his heart he was already jealous of Necker and was glad of a pretext. "Abjure the heresies of Calvin and you may enter the Cabinet," answered Maurepas. The law was on his side, and Necker was fain to retreat, humiliated by his failure. Maurepas followed up his advantage by assuming an attitude to the banker which galled his pride; and Necker, worn out by the fatigues, discouragement

ments, and mortification of his position, tendered his resignation.

It seems reasonably certain that in offering to resign the millionaire banker meant to strengthen his position. He did not believe the government could do without him. He erred in his calculations by assuming that the government had sense enough to know its own necessities. Unfortunately it did not know them. The king accepted the indispensable man's resignation, and the court broke out into one universal shout of delight. All the privileged were glad. When Turgot had been dismissed the public had rejoiced rather than grieved. Only the few, among the philosophers, had lamented. But now, when Necker fell, the public gave evidence of surprise, regret, and displeasure. To this extent had the nation been aroused by the Maurepas policy of choosing ministerial reformers who were allowed to propose, but not to effect, reforms.

The dismissal of Necker was a colossal mistake, and with him went the last hope of peaceful reform. Great as had been the increase of the public debt, the splendid financier had managed so well that the national obligations had all been met, and funds had been accumulated sufficient for the needs of the next year. He looked forward to the peace for an enlargement of French commerce, the enhancement of French influence, the rapid development of national resources, the decrease of expenses, and the increase of national revenues. None of these hopes were fanciful, and the confidence of the minister in the future of his country was well grounded. After all, the debt of France was not greater than that of Great Britain; and England was

losing an empire, while France was to win territory and prestige.

Both Turgot and Necker had advised the king not to embark in a war with Great Britain. The fight between the mother country and the Colonies did not concern France, and Turgot urged the king to be strictly neutral. But the excitable French were all on fire for liberty, independence, and the rights of man. There were old scores to be settled with England, and now was the time to do it. With intense eagerness all classes in France took up the cause of the revolted Colonies. In spite of his inclinations the king found himself going with the current. As early as January 10th, 1776, Vergennes, the Foreign Minister, had advanced Beaumarchais 1,000,000 francs to be used in the purchase of arms and ammunition for the Americans. Two months later a similar sum was given. Paul Jones, supplied with ships, with money, and with men, sailed forth from French ports to become a terror to England on the seas.

Among the younger nobles a sort of craze in favour of the struggling rebels across the sea prevailed, and they threw themselves upon the side of republicanism, equality, and liberty, with all the ardour of men who had never heard of caste, privilege, and feudal wrongs. They took up arms for democracy with all the zeal of men who had never sworn fealty to a king.

"I will join the Americans! I will help them fight for freedom! Tell me how to set about it!" The speaker was the lean, gawky, red-haired, slant-headed, solemn-faced La Fayette: the time was 1776; the place a banquet hall in Strasburg; the person addressed the Duke of Gloucester, brother of George III. of England.

It was a dinner party, given by the old Marshal de Broglie, the attendance was large and brilliant, and the English duke, who hated his brother, the king, had been entertaining the French officers and municipals with an account of the troubles George III. was having with his American Colonies. The adventure of the tea-chests in Boston Harbour was described with a raciness which the company enjoyed, for the sympathies of all present were with the rebels. The duke spoke of the conflict which the Americans might expect, and emphasized their need of help. It was this suggestion which aroused the silent La Fayette into making the impulsive declaration, "I will join the Americans!"

At this time La Fayette, young, rich and nobly born, was already a husband and a father, his wife—rich, lovely, and a most excellent lady—being a granddaughter of the Duke of Noailles. He had been made an officer while still in his teens, had been received with favour at court, had been welcomed into the queen's exclusive set, but still he was not happy. He was burning with the ambition to distinguish himself; and the idea of crossing the ocean to the rescue of a nation struggling for its freedom fascinated his youthful imagination. The generous ardour of his nature carried him beyond all restraints of prudence or self-interest; and he was ready to forsake home, friends, wife, king, and country in pursuit of fame. As heedless of the cost as Don Quixote himself, the impulsive young aristocrat opened his purse, fitted out a vessel, summoned a few friends, defied his king, tore himself from the arms of a young wife who was nearing her confinement, and sailed across the seas to fight with and suffer with the ragged heroes of the American Revolution.

In the character of La Fayette there was much weakness, and to a certain extent one can join in the laugh of those who ridicule his high-flown vanities and his fondness for stage effect; but after the laugh is over there remains a genuine respect for the man who was true in an age when so many were false, who was unselfish when so many were sordid, who was steadfast to his ideal when so many were ready to barter principle for office, riches, and popularity. A nobleman of the highest rank, he had the manliness to combat his own order, to oppose its privileges, and to champion the rights of the oppressed. Time was to prove that his convictions were not to be altered by circumstances. True to the people when kings threatened him and imprisoned him, he was unshaken when the people themselves turned against him. Popular ideals might change, his did not. The Revolution chased him out of France, Austria threw him into her dungeons, Napoleon tempted him with imperial favours, but as he had defied King Louis, he defied King Mob; and as he remained a foe to tyranny in the Austrian prison, he remained one under the empire of Napoleon. A man like this is rare.

The rights of man, the excellence of republican institutions, the delights of political liberty, became the accepted texts of aristocratic prattle in Paris and at Versailles. The queen's brother, Joseph of Austria, visiting the country at this time, was astonished to find democratic principles warmly espoused in the very sanctuaries of monarchy. "It is my trade to be a royalist," he said; and he could not understand why French royalty should be entering into copartnership with its deadliest enemy —



republicanism. He himself was a reformer, who vainly attempted to inaugurate some very sweeping improvements in his own dominions, but his doctrine was that reforms should come from rulers and not from the people, from above and not from below. "All for the people, nothing by the people."

The American commissioners to the French court, Deane and Franklin, had met an enthusiastic reception. Franklin became the rage. Shrewd, sly, and diplomatic, he spread his bird-lime with excellent judgment, wooed the favour of France, and won it. Burdened by no faith of his own, Benjamin was a Catholic with the Catholics, and attended mass with edifying solemnity. With the Protestants he was Protestant, and spoke feelingly of religious liberty and the bad woman of Babylon. With the infidels he was equally at home, and he carried his nephew to be blessed by that high priest of irreligion, Voltaire.

Talleyrand used to say that when anything important was to be accomplished, "it was necessary to set the women going." Benjamin "set the women going." In his plain brown suit, in round hat and plain shoes, wearing his own uncurled hair instead of a powdered wig, he paid his court to pretty women and ugly women, to young women and old women, to flippant courtiers and grave philosophers, to priests and to Freemasons, to cardinals and to infidels, to doctrinaires and financiers. The result was that Franklin, by the novelty of his republican simplicity and the excellence of his diplomacy, became the fashion. The cause of the rebels in the British Colonies became the fad of the hour. The younger nobles, particularly, ardently championed the American revolution and glo-

ried in republican principles. Admired by gallant men, approved by wise men, hugged, kissed, and garlanded by the pretty women, Franklin united in the support of his mission people of the most opposite views, principles, and purposes.

Public opinion became American and the ministry followed public opinion. The queen, young and ardent, embraced the cause of the Colonies with all her heart. To Washington she sent by La Fayette, whom she then liked, her full-length portrait. The delirium carried all before it, and in 1778 the king signed the treaty with the United States, remarking to Vergennes, "You will remember that this is against my opinion." It is not, perhaps, too much to say that Louis XVI. signed his own death-warrant when he put his name to this treaty.

The immediate results of the American war were enormous additions to the public debt, an immense lift given to democratic principles, the making of a deadly foe out of Great Britain, and the failure to make a friend out of the United States.

Without the generous aid of France, the Colonies would have failed in the war of 1776. Washington himself says it. "The country's own powers are exhausted," he wrote Colonel Laurens. "Single-handed we cannot restore public credit and supply the funds necessary for continuing the war. The patience of the army is at an end, the people are discontented; without money we shall make but a feeble effort, and probably the last." This was in 1780. France came to his relief in the very nick of time. Reënforcements and money were sent him, troops for land and sea, and money by the million. Without this aid Washington could not have resumed

the offensive. But for the French fleet, he could never have taken Cornwallis at Yorktown.

"In all states," said Washington, "there are inflammable materials which a single spark may kindle." Precisely; and the additional spark which now fell into the French "inflammable materials," was the financial exhaustion and republican enthusiasm derived from the American war.

NOTE.—The gallant young South Carolinian, Colonel John Laurens, was selected by Washington and the Congress as a special Commissioner to France, to obtain immediate supplies indispensable to the American cause. This fact indicates dissatisfaction with Franklin. Laurens put energetic audacity into his efforts, secured the needed help, and returned at once to his place in the American army, where he led in the assault upon the British works at Yorktown. He took the sword of the first English officer who surrendered, Colonel Campbell.

## CHAPTER IV

### WEAKNESS OF THE MONARCHY; THE QUEEN'S DISSIPATIONS; VOLTAIRE'S RETURN TO PARIS

WE have already seen that, so far as administrative blunders could effect it, the condition of monarchy had been made desperate. The national debt had been enormously swollen by the American war, and democratic principles had been made the fashion. Reforms had been mooted just enough to excite discussion and whet expectation, and had then been dropped. The extravagance of the court had immensely increased; the Parliament made more arrogant by the sacrifice of Turgot and Necker; and the clergy offended by the proposition to tax their property, and by the employment of a Protestant minister. In the army, the officers despised the men, and the men hated the officers. The older noblesse looked down upon the more recent creations with contempt, and the newly ennobled retorted with self-assertive scorn. The princes of the church drew away their ermined mantles from contact with the shabby curés, and the curés lifted to their clerical superiors eyes which imperfectly veiled their burning rage. The judges of Parliament (the noblesse of the Robe) were barely tolerated by the grandees of the realm, and the judges had long been the open enemies of the peers,—only defending their privileges where a community of interests required it.

In the court at Versailles, in the royal family itself, the same factious spirit prevailed; the same deadly feuds were fostered. Perhaps the person chiefly responsible for this was the queen.

Marie Antoinette possessed a rare faculty for doing those things which ought not to have been done, and for saying things that ought not to have been said. "Rank imposes obligations," was the lofty sentiment by which the truly noble lived then as now, and ever, but the words had no meaning for the sprightly, unformed girl who had come into France to marry the Dauphin. Reared amid the freedom of the court of Vienna, the never ceasing etiquette of Versailles wearied her to exhaustion. She could not and she would not comply with it. She laughed when she felt like it, and dressed as she pleased. She often laughed when it was not in strictly good taste to do so, and she frequently dressed in a light and loose manner unbecoming her rank.

She had the warm feelings, the frivolous tendencies of youth, and she indulged them. If she felt like romping, she romped. If the evening was dull in the palace, as most evenings were, she was as apt as not to get up a game of blind man's buff. Upon her tongue she put no restraint at all. If the king had got too dirty at his forge to be seen in company, she told him so. If a stiff and stately old dowager bore down the palace corridors with every inch of canvas spread to the requirements of etiquette, and every line of countenance indicative of the consciousness of descent from the Queen of Sheba, the picture would sometimes amuse the young Austrian, and she would laugh. French dowagers of a certain age and lineage were prepared to resent ridicule from even the

highest source, and they repaid this levity of Marie Antoinette with spiteful comments upon her giddiness, and with a depth of rancorous dislike which planted the tree of bitter fruit.

When the day arrived, after the death of Louis XV., for the grandees of the kingdom to present their condolences to the bereaved grandchildren of the deceased, Marie Antoinette, whose grief at the death of Louis XV. had not been poignant, amused herself by ridiculing the costumes of the ladies who had come up from the rural districts to attend this solemn ceremony. Fashion at Versailles was as giddy a wanton as ever frisked from fad to fancy, and nobody could keep pace with it unless he lived in the palace and on the national treasury. These ladies from the rural precincts had fallen behind in the rush of society, and when they presented themselves at court, their general appearance savoured of by-gone days. There was enough of their dress, and it was rich and rare, but it was not of the right sort. Consequently, when these well-meaning relics of the past filed in stately review before the young queen and expressed their sympathy for her sad loss, she laughed at their rusty manners and ridiculed their elaborate but out-of-date finery. Thus she made bitter foes of the best families, people who lived in every different section, and who carried the trail of enmity into every province of the realm. Not satisfied with such general offences as these, she descended to details. She gave names of mockery to individuals, calling one "Madame Collars," another "Madame Hundred-year-old," another "Madame Bundle-of-stuff." No lady of the court was too venerable to escape these childish but malicious shafts.

Madame de Noailles, old enough to be the queen's grandmother, and belonging to the most numerous and powerful family in France, was literally driven by the queen into hostility and hatred. Madame de Marsan, former governess of the king, was another lady of high degree and much influence whom the queen estranged by her imprudent freedom of speech and conduct, and, to the remonstrances of the elderly adviser, the younger lady responded with jeers.

The nobility of France had a feud of its own, the older houses looking down with considerable scorn upon those whose patents bore modern dates. A few of these more ancient creations had been getting the lion's share of the patronage for many generations. So long had they monopolized the favours of royalty, that they had come to consider the best public places as their own private property. It was this old noblesse which the queen mortally offended.

She chose a young foreigner, the Princess of Lamballe, as her favourite, showered riches upon her, revived for her benefit the suppressed office of superintendent of the household, and affixed to the sinecure the preposterously large salary of 150,000 francs, or \$30,000. She picked up the Countess of Polignac, a lady who was without wealth and whose numerous relations were as poor as herself; and this countess became, in the twinkling of an eye, the power behind the throne. The amount of money which this Polignac connection absorbed in a few short years, and the number of golden apples they were able to shake down from the tree of royal patronage, is well-nigh incredible. The older nobles were beside themselves with wrath, as they witnessed the successful fruit-gathering of

the Polignacs, and they made the Polignac name odious throughout France.

In the choice of her male companions, the queen was equally independent. At that day she might have condemned herself to solitude had she allowed the approach of none but the virtuous, yet it does seem a little singular that she chose for her confidential friends the most abandoned libertines of the court. The Duke of Lauzun was a perfect specimen of the rake hereditary; the Duke of Coigny was almost as bad; the two Dillons were little better; Count Esterhazy and the Baron de Besenval were professional adventurers, soldiers of fortune; and the Count de Guines, who was not a count until the queen's favour made him one, we have already mentioned.

Besides these, there were Lord Strathavon, the Englishman; De la Marck, the Belgian; and Count Fersen, the golden-hearted Swede,—all of whom were men of the world, and not especially fitted to make prudent counselors of the queen. Still, she liked them, was intimate with them, boldly showed her preference for them, and thus added very materially to the teeth-gnashing that was in progress among the French courtiers who were shivering in the outer darkness of imperial favour. Not without its justice and its pathos was the reply of Marie Antoinette, to those who complained of her partiality for these foreigners:—

“Why should I not like them? They are the only ones who do not ask me for anything.”

When the queen was taken down with the measles in 1779, and went to the Little Trianon for treatment, four of these men, chosen by herself, nursed her through her sickness. Before we speak too harshly of this freak, let



us remember that this was at a time when the highest ladies in France thought it no shame to dress before their guests, and to receive their male visitors while stretched, nude and at length, in a bath whose waters were made opaque by the admixture of milk. Nothing was more common than for ladies of fashion to receive gentlemen visitors while in bed.

It was in the apartments of such people as the Gue-menées that Marie Antoinette felt herself most at home. There the young people assembled, there the fun and frolic were unrestrained, there the gambling was high, there the talk was loose, there the plays acted by the company were only fit to be seen and heard "by princes and disreputable women." It happened one evening that the piece acted was so bad that most of the invited ladies retreated in shame; the queen stood her ground and relished it all. The Countess de la Marck wrote at this time: "The queen goes incessantly to the opera and theatres, gets into debt, drives from one thing to another, bedizens herself with finery and feathers, and makes a fool of herself in every way possible."

Once at Marly she lost 140,000 francs (\$28,000) on one turn at faro; and her regular monthly allowance of "pin money," 500 gold pieces, was usually gambled away in the course of the evening in which she received it. An adventurous Englishman who was urged to play in this high circle won 3,000,000 francs from the queen and her associates.

In matters of dress she was not more temperate. She found the fashion set toward extravagance, and she encouraged it into the monstrously absurd. Her dress-maker, Mademoiselle Bertin, and her hairdresser, Léonard,

were the maddest lunatics uncaged. Léonard styled himself The Academician of hairdressing and costumes. Between himself and the Bertin there were devised some very wonderful things. Towers of gauze were reared upon the heads of the ladies of the court, towers wherein were interwoven hair and flowers, false curls and feathers. From one height to another this incredible fad was pushed until the head-dress often reached two feet and even more above the crown. In these preposterous structures Léonard and the Bertin introduced pastoral scenes, historical pictures, mythological idyls, and domestic tableaux. Sometimes the head-dress of a duchess represented a garden, sometimes a chapter from the paganism of ancient times. Often a princess could be seen wearing upon her head a meadow, a lamb or two, a shepherd, a brook, and a wind-mill. Another would wear sun, moon, and stars, and emblems of the four quarters of the globe. Another would sparkle under a glory of gauze and laces wherein a diamond bird hovered with outspread wings over a full-blown rose. The Duchess of Chartres wore a man-of-war in full sail, or an allegorical scene wherein her son, afterwards King Louis Philippe, lay asleep in the lap of his nurse.

Léonard was kept busy — very busy. Frequently the crush of fashionable ladies was so great that he had to begin his duties the evening before a function. Then the lady was under the necessity of sitting up all night, for it would never do to go to bed after the head-gear had been arranged. These monstrous affairs were so high that doors became too low for the wearer to enter without stooping. Riding in carriages became painful. Ladies would be seen with their heads sticking out of the win-

dow. There was room inside for the body but not for head-dress. Protestations at the theatre became common. A person seated behind one of these towers could see nothing in front. So prodigious grew the coiffure of the queen that Léonard was no longer able to reach the top. He had to bring a stool to stand upon.

The motherly soul of the Empress Maria Theresa was filled with anxiety at the recklessness of her daughter. "My daughter!" she wrote, "I am sending back to you the gift you have made me. This picture cannot be the likeness of the queen of France, but of an actress."

To judge the queen fairly we must remember the double nature which exists within us all. Was there ever a son of Adam who did not struggle all his days with his twofold character—borne one way by the high and the good, driven another by the low and the bad? Is not the same man two different men on different occasions, and when mastered by different emotions? Did not Byron send to his lady the heartrending verses "Fare thee well," accompanied by a butcher's bill upon which the grief-laden had scrawled, "I do not think we could have had so much beef as this"? Did not that ethereal poet 'Rossetti' bury with his beloved wife the impassioned poem into which he had poured his sorrow, and did he not, at a later day, regret that he had entombed the verses, and dig up the wife to recover the poetry? Did not the terrible Danton, returning home from Belgium, find his home all dark and silent—his adored young wife dead and buried—and did not the huge man in the madness of his grief rush to her grave, cause the dear form to come back to light again, and cover the cold lips with pas-

sionate kisses and scalding tears? The same La Fayette may give fortune and station to the service of strangers beyond seas, and yet insist in paying off in depreciated paper a debt to one of those strangers, which debt was due to Gouverneur Morris for a loan of good money in the time of direst distress during the Reign of Terror. Was it not the same George Washington who would accept no pay for seven years of arduous toil as commander-in-chief of the American army, who ordered his nephew to feed all the poor out of his barn, who ordered that his beloved Mt. Vernon should be burnt to the ground rather than that it should extend hospitality to the British, and who on another swing of the pendulum would bring in an account of a few miserable shillings against the petty estate of a dead labourer, who would insist that General Stone make good a bad coin which he had paid at Washington's ferry, and who would take advantage of his neighbour in a horse-trade if the opportunity tempted?

What really was the character of the queen? Was she so bad as detractors have asserted; was she so angelic as partisans have contended? Neither the one nor the other. That she had some ugly traits cannot be denied. She was selfish in her determination to have a good time, she was reckless of consequences in pursuing her own whims, she was vindictive towards those who opposed her, and she industriously acted the marplot in the policies of the government.

But in spite of all this she was the brilliant figure of the court, radiant as a star beside her dull sluggard of a husband. She was royal in look and manner, in pride, in grace, in courage, in imperious wish to rule. She

was gay, she was frank, she was bold, she was open-handed and open-hearted. Queenly in person, with a brilliance of complexion and a grace of movement which excited the admiration of all, she likewise excelled in social accomplishments, could turn the phrases of courtly politeness, and win hearts by throwing herself upon the affections of others.

Flowers she loved, and music; the beautiful in art and in nature she craved and sought. In the midst of the confused and deafening hurly-burly of Versailles, with its tremendous etiquette and its furious crush for office, she hoped to carve out a separate realm for herself and her favourites—a realm devoted to youth, mirth, music, and love. As Frederick the Great loved Sans Souci and Washington Mt. Vernon, as Mirabeau would slip away on Sunday to lounge in the rose-gardens at Argenteuil, and Napoleon loved to saunter, hands crossed behind him, along the quietudes of Malmaison,—Marie Antoinette sought to create for herself an ideal retreat, an Eden of the fancy, where she was to find true friendship, true happiness, blissful repose. The Little Trianon was a delicious bit of marble architecture built by Louis XV. in a retired portion of the park of Versailles. It was here that he had loved to lay aside the trappings and formalities of royalty, and play the private gentleman, entertaining a few choice spirits in the little palace, and amusing himself with amateur farming and flower culture in the lovely grounds.

Louis XVI. gave Little Trianon to his wife, and with the eager delight of a child she set about making it a paradise. The world was ransacked for the finest trees, the choicest shrubs, the loveliest flowers. The rarest

skill was employed in laying out gardens, lawns, shrubberies, walks, creating grottoes, hills, lakes, and winding rivers. No expense was spared; the queen demanded a fairy-land and the gardener gave it; the taxpayers footed the bills, and the queen was in ecstasies. The Little Trianon became a gem, a marvel of beauty, which all travellers went to see.

Brilliant parterres, emerald stretches of velvet lawn, waving masses of luxuriant foliage, glimpses of marble statuary and silvery waters — all were there to fascinate the eye and kindle enthusiasm. Fountains sprang up in the sun, sparkling and dancing and splashing; the rivulet wound in and out, round and round, through the garden, the lawn, the meadow; the nightingales sang in the shadow of the groves; the marble Belvidere crowned the steep; and upon the enchanted island which rose from the bosom of the lake rested the Temple of Love. A model rustic village lined the borders of the lake, and there was the mill, the grange; and the manor-house for the master, all complete. The dairy must not be overlooked, that El Dorado dairy, where Blanchette, the cow, was milked by the “daughter of the Cæsars.” The milk vessels were of porcelain, rested upon marble slabs, and conveyed Blanchette’s milk to a churn of silver.

In this Eden the queen lived with a select few of the younger members of the nobility. The king himself was not to come unless invited. Only the few were welcome, — only the congenial, the young, the gallant, the gay. Dull care must not enter here, nor gloom, nor weariness, nor pain.

What a life this was, what a rush from one pleasure to

another, what a whirl of fashionable dissipation ! With a feverish curiosity she sounded all the depths of questionable amusements. She went to masked balls, late at night, without her husband ; she frequented the operas, and the gay opera-suppers ; she gambled wildly at faro, and was noisily prominent at the horse-races ; she romped and tomboyed about the park at the most unseasonable hours, and in company with the choicest rakes and rakesses of the court ; she acted parts in private theatricals which required a liberal display of the body, and a generous amount of loose dialogue. She ran the whole gamut of pleasure, alarming her brother, grieving her mother, enraging the devotees of courtly decorum, and alienating the respect and the attachment of the people of France. When her mother, in letter upon letter, sought to sober and restrain her in her mad plunge towards perdition, the maternal warnings were lightly laughed aside.

In the lexicon of the queen's youth there was no such word as duty. To frolic, to feast, to dress, to outshine the brightest, to dazzle the eye of the beholder, to create a radiance in her own immediate circle, to laugh, jest, play, and enjoy,—was the whole of her gospel. Such was high life all around her. Why shouldn't she be gay ? Let others talk of public distress, prate of economy, and preach of woes to come. It was an old song, had been heard now since the good year 1700. "We must amuse ourselves." On with the dance ; on with festivals and theatricals ; on with the horse-races, sleigh-rides, and lawn-parties ; on to the opera, the opera-ball, and the opera-supper. Let us lose royally at faro, the State pays ; let us enrich our pets, the State pays ; let us lavish

millions upon Little Trianon, the State pays. Let us whisper over the latest scandal, and titter as we do so. Let us skate along the conversational surface as close as we can go to the forbidden ground of the utterly obscene. Let us mock at all things serious, decorous, and coldly prudent! Such was Marie Antoinette before trouble sobered her thoughts, silvered her tresses, and struck the light out of her life.

At Paris, in the Bibliothèque Nationale, you may see a book which speaks but too convincingly of the true character of the unfortunate queen. The cover is that of the Catholic missal, for Marie Antoinette was a devoted Catholic, and she was faithful in her attendance at chapel; but within the sacred cover of this book of worship is enclosed the contents of an obscene novel. The priest could see only the cover, and he would glorify God for so devout a worshipper; but the bowed head of the queen was bent over a filthy love story, and while the priest talked of God, the queen was reading the history of polite adultery.

Marie Antoinette should be judged by the standard of her own times, not by that of ours. She should be compared to those around her, not to those around us. Environment is the father of us all—environment and heredity. What sort of character might we expect her to have, by way of inheritance?

In the early autumn of 1755, the Empress Maria Theresa, in the midst of a brilliant court reception at the palace of Schoenbrunn, turned to one of the courtiers, the Duke von Tarouka, and laughingly said, "Shall I have a boy or girl?"—her Majesty being then in a fair way to have one or the other. The duke, feeling the



necessity of flattering a lady who was in that delicate condition, replied, "A boy, without doubt, madame."

"Well," answered the lady, modestly, "I wager two ducats that I shall give birth to a girl."

The duke, of course, accepted the bet. Some time afterwards the empress gave birth to a girl; the duke gallantly paid his debt, and the babe was ceremoniously christened Marie Antoinette. From such a mother we might reasonably expect a daughter who would bind up a love tale within the lids of her prayer-book.

The influence of her environment was even worse. She lived in an atmosphere of lewdness and selfish indulgence. Transplanted into the corruptest court in Europe, while yet a girl, it had been her bitter lot to be tied to a man who was, at that period, physically impotent. The old king Louis XV., who so cordially despised his grandson, had a genuine admiration for the grandson's wife. She paid her court to the old debauchee very successfully, and, during his life, restrained herself fairly well. But when she became queen, she gave loose rein to her natural appetite for pleasure. She and her husband were rarely together. He shot game in the parks and tinkered at locks, getting very greasy, sweaty, and black. She frolicked all day with her young favourites, and then, at night, frisked off to doubtful entertainments, leaving Louis soundly and virtuously asleep. What must a hot-blooded young woman have thought of a lusty husband, in the flush of robust manhood, who had apparently forgotten her? It is not to be wondered at that the wife, full of disappointment, yet unable to make remonstrance or to demand explanations, should plunge into fashionable dissipation, and seek elsewhere her pleasures.

In due season the doctors successfully interfered and Louis went the way of all marital flesh. At first a daughter was born, and there were great public rejoicings. Afterwards, October, 1781, a son came, and then the nation seemed to go wild with joy. Sir Samuel Romilly, visiting Paris at the time, speaks of the squads of ragged, dirty, squalid people dancing to the music of the royal bands, in the public squares, "with as much gayety as if they were in a theatre devoted to mirth and joy." It saddened the great English lawyer and reformer to see the people jubilating on the Place de Grève, over the birth of another king—the Place de Grève being "the common place of execution which had been so often wet with blood, and had so often witnessed the lengthened agonies of tortured wretches expiring in flames or upon the wheel." People embraced each other in the street, as though the happiness of the event was personal to every citizen of France. Addresses of congratulation poured in from all the departments and public bodies. Illuminations lit up the towns and cities, processions thronged the streets, loyal songs were sung at the theatres amid deafening applause, *Te Deums* were chanted in cathedrals, and melodious organs pealed forth their richest notes. All France was glad, deliriously glad. God had given the king a son, and the people would not be left without a royal staff to lean upon. The guilds and trades-unions of Paris were as exuberant in their manifestations of joy as any place-hunter of the court. They spent money freely to make a fitting display at Versailles. Arrayed in the new uniforms of their various organizations, accompanied by bands of music, the mechanics, artificers, and tradesmen of Paris marched out to

Versailles and paraded in the court of the palace. Chimney-sweepers, elegantly dressed, carried an ornamented chimney upon the top of which was perched a chimney-sweep of the smallest size. The butchers passed in review bearing a colossal beef. Smiths hammered away upon an anvil, shoemakers made a pretty pair of shoes for the son of the king, and the tailors presented a tiny uniform of the Dauphin's regiment. For a long time Louis XVI. the happy father, who could not say "my son" too often that blessed day, stood on the balcony viewing the parade, intoxicated by the enthusiasm which prevailed. No happier day was his. King, queen, and people were united then, drawn together by the dimpled hand of a child.

Amid all these rejoicings what spectre pushes its way to the front, marring the universal pleasure? It is the procession of the worshipful coffin-makers, to whom it had not occurred that a hearse or a casket, borne in procession, would not add to the exhilaration of the hour. Old Princess Sophie, the king's aunt, weak of nerves and querulous, thrilled with horror at the sight, and had the worshipful coffin-makers put out of the procession.

The market-women of Paris came in a body to see the queen, to congratulate her. These women were dressed in black silk gowns, wore diamonds, and had their address inscribed upon the leaves of a fan. The queen received these Dames of the Hall most affably, and the king dined them in the palace. The fish-women also came, also gained access to the queen, and made three speeches of congratulation — one to the king, one to the queen, and one to the child. A more fervent spirit of attachment than that which inspired these addresses of the working people of Paris never found expression. Gaze once

more upon this scene—the king on the balcony at Versailles, tears of joy in his eyes, his heart overflowing with happiness, and around him the splendid and spontaneous tribute of boundless affection laid at his feet by the labouring classes of Paris. This was October, 1781.

The outburst of loyalty and affection was not confined to Paris and Versailles. It prevailed throughout the provinces. It was universal and genuine. Songs, dances, music, festivals, celebrations, did not cease till far into January, 1782. At Rouen, a travelling dramatic author and actor recited at the theatre some lines of his own composition in honour of the queen and king, and of the happy event which had blessed their union. The actor was Collet d'Herbois—"a name tolerably well known in the Revolution."

Thus we see that Louis XVI. had been upon the throne for eight years, and the "powder-tower" still stands. Attachment to the king's person, loyalty to the monarchy, and affectionate interest in the heir to the crown, are as ardent as ever. Not a man in France suspects that Louis will not die of a good old age and transmit his sceptre to his son. Everybody has faith in the king. He means well. "He is," says Jefferson, "the honestest man in the kingdom." He has been badly advised, has been the victim of wicked ministers, but that will all come right. He is young yet; he will know better after a while. In the meantime, *Vive le Roi!* Since the days of St. Louis the cry was never louder, never more spontaneous. Wherever Louis will show his face, the multitude roars, "Live the king!" Weary is the way, and far distant yet the day, when the people

will rise to that height of displeasure which the bishop of Senes said was the lesson of kings, — Silence.

As to the queen, her popularity has long been on the wane. The birth of her children has revived it, but sinister rumours persistently circulate. Envious courtiers, shut out from Trianon, resent the queen's exclusiveness, and revenge themselves by malicious defamation. The public is told that she is Austrian at heart, that she calls Trianon "Little Vienna," and that she sends millions of French treasure to the aid of her brother, the emperor of Austria. It was Madame Adelaide, the king's aunt, who first called Marie Antoinette "the Austrian," giving her the injurious nickname which followed her all the way to the guillotine.

The public believes that she is haughty and hard, licentious and wasteful, frivolous and depraved. Her favourites are detested, her meddlings with State affairs exaggerated, her subserviency to Austria overdrawn, and in the popular mind she gradually assumes the character of the evil genius of Louis and of France.

Among the infatuated nobles who strove with might and main to undo the Ancien Régime, no couple worked more effectively than the brothers of the king. Labouring along opposite lines, they admirably aided each other in digging a pit for Louis. That they fell into it themselves, as per Biblical prediction, was no more than befell the other nobles who sacrificed a throne to their own inordinate greed, insane feuds, and headlong extravagance.

The older of these two royal brothers was the Count of Provence. As fat and as unwieldy as Louis XVI., he was rather more courtly, and decidedly more intel-

ligent. He affected the literary character, dabbled in philosophy, and busied himself with political intrigue. He had published, under another's name, a cowardly and malicious attack upon Turgot, yet he managed, somehow, to create the impression that he favoured reforms. By nature he was a conspirator, a man of duplicity, who delighted in subtle machinations and underground movements. It cannot be denied that he possessed ability. He was strong in the old order, popular with the early revolutionists, and reaped the harvest of the Restoration. That he undermined Louis XVI. is certain; that he intrigued in turn with Mirabeau, Robespierre, Barras, Bonaparte, Talleyrand, is certain; and that he finally came out on top, with the crown on his head, is no less so.

The long interval between the marriage of his brother the king and the birth of an heir, had led Provence to have great expectations. He fixed his hopes upon the succession, and fondly looked forward to the day when he himself should be king. When Marie Antoinette began to have children, Provence was deeply chagrined. He took it as a personal affront to himself. He suspected a trick, and pretended to believe that Louis was not the father of the queen's children. In this he was probably sincere, it being so easy to believe that which we wish to believe. At all events, he became a mortal enemy to the queen, and the head of an opposition to the king and his policy, whatever that policy might happen to be. In the intrigues which first shook the throne, the hand of Provence was felt; not that he was powerful himself, but he became an instrument of power in the hands of others.

The youngest brother of the king was known as the Count of Artois. He was a rake, and aspired to be known as a wit, also. A more gayly selfish, unprincipled, and shallow-minded prince never ornamented the aristocracy of birth. He was the queen's companion in her wild freaks and frolics. He affected a familiarity with her which lowered her dignity as a queen, and compromised her good name as a woman. He it was who encouraged her in imprudences which inflamed suspicion and bred scandal. He it was who gave her political advice, which she in turn pressed upon the king, to the detriment of the nation and the ruin of the king. And after doing a marplot's work in bringing danger upon the monarchy, he was the first coward to skip across the frontier, and leave the king "with the bag to hold."

Another architect of ruin was the Duke of Orleans. He was the richest man in France, and had absolutely boxed the compass in vice. He was now a worn-out libertine, sated with lust, and turning to politics as a diversion. His family lived in the Palais-Royal which Cardinal Richelieu had built—an immense establishment whose lower floor, basement, and gardens were given up to restaurants, dancing and gambling halls, wine-shops, and various other kinds of shops, and whose arcades, galleries, and promenades were thronged by the thousands of idlers, loafers, gamblers, prostitutes, pleasure-seekers, and political agitators of a great city. Upstairs lived the duke, enormously rich, dabbling in alchemy, in chemistry, in philosophy, in politics, and gallantry, surrounded by a swarm of parasites who fattened on his fortune—loose women, unprincipled men, and sharpers of all sorts. In the Palais-Royal the duke gathered about

him, by way of diversion, a party of restless, intelligent men who formed, in fact, the first of the revolutionary clubs. So boldly did they talk of political reforms that Louis XVI. suppressed the meetings. This rich and wicked duke hated his cousin the king, and hated his cousin the queen. Orleans coveted the post of Grand Admiral of France, and Louis would not give it to him. Orleans craved entrance into the elysian delights of the Little Trianon, and the queen would not give it to him. Hence, unbounded dislike of both king and queen. In the weak character of Orleans there was just strength enough to make him a most dangerous enemy to the government. His great name, his position as first prince of the blood, his boundless wealth, his taste for intrigue, underhand methods, and secret societies, made him a tower of strength to the malcontents when the Revolution began to get under way. Among his other sources of influence, he possessed one of peculiar and undiscoverable strength: he was Grand Master of the Masonic order in France. A rigid Catholic, like Louis, was not apt to love Orleans the better for his being a Freemason.

Lord Holland in his "Foreign Reminiscences" states that the queen was the aggressor in the feud with Orleans. She gave currency to the story that the duke had shown cowardice in a sea-fight with the English off Ushant. The story seems to have been a mere malicious slander; the queen, in any event, was guilty of extreme folly in leaguings herself with the personal traducers of so powerful a prince of the blood.

The gardens and arcades of the Palais-Royal became the muster-ground of the Goths and Vandals of sansculottism. Protected in a great measure from police interfer-



ence by the privileges of the House of Orleans, agitators could give expression there to inflammatory harangues which would have gained them entrance to the Bastille if uttered on the streets. The first incendiary meetings, the prelude to the Revolution, were held in the Palais-Royal; the first cry "To arms!" was heard there; the first crude organization of the forces of rebellion was there effected; and the first horde of rioters who poured through the streets in open defiance of the royal authority issued from the Palais-Royal, the dwelling of the Duke of Orleans.

Let us not forget, in passing, the memorable visit of Voltaire to Paris in 1778. For very many years he had been a person obnoxious to all the powers of the State. During a long life he had challenged almost every abuse which existed. In holding up to public scorn the judgments which Parliaments had pronounced against Rochette, Calas, La Barre, and Lally-Tollendal, he had made even those toughened offenders wince under the lash. In laughing at the fraudulent relics and miracles of the Church he had almost made the priest ashamed of his own impostures. By his tireless industry and fearless advocacy of better standards he had created a new literature for France, and given his countrymen truer conceptions and more independent habits of thought. In his extreme old age he had completed his tragedy of "Irene." It was to be presented for the first time in Paris, and the veteran author determined to superintend its production in person.

His return to Paris was an event of national importance. His fame was established, his works accepted as classics, and his life-struggle acknowledged as a heroic champion-

ship of human freedom and progress. The philosophers crowded around him. They hailed him as the warrior is welcomed when he returns after the long campaign, scarred, weary, but triumphant. He had fought a good fight. Power had not been able to crush him nor the clamour of class-hatred to drown his voice. He had touched with the magic spear of his genius the dead public opinion of France and it had sprung into life and action. He had struck the closed doors of free thought blow after blow, with ponderous battle-axe, until the rusty hinges creaked, light entered, and the liberated intellect began to walk abroad and rejoice in its strength.

All Paris turned out to do honour to the aged hero — all but the clergy and the favourites of the court. Priests could not love Voltaire, nor could priest-guided kings. But the learned men knelt at his feet and poured praises in his ear. The Academy sent its delegation of welcome; the literary world was all applause; the actors turned out in form, delivered addresses, and paid him homage; Madame du Barry gracefully brought her congratulations and her compliments; Benjamin Franklin had a nephew who needed the Voltairian laying-on-of-hands; and Talleyrand craved a benediction from him "who had freed the nations from the bondage of error."

"Irene" was presented and proved a tremendous success. The old poet was present, and the audience of the packed theatre rose in mass and cheered him with boundless enthusiasm. "Let him be crowned," they cried, and although the author would have declined the honour, it was forced upon him. "'Tis the people of France that send it," said the leading actor, as he laid the laurel wreath upon Voltaire's head. It was a grand ovation

they gave the old man, and he felt it. Carried almost fainting from the theatre, his carriage was followed by cheering throngs who threw flowers upon him till he was almost stifled with wreaths. At his own door, and in a voice broken with emotion, he made his long farewell to the people, thanking them for the honours they had heaped upon him, and "for the glory under which he was about to die." In a few days he was no more.

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## CHAPTER V

FLEURY; CALONNE; BEAUMARCHAIS; DIAMOND NECK-  
LACE; BRIENNE; THE NOTABLES

THE Parliament had been a millstone around the king's neck from the very day he recalled it. It had balked him at every turn. It had stood in the path of Turgot; it blocked the way of Necker. It had almost abandoned its functions as a court to usurp the power of a national legislature. Its feather-headed D'Espréménils had wearied of law and were feeding with a growing appetite on politics.

Fully sensible of his lamentable error in resurrecting this recalcitrant corporation, and not knowing how to get rid of it, the king hit upon the plan of calling to the ministry a leading member of the Parliament itself. Perhaps a step so conciliatory would flatter their pride and subdue their opposition. Accordingly M. Joly de Fleury was summoned to take the place of Necker. He came, he saw, but he did not conquer. It was one thing to rise in Parliament and denounce a royal minister; it was quite another to cope with the ministerial difficulties. Fleury found himself overpowered by the arduous task of creating happiness in a situation where the income was many millions less than the outgo, and he resigned in despair. During his brief sojourn in office, Maurepas died, bliss-

fully unconscious of the vast amount of damage he had done to the monarchy.

One parliamentary having failed, the king concluded to try another. Judge d'Ormesson was asked to come forward and save the State. He responded with alacrity, but he, like Fleury, soon realized the difference between criticism and performance. The terrors of his position frightened him. Creditors clamoured for pay, courtiers for pensions, place-hunters for office. The king's brothers angrily demanded that the State pay their debts; the good old Duke of Penthièvre unloaded Rambouillet on the king for the sum of 14,000,000 livres; the tax-farmers raised their heads and exacted a new contract which restored to them 15,000,000 livres Necker had forced them to disgorge.

D'Ormesson was a young man, wholly without experience, and he lost his head. Genuinely frightened, he wished to resign, but his wife found that she was pleased with the social position which his promotion gave her, and she made him stay. Driven to desperation by the difficulties of his place, the minister misappropriated 6,000,000 livres of the discount-fund, and obtained a decree of council suspending coin payments of more than 100 livres at a time on the bills. In this awkward manner the parliamentary endeavoured to float a paper currency. A panic ensued. Courtiers without coin might as well be dead. Pensions paid in paper were mere barren idealities. Away with D'Ormesson! The king dismissed him, and he left the stage amid the hisses and the jeers of the indignant court. For many days he was the burden of all the jokes, the butt of all the aristocratic sarcasms—this unsophisticated parliamentary

who had supposed he could satiate courtly beggars with paper money.

Who next? The deficit was there as huge as ever; who was now to go up against it? The Marshal de Castries, realizing that things were growing serious, earnestly implored the king to send for Necker. It was not yet too late. Necker was eager to return, and the public confidence would have returned with him. Louis was ashamed to ask aid from the statesman whom he had treated so badly, and who had so proudly thrown up his commission, and he rejected the advice.

But the Polignacs have a man in view, the man of all men to minister to a State diseased. It is Calonne. The Polignacs want him: whom the Polignacs want, the queen favours, and whom the queen favours, the king now accepts. In this manner came Calonne, of whom most historians of the Revolution speak in a tone which is suggestive of the phrase, "And last of all came Satan."

Much has been written of Calonne. Varying as the point of view of his judges varies, he is a quack, a humbug, a charlatan, a statesman, a patriot, a martyr to duty. With some he is the traitor who deliberately misled the old order to its doom. With others he is the brilliant adventurer who trifled with the flames until they got beyond his control. With others he is the able minister who did his best to make the old system work, and who, when he saw that it would not, courageously insisted upon a radical change. Whatever his character and purpose may have been, there is no doubt whatever about the work he accomplished. As the artistic organizer of the most gigantic smashup that ever befell a monarchy, Calonne stands without a rival. Among architects of ruin he is a Saul,—

head and shoulders above them all. Over the ordinary mischief-makers of the world he towers as Borgia towers over ordinary criminals, as Bonaparte towers over average warriors.

A man of very winning ways was Calonne, — the ideal minister of the noblesse. His deportment was correct, his bow nicely shaded between courtesy and servility, his smile magnetic, his address composed and suave. Never before had the court a minister so much after its own heart. Not old like Maurepas, not bumptiously arrogant like Choiseul, not cranky and martinetish like St. Germain, not a mere clerk of routine like Vergennes, not a shy, reserved, angular, and hostile prig like Turgot or Necker. No : Calonne was equally ornamental in cabinet and boudoir, among idlers and workers, in the world of business and the world of fashion, in the palace and on the Bourse. No minister knew better how to turn the head of a fine lady with a pension and a phrase ; none knew better the open sesame to the vaults of the financier.

No difficulties daunted Calonne. To all comers he answered, "Yes." Was it the queen with a request for St. Cloud, a prince of the blood wanting his debts paid, a place-hunter asking that his office be restored, a refractory Breton Parliament insisting upon its local privileges? The same smile softened them all. The same polished manner impressed them all. The same oily tongue repeated the unctuous assurance which had been made to the queen, as the courtly minister bent low before her and kissed her snowy hand, "If it be possible, it is done ; if it is impossible, it shall be done." No more reforms were heard of, no more retrenchments and suppressions. "Turgomancy" and "Necro-

mancy," twin spirits of evil, had been cast out. "Sight drafts" from the queen flew thick and fast; they were all paid without a murmur. "Knock and it shall be opened unto you," ran in flaming letters upon the lintels of the treasury, and the courtiers all came and knocked. The offices which had been abolished by Turgot and Necker were reestablished, the abuses they had removed came back, places and pensions fell in showers upon the elect, and the privileged rioted in gold. The debts of the king's brother were paid, St. Cloud was bought for the queen, the great lords were made to feel at home in the national treasury, and he who got nothing was he who disdained to beg. "When I saw everybody holding out their hands, I held out my hat," said a prince, long afterwards. Everybody was charmed with Calonne. He always had money, places, and pensions. For once there was enough to go round. Polignacs and anti-Polignacs alike were gorged. The queen's enemies and the queen's friends for once sang in harmony. The magic spell of Calonne soothed all irritations, and banished all care.

And what was the secret of it all? Unlimited borrowing and judicious distribution of the spoils. Month after month, year in and year out, he went forward upon his dazzling career, pleasing the king, delighting the queen, satisfying the court, duping the financiers, and impressing the nation with the belief that he was such a minister as France had not seen since the days of Colbert. Even the Parliament forgot to growl. There was at least one man who saw clearly where Calonne's wild ride would end, and that was Necker. But Necker was "a foreigner, a republican, and a Protestant"; nobody listened to him.



As to the king, he saw nothing, the queen saw nothing, the nobles saw nothing. Sufficient unto the day was the golden stream of plenty which Calonne supplied; the morrow might take care of itself.

Two notable incidents occurred during these years, which contributed very much to lower the old régime in the eyes of the general public. Beaumarchais, the irrepressible, had written a comedy in which the follies of the aristocracy were exposed and mercilessly ridiculed. The author was superbly qualified for just such a work. He was keen-eyed, intelligent, witty, and courageous. He was thoroughly familiar with his subject. He had had lawsuits with nobles, had bribed wives of parliamentarians, had lived at court under Louis XV., had given music lessons to princesses of the blood, had been employed to buy up and suppress scandalous books against Madame du Barry; and had undertaken to render a similar service to Louis XVI., in behalf of Marie Antoinette. In this last case, Prince Kaunitz, the Austrian minister, suspected that the libel Beaumarchais was commissioned to suppress was written by Beaumarchais himself. He was quite capable of it.

His comedy, "The Marriage of Figaro," was so outrageously seditious and irreverent that Louis XVI. had forbidden its presentation. Beaumarchais laboured tirelessly to overcome the opposition. He intrigued here and there, excited curiosity in circles polite, gave private readings to stimulate the public appetite, gained favour in high places, enlisted the Polignacs by some mysterious means, and proved himself altogether too much for the king. It gradually became manifest that the most influential gran-

dees in the realm wished a public presentation of the comedy which assailed the old order with every weapon intellect could forge. The Counts of Provence and of Artois took sides with Beaumarchais; so did Vaudreuil, the lover of the Polignac; so did the Baron Breteuil; so did the queen herself! Louis was conquered, gave up the unequal contest, and the seditious play was presented. On the night when it was first acted, there was almost a riot at the theatre. The crush was prodigious. The guards were scattered, doors forced, the iron screens broken, and peer and bourgeois were indiscriminately mixed in the tumultuous, enthusiastic audience. The king's brother, Provence, was there in all his glory, and ministers, clericals, parliamentarians contributed to the success of the comedy which was to do so much to laugh away the Ancien Régime, as Cervantes had laughed away the chivalry of Spain. The play was a triumph, an unprecedented hit. Night after night it ran on, bringing ducats to the author, bringing ridicule and contempt upon the system he assailed.

Piqued by some report that "Figaro" contained lines reflecting upon himself, the king ordered Beaumarchais to prison. Public opinion declared itself so emphatically against this outrage that in five days the injured author was invited, in the king's name, to leave the jail. More indignation was created by this arbitrary arrest of five days than had been expressed for Latude's imprisonment of thirty-five years. Times had changed. Public opinion was no longer under a spell. People of all classes had reached the point where they dared to hear and to see, dared to think and to judge, dared to talk and to write.

The aged Duke of Richelieu, the youthful scapegrace of Louis XIV., the gay libertine under the Regency, and the companion of Louis XV. in his naked debaucheries at Little Trianon, remarked to Louis XVI. : "Sire, under Louis XIV. no one dared to utter a word ; under Louis XV. they whispered ; under your Majesty they talk aloud."

It is said that a Frenchman, who had been for years travelling abroad, returned at this time, and was asked what change in France most impressed him. "It is," said he, "that people are now saying in the streets what used to be said in the drawing-rooms."

The triumph of Beaumarchais was not limited to ducats and popular applause. The remorseless satirist of the old order had the honour of seeing the queen act the part of Rosina in "The Barber of Seville," on the stage of her dainty theatre at the Little Trianon. Nobles assumed the characters, the Count of Artois playing Figaro, the Duke of Guiche, Bartholo, and M. de Vaudreuil, the favourite's favourite, Almaviva. Very select was the audience, very splendid the decorations, very marked the success of the play.

What a spectacle is here ! The old order dances its own "Dance of Death," plays its own funeral march, chants its own swan-song ! The new order, with weapons bright and deadly, is making fierce assault upon the old ; and the queen of France, followed by the brilliant noblesse of the realm, is cheering on the columns of attack.

The other incident was that of "The Diamond Necklace."

At noon, on the 15th of August, 1785, the Cardinal de

Rohan, Grand Almoner of France, and a cousin of the king, was arrested in the palace of Versailles by the king's command, and was hurried off to jail like any other alleged criminal.

This Cardinal de Rohan was one of the *grande*es of the monarchy — a prince of the State by birth, and a prince of the Church by appointment. No member of the privileged orders held a higher head. He squandered his money according to the custom of the nobles; and of religion he made a mockery.

The cardinal had represented France, as ambassador at the Austrian court, and had excited the amazement of the Hapsburg's subjects by the profusion of his expenditures and the comprehensive looseness of his morals.

For some reason or other, De Rohan lost the favour of Maria Theresa. Perhaps he was not subservient enough to that utterly selfish Austrian policy which she so long, so craftily, and so ruinously imposed upon France. At any rate, the cardinal was recalled from Vienna, and was left in the shade while the new administration was getting under way. This neglect weighed upon the cardinal's mind. Although a cardinal, a prince, and Grand Almoner of the kingdom, he wanted more. It was the fashion to want more. Every member of the privileged orders was constantly wanting more. Each and every noble, lord and lady, seems to have been bound by solemn league and covenant never to get enough. Even the virtuous Noailles family with its annual 2,000,000 francs taken out of the treasury were everlastingly wanting more. There was always some needy relative, some hungry retainer, who needed fodder out of the public crib.

De Rohan simply followed the fashion. He wanted more. The queen disliked the cardinal, and had not spoken to him in several years. He had tried to gain access to her in vain. His eagerness to win her favour and her efforts to keep him at a distance were well known to all those who frequented Versailles.

Among these was a woman who called herself the Countess de la Motte—an alleged descendant of an illegitimate child of the last of the Valois kings. This woman was very clever, very daring, very unscrupulous. Among other shady women whom the Cardinal de Rohan cultivated was this courtesan and schemer, the Countess de la Motte. She formed the brilliant plan of speculating for her own benefit upon the cardinal's vanity, his weakness, and his desire to become the lover of the queen.

Assisted by the famous Cagliostro, arch-quack and pretended magician, with whom De Rohan had, in the strangest manner, become infatuated, the false countess made the cardinal believe that the queen was passionately longing for a certain diamond necklace of marvellous beauty and value which the court jewellers, Boehmer and Bassange, had made from gems gathered from all parts of the world. Marie Antoinette had already refused to buy this necklace, but the countess assured the cardinal that the queen was nevertheless dying to get it, and that she wished him to get it for her, secretly, and upon instalment payments. The cardinal consulted Cagliostro, the magician, and Cagliostro advised him to go forward. The La Motte woman even produced written authority from the queen commissioning the cardinal to make the purchase—forged, of course. The worthy

churchman was led to believe that if he gratified the queen in this matter on which her heart was set, he would be received into her warmest favour. Inspired by the hope of seducing his queen, the cardinal eagerly entered upon the commission, completely duped and foolishly blind.

For the sum of 1,600,000 francs (\$320,000), he buys the necklace, telling the jewellers it is for the queen. This is in January, the first payment is to fall due in August. The cardinal ambles off joyously to Versailles, carrying the precious jewels, and finds the La Motte woman awaiting and ready for him. Her accomplice, Reteaux, who has done the forging of the queen's writing, acts the part of queen's messenger; and his Eminence, the cardinal, hidden within a closet, sees the La Motte deliver the jewels to the supposed agent of the queen. The cardinal, gloriously humbugged, prances homeward dreaming of seduced queens, while the La Motte conspirators pull the necklace to pieces, sell the jewels here, there, and yonder, and live sumptuously on the proceeds.

To keep up the delusion, the false countess arranges an assignation between De Rohan and the queen. It is to take place at a secluded place in the park of Versailles, and at night. It takes place accordingly. The cardinal is there in the flesh, hot, anxious, enraptured. The queen is there in the person of one Mademoiselle d'Oliva, a handsome girl from Paris. She has a figure wonderfully resembling that of the queen, and in the dark she acts Marie Antoinette very well. Almost before a word is passed between the trembling lovers, the alarm is raised that some one is approaching, and the cardinal is hurried away.

When August comes, the first instalment is not paid. Boehmer and Bassange are astonished. They complain to the false countess and to the cardinal. To keep them quiet a little longer the countess pays them \$6000, which she pretends comes from the queen. In fact it was a small per cent of the proceeds of their own diamonds already sold. By this time De Rohan knew of the fraud, as we know from a letter in the Vatican archives. In that letter the Abbé de Salamon, who as clerical counsellor to the Paris Parliament defended De Rohan, states to Cardinal Zelada that De Rohan knew of the fraud after its commission, and that he nevertheless kept the jewellers duped, "and gave them" (took from them?) "a receipt for the 30,000 francs."

The jewellers agree to wait until October, but beyond that time the secret could not be kept. Boehmer and Bassange owed much money. Their creditors were hungry. They pressed and crowded the jewellers, and the jewellers had to press and crowd De Rohan and the countess. They needed cash. They howled dismally and obstreperously. Then Madame de la Motte told them impudently that the whole thing was a fraud, but that Rohan, being rich, would pay. The keen woman of the world believed that the cardinal would settle the claim, hush up the whole affair, and thus avoid ridicule and disgrace. He would probably have done it had not the king forced his hand. Her reasoning was sound, but the jewellers were too much pushed by their difficulties to reflect. They lost their heads, and posted straightway to the queen, demanding their money. They evidently believed she was guilty, and that she would pay rather than face exposure. They were mistaken. The queen was full of pluck, denied any

knowledge of the transaction, refused to hush it up, ordered the jeweller out of the room, and went directly to her husband. So far, good!

It was on Sunday, August 14th, 1785, at Trianon, that the queen revealed the matter to the king. On the next day, Cardinal de Rohan, Grand Almoner of France, attended at the palace, officially, dressed in his pontifical robes, to celebrate mass in the chapel. While on his way to the chapel, he was summoned to the presence of the king, the queen being there also.

"You have bought some diamonds of Boehmer?" asked the king.

"Yes, Sire," answered the cardinal.

"What have you done with them?"

"I thought they had been given to the queen."

"Who charged you with the commission?"

"A lady, named the Countess de la Motte, who showed me a letter from the queen. I imagined I would be doing something which would be agreeable to the queen in undertaking the negotiation."

Here the queen broke in, "How could you believe that I would choose you, to whom I have not spoken for eight years, to undertake such a negotiation, and through the intervention of such a woman?"

"I see clearly," said the cardinal, "that I have been duped. I am sorry. I will pay for the necklace."

The prelate then drew forth the letter signed, as he thought, by the queen, and showed it to the king. He humbly begged to be forgiven.

The king was strongly advised to let the matter rest there. The highest dignitaries of the Church and the State implored him not to press it further. With the



cardinal's confession of the fraud, with his promise to pay, and his abject apology, the queen's victory was complete ; but, listening to the enraged wife, who in her turn was listening to the Baron de Breteuil, the personal enemy of De Rohan, the husband, most unwisely, carried the case before a tribunal which hated both the husband and the wife. This was the Parliament of Paris.

The king sent the cardinal to jail, like a common felon, and he barely had time to despatch a note ordering his papers burnt. La Motte was captured also, but her husband got away to England. Reteaux made off to Geneva, but was subsequently caught. Mademoiselle d'Olive was taken at Brussels.

A tremendous uproar followed the arrest of De Rohan. What ! Seize a cardinal in his robes and on his way to mass ! Arrest a member of the highest nobility, like a common malefactor ! The court rang with indignation. The Church protested. The Pope himself was aroused, and the court of Rome threatened both the king and the cardinal,—the one for the prosecution of a cardinal before a lay tribunal, and the other for acknowledging the jurisdiction.

The king and queen stood almost alone. Some of the ministers, a majority of the peers, the whole of the clergy, supported De Rohan. Even the king's aunts did so. The dear Polignac and her lover, Vaudreuil, did so, according to Madame de Staël. Princes of the blood openly petitioned in favour of the accused. The people upon whose selfish demands the State treasury had been emptied, turned upon their benefactors and denounced the prosecution ; and, of course, those whose demands upon the treasury had been resisted, found the opportunity too

tempting to resist. They assailed the queen with virtuous fury and slanderous tongues. A worthy priest, the Abbé Georgel, posted on the doors of the royal chapel a protest wherein De Rohan, the would-be seducer of the queen, was compared to St. Paul in irons. For this unparalleled insult, the abbé was merely exiled to a neighbouring town.

The Rohan connection exerted every influence. Among other things, they "set the women going." Ladies of fashion wore hats "à la cardinal," and decked themselves in his colours, yellow and red. They carried "cardinal" snuff-boxes. The street poets caught up the tune and sang. Ballads were written derisive of the queen, laudatory of the cardinal. The Condés, Soubises, Gueménée, Marsans, personally lobbied with the judges, and one of these judges, D'Espréménil, not yet in exile, openly aided the defence. He rabidly denounced what he termed the rape of the cardinal.

The trial lasted nine months. Rohan's friends never rested; the friends of the king and queen — if they had any — did nothing. The Abbé de Salamon, who conducted De Rohan's defence, admits in the letter already quoted, that De Rohan's confession to having kept up the fraud after knowledge of it, hurt the case somewhat, but that with the aid of the president of the Parliament he was enabled to "dispel this little cloud." The result was that which might have been expected. The friendless La Motte was made the scapegoat, was branded on the shoulder as a thief, and condemned to a long term in one of the State prisons. Reteaux was banished, the D'Oliva acquitted, and La Motte, the husband, condemned, in his absence, to the galleys. The case, as to De Rohan, was dismissed! Ten

thousand people were present when the sentence was made known, and they received it with enthusiastic cheers.

The king, by virtue of his royal authority, could only dismiss the cardinal from his offices, and exile him to a distant abbey. It should be remembered that throughout the trial, and ever after, the cardinal maintained the position he had taken in the king's cabinet—that La Motte had deceived him, and that the queen was innocent. Both the king and the queen took up the idea that De Rohan was La Motte's accomplice, and wished to make money out of the transaction. This was not the case. De Rohan wanted to become the queen's lover, and that was his sin, though it does appear, from the Salamon letter, that he was in law and morals an accessory after the fact to the fraud itself.

For such an intention the king might well hate him, then and forever; but the queen had not been accustomed to punishing such offenders severely. According to her violent partisan, Madame Campan, the Baron Besenval had made such advances to her that the queen had sternly ordered him off: "Go, sir!" And Besenval did not go. He made his peace, hushed up the imprudence, remained in the elect of the Trianon set, and nursed the queen when she lay ill of the measles.

The La Motte woman escaped from prison, fled to England, and let loose upon the queen a flood of lies obscene. Time and again the vile books were bought up by the king, and burnt; time and again they reappeared. The woman herself came to Paris in 1790, to defame the queen in person, but Mirabeau had her run off; such a weapon was too utterly vile. Return-

ing to London, she finally flung herself out of an upper window, and died on the pavement.

While the palace of the cardinal blazed with light, on the night of his acquittal, and enthusiastic multitudes blocked the streets in front, there was weeping at Versailles. "Come and comfort your queen," cries Marie Antoinette, falling into the arms of Madame Campan, sobbing and lamenting. "Come and condole with your queen, insulted and sacrificed by intrigue and injustice."

Many years later, when king and queen were both dead, and De Rohan living in Germany, a chastened and reformed man, he sent to Paris, searched out the D'Olive woman, and had her brought to him. He wanted to satisfy his curiosity. Was she really the woman who personated the queen in that assignation in the park of Versailles? He saw her, talked with her, and satisfied himself that she was the pretended queen — that Marie Antoinette had never met him, that he had been a dupe from start to finish. The woman, still handsome, stayed in Germany, for she married there on this visit. "Observe that miserable affair of the necklace," said Talleyrand at the time; "I should not be surprised if it overturned the monarchy."

It did not overturn the monarchy, but it disclosed the weakness of royal influence, the intense ill will borne the queen, and the fatal feuds among the natural defenders of the crown. The Church was incensed at the arrest and prosecution of a cardinal before a lay tribunal, and the resistance to the royal authority was led by members of the king's own family. Public opinion was heavily against the queen. It was believed that she had encouraged De Rohan to get her the diamonds. In the eyes of

posterity, she stands acquitted. She was a victim, the cardinal a dupe, and the La Mottes the criminals.

Figaro might jest, the nobles might laugh at the satire upon their follies, the diamond necklace might convulse Parliament and Church, slanders against the queen might rail with their thousand tongues, but there was one man who had as much trouble of his own as he could attend to, and who bothered with no outside turmoils. It was Calonne. With Calonne the dance was about over. He was in deep water, and his smile was not so confident nor his manner so suave as it had been of yore. Calonne had brought so many edicts for new loans down to Parliament that murmurs began to be heard. Where was it ever to stop? When will the day of payment come? How on earth is France to bear the ever increasing burden of loans, loans, loans?

In June, 1786, Calonne asked Parliament to register another loan of 80,000,000 francs. Reluctantly and with restrictions the act was registered. The king was offended at the Parliament. He called for the books, and with his own hands scratched out the restrictions. "I wish it to be known that I am satisfied with my comptroller-general," said the indignant monarch.

Then he set out upon a journey to Normandy to inspect the works at Cherbourg — the one important object upon which some of Calonne's millions had been spent. Wherever the king appeared he was greeted with the old-time fervour, loyalty, and attachment. "Live the king!" resounded all along the line of his travels. From the army and the navy, the townspeople and the country-people, there was but one shout, — joyful, heartfelt, con-

tinuous, — “Vive le Roi!” and the king, happy in the love which welcomed his presence, answered with the cry, “Long live my people!”

Remember! This was June, 1786, and Louis had been reigning fourteen years. Verily the “powder-tower” picture must be turned to the wall.

When the king returned to Versailles, Calonne was at his row’s end. All the cash that could be found had been borrowed and spent. Lenders had disappeared, hungry creditors were coming in droves, insatiable courtiers were pressing and pulling—and the treasury was empty. In a clear and forcible manner, Calonne explained in writing the situation to the startled king. He admitted that he had borrowed and spent some 500,000,000 francs, that the revenues were exhausted, that no further loan could be floated, that the deficit, now 100,000,000 livres per annum, threatened to devour the monarchy, that the old system could go on no longer, and that an absolutely new leaf must be turned. It goes to Calonne’s credit that he exposed the actual conditions frankly and fully; it goes to his credit that he was courageous enough to advise the only course which could save the State.

The chasm yawned at the monarch’s feet and the minister advised him to fill it by throwing into it the feudal abuses, the exemptions of the privileged. He boldly proposed that privilege be compelled to yield to the necessities of the State, that the nobles and the clergy should pay tax on their land; that the salt duty be lessened, that interior custom-houses be abolished, and provincial assemblies created.

"Why, this is sheer Necker!" cried the king, in astonishment.

"It is the best that can be done, Sire," answered the minister.

Calonne's plan included a calling together of the Notables, a body made up from the privileged classes, and which for one hundred and sixty years had not been convoked. This suggestion was made to the king in June; he hesitated till December, and then announced his adoption of it.

"I have not slept a moment all night, but it was for joy." So wrote the king to Calonne on the morning of December 30th, 1786. Rarely has any man been more unconscious of a fatal mistake. Speaking of his Austrian marriage, which ruined him, Napoleon said at St. Helena, "It was an abyss covered with flowers." Louis XVI., like Napoleon, thought he saw the flowers, and could not sleep for joy. Others saw the abyss.

"The king sends in his resignation," said the Count de Ségur; and his opinion was that of the majority of the nobles. The old Duke of Richelieu, who seems to have had plenty of sense, remarked, "What punishment would not Louis XIV. have inflicted upon any one who even mentioned the convocation of the Notables!"

The decision of the king to call a meeting of the Notables created a profound impression throughout the kingdom. It put all tongues to talking, all heads to thinking. Pamphlets on governmental questions began to pour from the press, and the eagerness with which they were read excited astonishment. Political questions monopolized attention, and the interest in them, which heretofore had been confined to philosophers, rapidly made its way among the middle and lower classes.

On February 22nd, 1787, the Notables met. The assembly numbered 144 members, all nominated by the king. There were seven princes of the royal blood; fourteen archbishops and bishops; thirty-six nobles; twelve councillors of State; thirty-eight magistrates of sovereign courts; twelve deputies of State districts; and twenty-five municipal officers of large towns. The Notables, therefore, were representatives of the privileged classes. They had been called together for the purpose of making a patriotic sacrifice of a portion of their privileges. It was hoped they would consent to pay a share of the expenses of the government. Having brought the State to the verge of ruin by their extravagance and selfish exactions, the king ventured to believe that they would be willing to do something to avert a collapse.

Calonne faced the Notables with courage. Without mincing words at all, he explained the source of the deficit—the abuses, the privileges, the want of uniform taxation. It is barely possible he might have won the day, even with so adverse an assembly as the Notables, for the crisis was pressing, and La Fayette and others were stoutly maintaining the war upon special privilege; but the queen turned against Calonne, because Calonne had demanded the dismissal of her favourite, Breteuil; and Louis, having given Calonne the same pledges of support which had been given to Turgot and Necker, turned him out as unceremoniously.

Again the king was urged to send for Necker, but alas, Necker was in exile. Calonne, defending himself before the Notables, had laid some of the blame for the disordered state of the finances upon Necker; and very naturally Necker had hit back. This vexed the king.



"I do not want my kingdom turned into a republic screeching over State affairs, as in Geneva," and he banished the "foreigner, republican, and Protestant" to a distance of twenty leagues from Paris. Therefore, when Montmorin and others begged the king to recall Necker, it was easy for Breteuil to say, "Your Majesty has but just banished M. Necker ; to recall him would have a bad effect." This suggestion prevailed, and the finances were intrusted to M. de Fonqueux, until palace intrigue could clear the way for Loménie de Brienne, who had long and eagerly wanted ministerial position. The queen's confessor, Abbé Vermond, had been patiently and persistently scheming for the Archbishop Brienne ; the queen's favour had been finally won, and after so many years of waiting and watching, the archbishop reached the pinnacle to which he had aspired.

Falling before a combination of nobles, of priests, and of courtiers of the palace, Calonne retired to Lorraine, exiled as Necker had been ; and when the Parliament began, soon afterwards, to discuss the proposition to arrest and punish him, he fled to England. He became the unpaid minister of the ungrateful emigrant princes, wore himself out in futile plots and premature intrigues, beggared himself advancing them money, and faded from the sight of the world as the Revolution began to shake all the nations of the earth.

The Archbishop Brienne was anxious, first of all, to get rid of the talkative Notables. They were becoming troublesome. They were prying into too many things, and asking too many embarrassing questions. Invited to Versailles in the hope that they would assist the king by

taxing themselves liberally for the good of the State, their attention wandered from that subject altogether, and they agitated all sorts of questions which the minister wanted kept quiet. The Count of Provence called the *gabelle*, the salt monopoly, an infernal machine. The Marquis de la Fayette denounced abuses and privileges. The archbishop of Narbonne (Dillon) challenged the king's right to levy imposts. M. de Castillon took the high ground that only the people themselves, assembled in States-General, could tax the property of the realm.

La Fayette was so emphatic that the Count of Artois, presiding over that Bureau, called to him sharply : —

“ Is it States-General you demand ? ”

“ Yes,” answered La Fayette, “ and something better still, if that be possible.”

Others had made this demand before, but the soil was not then ready for the seed. Now all was changed. The philosopher had sowed his thoughts ; the American war, like a tempest, had cleared the atmosphere ; ministerial blunderings had broken the repose of the old régime and set everything in motion ; the Turgot reforms, the Necker reforms, the publication of the “ Account Rendered,” the bitter satires of Beaumarchais, the constant agitation of Parliament, the deafening musketry of lampoon and pamphlet against queen and court and government, the scandal of the diamond necklace, the intrigues of Provence and Orleans, had at last kindled the combustibles which had lain so ready for the burning ever since the days of Louis the Grand, and now France was on fire ! Politics dominated all other themes. Heads became heated over abuses, privileges, waste, jobbery, and deficit. The distress of the govern-

ment was the opportunity of the people. On all sides the demand was heard, Convene the States-General.

The Notables, after an interval of 160 years, had been summoned, and they were not giving any evidence of ability to meet the crisis. They had no plan, offered no sacrifices, manifested no patriotism. To the dullest minds it was becoming clear that the privileged would not surrender without a fight. The State might reel to perdition, but the nobles were going to save their special privileges.

Then why not summon the States-General—the whole nation? The Notables had had their chance, and had thrown it away. They had been tried and found wanting. How long was the nation to lean upon this broken reed? Give the nation a hearing—the opportunity to find a remedy for the mortal disease which had fastened upon it. Such was the trend of public discussion, and the voice of the nation became louder every week that passed.

Brienne concluded to dismiss the Notables before the discussion went any further. In a curious address, he thanked them for what they had done, which was nothing, complimented them upon establishing the fact that there was a deficit, which fact had established itself some time before, and bowed them down and out, believing that the fires of popular agitation would die away as soon as the Notables got home.

As La Fayette wrote at the time, “the meeting of the Notables has set people to thinking about public affairs.” From Berlin, the far keener eyes of Mirabeau had seen in the calling of the Notables the prelude to something infinitely more significant. Writing to Talleyrand, he

had said, "I deem the day the brightest of my life on which you apprise me of the convocation of the Notables, which undoubtedly will precede by but little that of the National Assembly." To all parts of the kingdom the disbanded Notables carried the story of governmental mismanagement. To the remotest towns flew exaggerated reports of the queen's prodigality and dissipations; of the waste and the dilapidations of the court; of the confusion and the ruin of the finances; of the deficit which had grown to the vast proportions of 100,000,000 livres per year. Vaguely the nation caught the idea that great changes were at hand; that the monarchy was drifting rudderless on stormy waters, and that the king, helpless, but well meaning, was seeking from the nation that assistance which ministers and court favourites could not give.

## CHAPTER VI

### PARLIAMENT AND BRIENNE; NECKER AND STATES-GENERAL; LAST OF ANCIEN RÉGIME

THE Notables were gone, but the Parliament of Paris remained, and Brienne soon discovered that a pig-headed Parliament was worse than a refractory body of Notables. The minister first sent down three edicts touching forced labour, free trade in grain, and provincial assemblies, and Parliament registered them. Then he proposed a stamp-tax and a general impost upon all landed estates without discrimination or exemption, and Parliament refused to register. The Abbé Sabatier, the Counsellors D'Espréménil and Duport, stood forward in behalf of the privileged and denied the king's authority to impose taxes. The States-General alone had that power, they said.

The Parliament was summoned to Versailles August 6th, 1787, and the edicts were registered in a Bed of Justice. On its return to Paris the Parliament resumed its attitude of defiance, repeated its eloquent protests against royal despotism, and declared the registrations null and void. In the name of the nobles and clergy the indignant lawyers denied the validity of the offensive edicts, appealed to the supreme jurisdiction of the States-General, and published their resolutions to the world. The

people, totally misunderstanding the nature of the contest, espoused the cause of the privileged orders, encouraged Parliament in its blind and selfish opposition, and made a hero out of D'Espréménil. The champion of special privilege was borne in triumph through the streets of Paris on the shoulders of the deluded people. Neither he nor they understood what they were doing.

The king banished the Parliament to Troyes. There it remained about a month. The lawyers and the ministers grew weary of the situation, and a truce was negotiated. A majority of the councillors agreed to register an edict for a loan of 420,000,000 francs, to be realized in five years, and Brienne recalled them from exile. "We went out covered with glory," exclaimed the disgusted D'Espréménil, "we return covered with mud." When the edict was proposed for registration on November 19th, 1787, however, opposition developed, led by the Abbé Sabatier and the Duke of Orleans. In a Bed of Justice the king compelled the registration of the edicts, proposing at the same time civil rights for the Protestants, promising the annual publication of financial reports, and pledging himself to summon the States-General within five years. Angered by the persistent opposition he had encountered, the king banished the Duke of Orleans to one of his country estates and sent Counselors Fréteau and Sabatier to prison. To such an extent had the government lost credit with the nation that the Duke of Orleans, till then a most unpopular man, became at once a favourite. Whoever opposed the minister was now assured of public applause. The Parliament protested against the arrest of its members and demanded their return. The king did not yield, and the Duke of

Orleans, soon fatigued with the rôle of martyr, implored the queen to secure his pardon, which she did.

The struggle between Parliament and king deepened in bitterness. D'Espréménil reduced to writing what he claimed to be the constitutional rights of Frenchmen, putting it in the shape of a resolution which the Parliament passed. The king quashed the resolution and ordered the arrest of D'Espréménil and of Goeslard de Monsabert, who had proposed an inquiry into the conduct of the comptroller commissioned to collect the taxes.

In fact, Brienne and the king had resolved to get rid of the Parliaments. Bitterly ruing the error of having called them back to life, Louis XVI. wished to retrace his steps, and apply the remedy which had served his grandfather. The Parliaments were to be reorganized and shorn of all political functions. Edicts to this effect had been secretly prepared and were being secretly printed in the royal printing-office. Every Parliament in France was to be exiled on the same day. Troops had been ordered to be in readiness in all the provinces to oust the councillors forcibly, in case they refused to go of their own accord.

This mighty secret, however, leaked out. D'Espréménil got possession of a copy of the Brienne programme, money having been paid to the proper person, and all the Parliaments were thrown into noisy convulsions. If ever there was a corporation which deserved annihilation it was this Parliament of Paris and its provincial branches. It had outlived its day, forgotten its errand, lost its proper sphere, and was a wandering comet without orbit and full of power to cause disorder. It was neither court nor legislature. It had become a vicious mixture of both,

with the virtues of neither. It had become a political club whose only power was to obstruct—to get in the way. Not having the authority to act of itself, it had usurped the prerogative of preventing the king from acting. Inert itself, it wished to condemn the nation to inertia.

A more corrupt body had never existed. From its very constitution this was necessarily so. A seat in Parliament was a piece of property which was bought and sold like other property. The price fluctuated like that of shares and bonds. Once obtained, the office could be devised by will. The son took the father's judgeship as he took the family cow, by inheritance. In 1712, a seat was worth 25,000 francs; in 1747, the price had risen to 50,000. Why the advance? In the earlier year Parliament was confining itself to matters of law; in the latter, it had assumed importance in matters political. The fact that an examination on the law was necessary before admission was granted, barred out no applicants who really wished admission and were able to pay for it.

Representing neither king nor people, holding no authority to propose or deliberate upon legislation, arrogating to itself powers judicial, ministerial, and legislative, Parliament was a self-evident monstrosity. Blocking the path to all reform, refusing to allow ministers to get money by either taxing or borrowing, offering no plan of their own and refusing to register the plans of others, what right did such a corporation have to continue to cumber the ground? Cut it down, cried reason and necessity; Cut it down, cried king and minister. Hence, secret edicts, secret printings, secret orders to troops.



But Parliament was uneasy and suspected something. Probably its own conscience stirred, and its own sense of the fitness of things hinted the idea that its days were numbered. During these final months, the members had been more obstreperous than usual. They would not even go so far as to adopt the king's decree in favour of the Protestants. Week after week they had wasted in heated debate. Should the heretics be allowed legal birth, legal marriage, legal death and burial? In other words, should these events in the life of the Protestant be allowed legal registry so that proof could be made in a court of law? D'Espréménil, of course, was loudest in his bray of opposition. To allow a Protestant to be legally born, married, and buried was to hurt the feelings of Jesus Christ. "Will you crucify Him afresh?" shouted this resonant ass in a burst of parliamentary oratory, pointing dramatically to a crucifix on the wall.

But public opinion had declared against the lawyers on this subject; and a majority of them, yielding to wiser counsels, had voted for the mutilated decree. Parliament grudgingly conceded to the Protestants the right to have their births, marriages, and deaths legally entered upon the records. Beyond this, the lawyers had refused to go,—hence the king was not satisfied. To free himself for good and all from their continual and senseless opposition to the royal will, the king had sanctioned the decree which Brienne had been secretly printing, and which D'Espréménil had now made public. By this decree, Parliaments were to be cashiered, and restricted to their duties as judges of a law-court. The political jurisdiction which they claimed was to be vested in another body, and these turbulent lawyers were to be

limited to the consideration of mere matters of John Doe *versus* Richard Roe.

There was a howl of indignation among the noblesse of the Robe when this nefarious decree of the minister became known. Provincial parliaments, making common cause with the Parliament of Paris, denounced the invasion of their rights, and swore that they should not be cashiered or ousted. The people, blinded as to the real issue, rushed to the support of the lawyers.

Brienne was not so weak as he has been represented. His anger rose, and he began to fight. Launching letters of the seal at D'Espréménil and Monsabert he had the two arrested in full Parliament; and in spite of the Roman attitude of the learned councillors, the peculiarly offensive two were marched out of the Palace of Justice in custody of the grim Captain d'Agoust, and were sent off to prison. Dense and excited crowds had thronged the vicinity of the Palace of Justice while D'Agoust was making the arrest, and the look of the multitude was threatening. D'Espréménil evidently expected the people to revolt, and to come to his rescue. "Have you courage?" he asked sternly of the bystanders.

Not a hand was raised. The time had not yet come. The soldiers were firm, and the people irresolute. The passion of the contest had not yet taken possession of the masses. It was all up in the air to them—not in their homes yet, nor their hearts. According to Weber, who was present, he heard one of the citizens ask one of the soldiers if he would fire upon the people in the event an attempt was made to rescue the prisoners.

"Yes," answered the soldier, "I would fire upon my own brother if ordered."

D'Espréménil was sent to an island in the Mediterranean, where, according to Mirabeau, he loudly "clanked his chains" to attract sympathy and admiration. Not succeeding in this, he grew weary and repentant, turned royalist, received pardon, returned to France, was elected to the States-General, was the most rampant defender of the old order, incurred the hatred of the people, fell into odium and neglect, and, after having been beaten nearly to death by the mob, was finally guillotined.

Calling the Parliament once more before him at Versailles, the king caused to be read to them the edicts which reorganized it as a court of law, which deprived it of political powers, which reduced its numbers, and which established new courts, — especially a plenary court, composed of the highest nobles, which was to be charged with the registration of edicts. Parliament was then declared adjourned, and was not to meet again until the new legal and political machinery was put in motion.

The effort to remodel the Parliaments was a complete failure. The new courts refused to act, and the old ones refused to vacate. The nobles nominated for the council of registration flatly declined to accept the honour. The people, recognizing nothing beyond the fact that the Parliaments were in revolt against the minister, flew to the support of the Parliaments, and riots broke out in several parts of the kingdom.

In Dauphiny, when the edicts became known, the lawyers of the Parliament of Grenoble protested. For this, they were ordered to exile themselves to their country estates. The liberal nobles of Dauphiny immediately took up the quarrel, held an informal meeting, elected

Mounier secretary, demanded the return of their Parliament and a convocation of the States-General of the Province. They threatened to call the assembly themselves, if the king refused to convene it. The king did not act, and the nobles did. On July 21st, 1788, a meeting of the three estates was held at the Château of Vizille, the residence and cotton factory of a wealthy citizen of the middle class, named Claude Périer, father of the statesman, Casimir Périer. There were 397 deputies, 49 of whom represented the clergy, 160 the nobles, and 188 the middle class, or Third Estate. Mounier was again made secretary. They demanded of the king the immediate convocation of the States-General. This was the first deliberate act of rebellion and was the first successful step in the Revolution. The meeting was insurrectionary, because the king had not authorized it; and rebellious, because it met in defiance of the royal orders. Brienne wished to send more troops to Dauphiny, and issued a letter of arrest against Mounier; but the king drew back, left the minister unsupported, and he had to go.

Thus the first bloodless, constitutional victory of the Revolution was won under the inspiration and leadership of Mounier. The example of Dauphiny became a precedent, her method a model, her courage an inspiration, her leader a celebrity and an authority. The liberal nobles of Dauphiny encouraged the liberal nobles of other provinces. The curés of Dauphiny impressed upon their order everywhere the importance of choosing curés, and not higher clergy, to represent them. And the Third Estate of Dauphiny, influenced by wealthy burghers, urged upon the middle class, everywhere, the necessity of union and organization.

Casting about for help, and catching at straws as drowning men will, Archbishop Brienne, who had not so far lost his wits as to neglect to exchange his see of Toulouse for the richer one of Sens, bethought himself of his own order, the clergy. The State was in dire distress; perchance the Church would come to the rescue. The throne had stood by the altar for many centuries; the altar might now be willing to support the throne. Had not the State enriched the Church, gorged her with gold, endowed her with imperial domains, reared for her stately cathedrals and palaces, and made them all dazzlingly rich with vessels of silver and gold, with pearls and with rubies, with satins and with silks? Did not the Church even now annually collect its 200,000,000 francs in tithes, and its 60,000,000 francs from funded wealth? Surely the Church would grant aid to the State in this its hour of trouble.

The Archbishop Brienne summons his brethren in extraordinary session, states his case, explains his necessities, and begs for help. "Let me have at least 1,800,000 livres," — a beggarly \$300,000. Did the clergy hear the prayer and respond to it? By no means. They curtly declined to let the government have a single franc, and they added affront to ingratitude by demanding that the king convene the States-General.

"You demanded States-General!" exclaimed the more experienced D'Ormesson, speaking to the fiery feather-head, D'Espréménil; "Take care lest your prayer be answered." To nobles and to priests, pressing like demands, similar warnings were given, "Take care lest your prayers be answered;" but the curse of Cassandra lay on all the prophets — to speak the truth and be derided.

In the extremity of his distress, Brienne tried his hand now at "Necromancy." He began to lop off salaries and to abolish sinecures. The troops on duty at the palace were reduced in number, the guards of the gate suppressed; the queen, in the heroic spirit of self-sacrifice, resolved to quit gambling, and the faro-bank dealers were dismissed. The number of horses in the royal stables was lessened, the boar-hound, wolf-hound, and hawking establishments were put down, balls were discontinued, and the embellishments of the royal palaces which were in progress were suspended. Great was the outcry in the palace. "This is sheer Necker," was once more the dismal wail. The Duke of Polignac, requested to resign one of his fat offices, quarrelled violently with the minister in the queen's presence. M. de Vaudreuil, lover of the Duchess de Polignac, resented angrily the abolition of the grand falconry; and the Duke of Coigny almost came to blows with the king over the loss of his place as first equerry. Baron de Besenval declared that it was frightful to live in a country where one was not sure of possessing to-morrow what one has to-day. "One only sees such things in Turkey," he said, with honest indignation. Such economies as these were now of no avail. The torrent which was sweeping the nation on toward bankruptcy was too mighty to be dammed by the sacrifice of boar-hounds, horses, and falconries.

The archbishop, to do him simple justice, did not quail nor hesitate. True, he floundered from one quagmire to another, but his nerve did not forsake him, nor his confidence. When insurrection threatened him in the Dauphiny, Béarn, or Normandy, he ordered the military to act. "The king shall be obeyed; I have foreseen all, even civil war."

When the Breton nobles came up to Versailles to protest against the edicts, Brienne clapped them in jail. The Mounier movement in Dauphiny he wanted to crush by force, and only the king's irresolution held him back. Meanwhile, the archbishop's colleagues were deserting him. De Ségur, De Castries, De Breteuil, resigned — which was ominous, for French nobles rarely turned loose any good thing which they thought it safe to hold.

The greatest trouble, however, was the empty treasury. The archbishop seized upon the lottery fund, the charity fund, and upon all the available funds of the Bank of Discount. Still there was not enough coin. In this emergency, the minister announced that until the end of the year the treasury would pay half coin and half treasury notes. Then pandemonium broke loose. Courtiers, creditors, pensioners, shrieked aloud! Once more the advice was heard, send for Necker. The archbishop suggested that Necker take office with him, and under him, so loath was he to go even now. Necker refused: "either Cæsar or nothing." Then Brienne arranged his departure, first exacting a cardinal's hat for himself and snug sinecures for his relations.

Full of wholesome admonition is the career of Loménie de Brienne. Sprung from one of the ancient but impoverished families, the young man had been sent to the Sorbonne to fit him for the life ecclesiastical. He was clever, industrious, persevering, ambitious. No youth of the day practised more successfully the art of getting on. From the first he hugged to himself the cherished purpose of restoring the fortunes of his family. The ancestral Château of Brienne had fallen into decay; it should be restored with additional splendours. The dream was a

part of his life; the palace was planned in his fancy long before there was a surplus franc in his pocket.

The years went by, and the brilliant priest advanced rapidly in his profession. Riches poured in upon him. The Château of Brienne rose from its ruins a magnificent realization of a boyhood dream. Promoted to the see of Toulouse, the archbishop rolled in wealth. As prince of the Church people paid him court; as a man of fortune favourites fawned about him; as a man of culture, ease, fashion, and pleasure, his palace was like that of a king, full of elegant company and the refined joys of living. What more could any one crave? What more could heart desire? It was ideal—this delightful existence where there was honour and power, riches and leisure, polished men to flatter his vanity, and charming women to minister to his love of pleasure.

But the archbishop craved that he did not have. He hungered and thirsted for political power. Year in and year out he intrigued for ministerial position—wretched because he could not get it. Abbé Vermond, his devoted partisan, zealously seconded all his efforts, enlisted the queen, created for him a party, a sentiment, an influence—and at last he reached the promised land. He is no sooner there than he is up to his ears in trouble. Parliaments badger him and bait him; hungry creditors of the State beset him and press him; nobles refuse to support him, and clericals to help him; riots and insurrections flame up in Béarn, in Dauphiny, in Brittany, in Languedoc. At last the king withdraws his favour, and even the queen thinks he had better go. Worn out in mind and body, without ever having seen a happy day in the office he had coveted, he falls, loaded with some addi-



tional millions he cannot enjoy, but bankrupt in reputation and followed by the contempt of his own order and the venomous hatred of the people. In the *Memoirs of the Abbé de Salamon* we come upon three references to Loménie de Brienne, which in three flashes illuminate his rapid career. The first is in a letter to the Cardinal Zelada, wherein Salamon exults over the appointment of a churchman to so high an office as De Brienne has just reached. "The happiest consequences are predicted from this choice." The second is in a letter from the same to the same, dated August, 1788. "The whole country is in consternation." Prisons crowded with captives! Toleration has been granted to non-Catholics! "It makes one sick to think of it!" And who has done all this—"creating a panic among 24,000,000 people?" Loménie de Brienne. Salamon hopes he will soon be ousted from office! The third flash shows us the Abbé Salamon going to Cardinal de Brienne to announce to him that the sacred college of cardinals has cast him out, and that he must never more wear the purple! Degraded by his church because he had favoured reforms, he was obnoxious to the Revolution because he too faithfully represented the old order, although he had taken the civic oath. A mob broke into his palace, drank his wines and made him drink, ate bountifully from his larder and made him eat, threatened, maltreated and terrorized him, and on the morrow the old man was dead.

Brienne's retirement was signalized by a bloody incident in Paris. A mob gathered near the New Bridge, let off fireworks, burnt Brienne in effigy, set fire to a guard-house, and fought the police. They burnt in effigy Lamoignon, one of the Brienne relatives and ex-minister,

and attempted to burn his house. The troops were called out and the French Guards and the Swiss Guards put down the riot, killing and wounding a large number of people.

Necker was recalled to the ministry and came back amid enthusiastic applause. Public securities rose thirty per cent in one day. Confidence was restored and tranquillity. But the finances were by this time so desperately confused that even Necker despaired of dealing with the problem without a convocation of the States-General. Precious time had been lost. During the years that Necker had been out of office the disorders had been aggravated by the maddest mismanagement, and Necker went to cure a distemper which, bad enough at first, had become chronic and incurable through neglect and vicious treatment. He himself said, "Ah, why did they not give me the fifteen months of the Archbishop Brienne? Now it is too late." Owing to the confidence which moneyed men had in Necker, he was able to borrow sums sufficient to meet the more pressing demands of the State. Out of his own funds he loaned the treasury 2,000,000, which money he never saw again. Louis XVIII. repaid it to his daughter, Madame de Staël, just before her death.

Although specie payments were resumed, and the spectre of bankruptcy disappeared for the time, still the public agitation continued. Things did not calm down. All eyes were turned towards the States-General, which the king had promised. Pamphlets multiplied, excited orators began to harangue excited groups, universal ferment set in.

Brienne had invited all scholars and sages to advise the

government in regard to the States-General, and the scholars and sages had voluminously and multitudinously responded. Such a shower of political treatises had never been known before. How should the States-General be elected, how composed, how should it vote? How many members should be allowed to the nobles; how many to the clergy; how many to the Third Estate? How should they organize?—in one body or in three? How should they vote?—by head or by order? These vital questions stirred the nation to its centre. Among the hundreds of pamphlets, that of the Abbé Siéyès won profound attention. “What is the Third Estate? The Nation. What has it been? Nothing. What does it want? To become Something.” This essay, which struck the keynote of the French Revolution, was sown broadcast over excited and eagerly reading France. The Duke of Orleans paid the expenses.

Necker was a great minister of finance, but he was not a great statesman. He found the situation almost hopelessly bad, and he hesitated. To hesitate at such a time was to blunder. Instead of mapping out a programme, making it known to the country, and thus putting an end to the uncertainty and the excitement, Necker reconvened the Notables. From any point of view this was a mistake. These men had already shown their want of patriotism and sense. In the eyes of the nation they were discredited. Nevertheless, they were called back to Versailles, and were asked for advice. What sort of a States-General should there be—one after the old models, or one fashioned upon modern types? Should the nobles have one vote, the clergy one, and the people one; or should concessions be made to the extent of allowing

23,000,000 of unprivileged citizens to have two votes where the 270,000 privileged had two?

The Archbishop Brienne, in organizing his provincial assemblies, had allowed the Third Estate to have two votes where the privileged had two, and the plan had won hearty approval from the masses of the people. Necker realized that it was too late to return to antiquated models, and he favoured the double representation,—the two votes of the many to the two votes of the few. But the Notables had neither learned nor forgotten. With the exception of the bureau presided over by the Count of Provence, they decided for the old forms of 1614—one vote for many, and two for the few. “Give us 1614, and our last States-General; these are our models.”

In the States-General of 1614, the plebeians had knelt in the presence of the privileged, and had spoken to the throne on bended knees. A deputy having said that the three orders were brothers, of whom the Third Estate was the youngest, Baron de Senneci, in the name of the noblesse, had repudiated the relationship, and had said that the Third Estate was not the brother of the other two orders, *being neither of the same blood, nor of equal virtue.*

The clergy had demanded extensions of their rights to collect tithes, and exemption from excise and road duties in addition to exemption from taxes. The principle that the Pope was supreme over kings and people was re-asserted. Liberty of worship was refused the Protestants, and their exclusion from civil employments confirmed. The nobles had demanded that offices be confined to men of noble family; that commoners be forbidden the use of

firearms, and of dogs, unless the dog be ham-strung so that he could not chase game. They demanded that commoners be required to wear a dress which would show that they were commoners. For themselves, they asked permission to increase the feudal burdens of their tenants, to be exempt from arrest, and to be released from all taxes on the products of their lands. In what plainer terms could the privileged few say to the many, "Dig and delve on our lands; deliver up to us what you make; feed and clothe the noble, the priest, and the king; keep no weapon with which you can resist us, or harm our game; hough your dog so that he cannot run; and dress yourself in a garb of your own, different from ours, in order that you and we and all the world shall know that you are *not* our brother, '*being neither of the same blood, nor of equal virtue.*'"

Notables of 1788 and Notables of 1614, how akin the spirit that moved them, though the time was different by nearly two hundred years! Not having themselves advanced, they fancied the world had been standing still during all this portentous period. No popular movements had succeeded; no rights of the individual man had been established. In vain had William the Silent fought freedom's battle in Holland, and died for the cause of the oppressed. In vain had the Hampdens and the Sydneys warred against absolutism just across the narrow sea, and the Revolution of 1688 altered the English Constitution. Scholars and statesmen, philosophers and reformers, economists and encyclopedists, Rousseaus and Voltaires, American wars and Turgot administrations, George Washingtons, La Fayettees, Declarations of Independence, fashionable crazes over English laws and

English liberties, over Benjamin Franklins and Social Contracts, had passed, as the idle wind passes, and left no traces upon the sands of time. The world of 1788 was the same old world of 1614, no thought progressive stirred its soul, no language new and hopeful stirred its lips; no change whatever had come over the spirit of its dream!

So thought these Notables of whom the government for the second time had asked aid and counsel. "Give us 1614," was all they could say; and Necker was fain to dismiss them once more to their homes. They go — and they come no more forever. The State had thus appealed to the privileged — to clergy and noblesse. Both had answered with scorn and denial; both had declared that privilege must rule forever, no matter how the nation suffered.

Necker then formed his own plan, secured its adoption in council, and published it to the world in December, 1788. The "Result in Council" made known the king's determination to suppress the letters of arbitrary arrest, to grant liberty to the press, to allow the Third Estate the double representation, and the periodical reassembling of the States-General. This report was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and Necker had chosen the policy in which lay the only hope of the monarchy — that of putting the king at the head of the reformers. "A great revolution is at hand," said the Count of Provence publicly a few months later, "and the king ought to be at its head." The voice was that of Provence, the words were those of Mirabeau. It is certainly an evidence of Necker's good judgment that at the very commencement of the struggle, and before any considerable

bad blood had been created, he put the king in the position which so wise a statesman as Mirabeau thought was his natural place.

One question Necker most unfortunately left open. He did not decide whether the vote of the deputies should be by head or by order. He seems to have taken it for granted that the two privileged orders would have wisdom enough to unite and form an upper house, while the commoners would together form the lower. In this manner the States-General would roughly correspond with the British Houses of Parliament. But Necker's report contained no such suggestion, and the public was left to continue its angry debate upon that all-important point. According to Necker's plan, at least 1000 deputies were to be chosen by 250 constituencies, each electoral district choosing four delegates, one of whom should represent the nobility, one the clergy, and two the Third Estate. In the meantime Necker had released the Breton gentlemen from the Bastille, the Parliament of Paris had come back in triumph, the Brienne courts had fallen by the wayside, and energetic measures were being taken by the government to avert a famine.

In July, 1788, a fearful tempest had swept over many districts in France, carrying widespread havoc. In some places all the crops were destroyed. The damage was estimated at 80,000,000 francs, and by the time winter arrived this enormous loss in the harvests caused intense suffering among the poor. Through the exertions of Necker the worst horrors of the famine were avoided, though the winter was one of extreme distress among the smaller farmers of the country and the labourers of the

towns. The confidence in Necker, the influence of his example in putting half his fortune at the service of the State, had a wonderful effect. The Bank of Discount resumed payment, financiers came forward with funds, public obligations were met, and the dread of bankruptcy ceased to haunt the national creditors.

By royal proclamation, which was sent to Parliament for registration, it was announced that the States-General would be convened in January, 1789. Parliament registered the edict, but added this clause, "*According to the forms of 1614.*" As soon as this attempt of Parliament to chain up the spirit of progress was known, it was met with a chorus of derision. The glory of the Parliament passed away, to return no more. The nation was at last aroused, the Third Estate conscious of its strength, the leaders at hand to organize and inspire the masses, and the Parliament might as well have said halt to the avalanche. As Mirabeau wrote, "It is no longer a question of what has been, but of what will be."

The Ancien Régime was already as good as dead. A house divided against itself, it was doomed; a system from which all strength and virtue had gone, it could no longer live. By their own stupidities and rapacities and immoralities they had sapped the foundations of their strength. They had dared the tempest and provoked the storm, and the old order, resting on sand, and quicksand at that, was even now a wreck.

Before we go forward with our story, which will henceforth deal with the new order, let us cast a parting glance at this Ancien Régime which had lasted so long, reached such a unique development, decayed so completely, fallen



so disastrously, — and which, strange to say, is now the object of such romantic regret in circles aristocratic. “He who was not living before 1789,” said Talleyrand, at a much later period, “knows nothing of the charms of living.” Thus he sighed for the system in which he was born, the system of his youth, the system which being associated with his youth partook of the sentiment of regret with which the aged ever look back to the past. The sigh of Talleyrand expressed the feelings of thousands of others. Many and many an aristocrat of the monarchy yearned for the “good old times,” and thought as Talleyrand did, that the charm of living passed away with 1789. And yet no writer has drawn a picture of the old order which repels, astonishes, and horrifies more completely than that which Talleyrand paints in his *Memoirs*. He was the younger son of noble parents — gay people favoured by the court. His mother he barely knew; no caress of hers could he remember. His father was equally a stranger, seen only upon occasion, and at rare intervals. The handsome, intellectual boy was put out at nurse, so that the parental dissipations might not be interrupted. Happening to have a fall which dislocated his foot, his parents knew nothing of it until neglect had allowed the injury to grow into a lameness which lasted him for life. Sent off to school, neither parent saw him to bid him good-bye, nor did either visit him while away. Smitten with smallpox, neither father nor mother came about him. He was left entirely to the hired nurses; and, during his terrible affliction, not a word, look, or caress from parental hands conveyed to him the comfort of fatherly interest or motherly love.

When his course of study was finished, he was given

an appointment in the Church because his lameness debarred him from a position in the army. When he became a young man and entered the world, he called to see his mother during her receiving hour, just as another young man might call, and was granted just such a polished and icily gracious reception as another young man might have received. And yet Talleyrand sighed for a return of these "good old times!"

"Paternal care," writes Talleyrand, "had not yet come into fashion. The fashion, indeed, was quite the reverse." At another place he says, "I was then eight years old, and the eyes of my parents had not yet rested on me." Hard and cynical as Talleyrand was, his Memoirs prove that he keenly felt the neglect, and the isolation of his youth. Not for one week in his whole life did he "enjoy the sweetness of being under my father's roof." What sort of impression did this method of training give its victim? "I formed no intimacy. I did everything in cross temper. I had a grudge against my masters, my parents, institutions generally, but chiefly against the sway of social propriety to which I saw myself obliged to give way."

Many years later, when the system Talleyrand hated in his youth, and regretted in his old age, had been overthrown, Napoleon Bonaparte, casting about for a woman fitted to take charge of his great school for the training and education of girls, naturally thought of Madame Campan, who had founded a successful school of her own after the Revolution.

"What do young women chiefly need to be well brought up in France?" asked the Emperor.

"Mothers," answered Madame Campan.

"It is well said!" responded Napoleon, and he put her at the head of his school.

Talleyrand's youth was no exceptional case. The parental tie was almost cut in twain, and children were given over to the professional nurses and tutors. Boys and girls were packed off to the convent to be out of the way of pleasure-seeking parents. The mother called the daughter *Mademoiselle*, and allowed her to kiss the parental hand, respectfully, at toilet. The father called the son *Monsieur*, and permitted him to come with his tutor and dine once a week. When the daughter arrived at the troublesome or marriageable age, the parents arranged a suitable match for her, with a man she had probably never seen. When the son had finished his course of study, he was given an office in the Church, or in some department of the service of the State. Parental care and responsibility went no further.

As to husbands and wives, we have already seen what their relations were. It was in bad taste for husbands and wives to show fondness for each other. Good form required that the husband address his wife publicly as *Madame*, that the wife address the husband as *Monsieur*. Only the rusty noble from rural districts called his wife *mon ami*—my love. Good form required that the husband ride with some other lady, not his wife, and visit other entertainments than those attended by his wife. The married couple must move separately through the social world—the wife with another man, the husband with another woman. Husbands, present where their wives were, are considered bores—ill-bred fellows who interfere with the general felicity. The laws of society banish them in the interest of greater freedom and gayety.

Even a Frenchman of the old régime did not enjoy the seduction of a wife while the husband was in the house.

The Baron de Besenval, one of Marie Antoinette's pets, says in his *Memoirs*, "If morals lost by this, society was infinitely the gainer. Having got rid of the annoyance and dulness caused by the presence of husbands, the freedom was extreme. The coquetry of both the men and the women kept up social vivacity and daily furnished piquant adventures." Undoubtedly! In fact, these adventures are so very piquant that the queen of France, having excluded her husband from her own chosen band of rakes and high-born Phrynes, is soon to be regarded throughout the realm as a reckless and abandoned woman.

"A charming life, such as has not been seen since," says Talleyrand. So it was, to the chosen few of the upper world. With marriage reduced to what Sophie Arnould called "The Sacrament of Adultery," and the children put out to nurse in the convents, and the husband discreetly sent to one midnight revel while the wife is taken to another, life is indeed charming, provided the revenue holds out. Upon that thread it all hangs—all of this brilliant, shallow, and heartlessly corrupt system. The Church, however, is in debt, and is considering whether it shall not demand that the public treasury advance the money to pay off the incumbrance. Why not? Does not the State pay off the debts of the lay lords? If the gaming debts of the princes of Condé and Conti and Orleans should be a tax on the national finances, why should not the debts of the clerical princes be paid, when, as every one knows, they have to pay as much for carnal delights as is paid by those who are not specially called and dedicated to the service of the Lord?

There is his Eminence, Cardinal de Rohan, for instance, who, for a season, is representing on this earth our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. The cardinal can bind and loose. He can pardon sins. He can even do it without charging for it, if that fancy should happen to strike him. This cardinal, as already stated, lives in royal state in his palace of Saverne at Strasburg, where for several generations some member of the princely house of Rohan has been taking care of people's souls. So determined is Rohan to live up to the splendour required of a representative of the Church and of Christ, that all the utensils of his kitchen service are of solid silver. His tunic is set with pearls, and cost \$20,000. When he takes his guests out to hunt, 600 peasants are hired to beat up the game for them. Delicious feasts are spread on the lawn, and the choicest viands furnished. The grounds about the palace are made into an enchanted elysian, "fit landing-place for Cythera." Amid these lovely gardens move those birds of Paradise—beautiful women, gay and young and voluptuous. So lavish and so coveted is the hospitality of the cardinal, that even his 700 beds are sometimes overcrowded.

One day, a lady, accompanied by a young officer, came on a visit. Night fell, and the lady had not gone. The cardinal's valet is uneasy, and he whispers to his Eminence that all the beds are filled. "Is the bath-room occupied?" asked the cardinal.

"No, Monseigneur."

"Are there not two beds there?"

"Yes, Monseigneur, but they are both in the same room, and that officer—"

"Very well," interrupted the cardinal, "didn't they come together? Shallow people like you always see something wrong. You will find that they will agree well enough together; there is not the slightest reason to object."

The cardinal was right; neither the officer nor the lady made the slightest objection. This was only one of the many "piquant adventures" alluded to by Besenval. "Nothing is wrong in good society," say the masquers gay, and on the revel goes.

When cardinals are banishing dulness from life in this agreeable fashion, the palaces of the men of the world are blazing in the vanguard of the social carnival. Venice, at her worst, wallowed in sensualities for six months in the year: in France, society is one long carnival all the year round,—tempered by fish during Lent. At palace after palace "they had music, dancing, and hunting, rollicking from morning till night, eating up both capital and income." A "troop of musicians, lackeys, cooks, parasites, horses, and dogs," devouring as they go, follow the gay parties as they wing their flight from house to house. Festivals in the open air, music by moonlight, and dancing till the morning star appears. The Marshal de Soubise spends \$40,000 on a dinner and a night's entertainment of the king. The queen has the silver-gilt trappings of her son's cradle set with rubies and sapphires at a cost of \$40,000. The Prince of Conti dries the ink on a note to a lady with the powder of a diamond ground to dust,—a diamond valued at \$1,000. On special occasions, pastorals are performed, and mythological scenes reproduced. Lords and ladies dress as gods, as virtues, as Turks, Laplanders, milk-

maids, flower-girls, imaginary peasants, and romantic robbers. Rakish Greek gods, with a tendency to kidnap virgins, are popular. Sentimental robbers, who can play the guitar and sing from the pit of the stomach, are in demand. Decked out in brilliant costumes the actors in the masquerade sing, dance, recite verses, and act pantomime.

At Chantilly, during the visit of the Count de Nord, the Russian grand duke, to the Condés, "the young and charming Duchess of Bourbon, attired as a voluptuous naiad, guides the Count de Nord, in a gilded gondola, across the grand canal to the island of Love"; the Prince of Conti acts as pilot on another barge; and other gentlemen and ladies, each in allegorical dress, form the escort of the principal figures in this attempt to reproduce the life of the gods "in this new garden of Alcinous." "Attired as a voluptuous naiad" is a polite way of saying that the lady was dressed in the unveiled charms of nature. She did not even wear a string and a pocket-handkerchief, as they do in the South Sea Islands.

At Vaudreuil, another of these gorgeous palaces of the nobility, the ladies are advised that they are to be carried off to seraglios by amorous and lawless Turks. They robe themselves as vestals!!! "The high priest welcomes them with pretty verses to his temple in the park. Meanwhile 300 Turks arrive, who force the enclosure to the sound of music, and bear away the ladies in palanquins along the illuminated gardens." With the merciful purpose of sparing our blushes, the narrative stops there. Virgins are borne off by Turks—the Turks being as genuine as the virgins—and we lose sight of them as of the snows of yesteryear.

Every grand house has its theatre. The nobles amuse themselves acting plays. The queen delights in it, and others follow. The Duke of Orleans warbles smutty songs on the stage, amid the demure titterings of the ladies and the coarse laughter of the men. The king's brothers act—everybody acts. "We hear of nothing but little theatres set up in the country round Paris." The drop-curtain at Little Trianon is crusted with imitation diamonds; the rumour goes abroad that the diamonds are real; and wrathful comments are everywhere made upon the queen's extravagance at a time when the people are starving. At Brunoy, the residence of the Count of Provence, the king's brother, the play is so obscene that the king is offended, and two ladies feel bound to retire. Midnight suppers are in vogue, and after the seasoned dishes, after the wines, after the free and licentious talk of the evening, comes a general mixing of men and women in a revel which no words can describe. Among the nobles, it is their habit to ignore all other worlds than their own, and to look down upon the unprivileged as upon so many beings of an inferior and alien race.

"During the consulate," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "I was once standing in front of the Hôtel de la Marine, viewing a public illumination. Beside me was a lady who, to all appearance, had formerly moved in a distinguished sphere, accompanied by her daughter, a very pretty girl, to whom she was pointing out all persons of note as they passed to and fro in the rooms. Calling her daughter's attention to a certain person, she said:—

"‘Remind me to go and pay my respects to him some day. We ought to do so, for he has rendered us great service.’"



“‘But, mother,’ answered the young lady, ‘I did not know that we were expected to show gratitude to such people. I thought they were too happy in being able to oblige people of our quality.’”

This preposterous conception of their own superiority to the unprivileged classes was so systematically taught and practised, that even the victims of the system half believed the doctrine to be correct. The lower orders for ages and ages looked up to the nobles as to superior beings. The peasants, huddled in miserable hovels of one room, sleeping in boxes filled with straw, the cooking outfit consisting of one pot in which thin soup was made and a chopping-block on which the huge black loaf of bread, baked in the lord's oven once a year, was chopped with an axe, looked up to the splendours of the château as to an Eden; and when lords and ladies, brilliantly robed in garments of many colours, passed before the eyes of the squalid, ragged, toil-worn peasant, it is no wonder that they seemed to him to be the creatures of another and a higher sphere.

Servility is almost as natural as pride. Flunkeyism stands ever ready to burn incense before self-constituted idols. Between the valet who used, during the Bourbon exile in England, to lie down across the muddy places and let the brother of Louis XVI. walk over him, there is but one step to Sir Walter Raleigh, who spread his splendid cloak for Queen Elizabeth's feet, and to Sir Walter Scott, in whose robust nature one grieves to find the flaw, who treasured as a sacred relic the glass out of which George IV. had drunk. When such a man as Walter Scott looks up adoringly to such a man as George IV., we simply lose ourselves, we don't know what to

make of it; but we turn refreshed and relieved to the Duke of Wellington, and we hearken approvingly when he sourly says, "Don't be a damned fool, sir," to a man who had officiously volunteered to attend him across the street, and who with bared head was saying something about the distinguished honour which he felt had come upon him. "*Don't* be a damned fool, sir," growls the old duke, and goes his way, leaving the servile simpleton bowing and scraping in the street.

Now this spirit of monstrous pride on the one hand, and of servile self-abasement on the other, had taken possession of the body social and the body politic of France, so much so that innovations were impossible. "Gayety is an intoxication: when the wine is gone, the lees are drawn." "Not only at little suppers, and with courtesans, but in the best society and with ladies, they commit the follies of a brothel." "Suppers are followed by blind man's buff, or by a draw-dance, and they end a general orgy." Said a disgusted courtier who had grown tired of this sort of life: "A genuine sensation is so rare that when I leave Versailles I sometimes stand still in the street to see a dog gnaw a bone." Had he pushed his investigations ever so little, he might have enjoyed the still more genuine sensation of seeing hungry men and women gnaw bones, and rejoicing that they could find bones to gnaw.

The Duke of Lauzun, who had not seen his wife in ten years, was asked what he should say if she should write him that she was "in the family way." He reflected a moment and answered, "I would write and tell her that I was delighted that Heaven had blessed our union: be careful of your health; I will call and pay my respects

this evening." Another noble husband said to his wife, "I allow you everybody but princes and lackeys," — illicit connections with whom brought scandal. Another husband, a noble also, happened in upon his wife unexpectedly, and caught her almost as the woman was caught who was carried before Christ to be judged. "Madame, what imprudence!" cried he; "suppose I had been some one else!" Another grandee of the realm, the Duke de Guines, counselling his daughters, said to them, "Vices are nothing, but avoid the absurd. Ridicule kills." Out of twenty lords at court fifteen are not living with their wives, but with mistresses. The wives have lovers. Two noblemen, engaged in conversation, wish to fix the date of an event to which they have referred. "It was the year in which I made love to your wife," said the one. "Ah, so it was," responded the other, quite convinced, "it was in 1786." In this pestilential atmosphere, on this prurient soil, virtue was a flower not apt to flourish, and we cannot wonder much if the foul environment contaminated the queen.

What sort of men and women are the fruits of such a life? What can they do? What are they fit for? In what useful capacity can they serve the Church, the State? They are dependent from infancy. Servants minister to all their wants. They do nothing for themselves. Servants dress them, shave them, perfume them, bewig them, open doors for them, place chairs for them, buy and sell for them. They cannot saddle a horse, load a gun, build a fire, keep accounts, nor manage affairs. They are taught to fence, because they may have to fight a duel. They are taught to ride, because they will have to act as officers in the army. They are taught the graces of

good-breeding, for they will have to use the art of pleasing to get on at court. But they do not box, wrestle, jump, run, row, or play athletic games. They have no muscular training, nothing to give them brawny strength and enduring vitality. In practical matters they are mere children, leaving all that to the servants, to the bailiffs, to the lawyers.

"I am told," said Louis XVI. to the Archbishop Dillon, "that you are in debt, and even largely." To which Dillon coolly replied, "I will inquire of my man of business, and inform your Majesty." So mad a pace was this that robust life, either for aggression or resistance, oozed out of the French nobility; and when Democracy, roused into a swift recognition of its giant strength, banged away with iron hand at the rusty gates of Caste and Privilege, no stalwart knights poured forth to do battle for the "good old times." Elegant dandies of the feudal aristocracy ran away like sheep, or stood and took the knife like sheep. They could not fight. They had lost their strength. The puny little sword of the duellist counted for nothing against a thousand furious pikes.

Almost without exception the nobles were overwhelmed with debt. Their manner of living and their incapacity are the only explanations needed. Having no resources, they looked to the king for relief. The national treasury was the common fund drawn by the privileged from the non-privileged, and to this fund the nobles looked for the payment of their debts. Hence the wolfish clamour of the place-hunters! Hence the quenchless thirst of the pension-grabbers and gift-seekers. One hungry set marked round the queen; another round the king; an-

other round each minister, prince, or peer who was supposed to have influence. No wonder these ravenously hungry factions tore the monarchy in pieces between them! "More money!" was the cry of the clergy; "the State must pay our debts." "More money!" was the cry of the nobles; "the people must increase our allowance."

To get this additional money, Parliaments had been applied to and had failed to respond. As a last resort, the States-General was summoned for the sole purpose of getting more money. In their folly they believed that a few gracious words from the king would secure from the delegates the desired grant and that the people would then sink back into their usual nothingness while the privileged classes squandered the supplies. It had always been so, and would naturally be so again.

## CHAPTER VII

PUBLIC EXCITEMENT; ELECTIONS; STATES-GENERAL;  
THE KING; THE QUEEN; DISCONTENT; THE RÉ-  
VEILLON RIOT

POSTPONED from time to time, the opening of the States-General was finally set for May, and the number of deputies increased to 1274. Necker issued his regulations for the elections and the national ferment rose to fever-heat. Never was there accomplished so complete a change in the relative positions of the several orders of society as was brought about by these electoral regulations. In the first place, the commons were advanced by the double representation to a footing of equality with the noble orders. In the second place, all the taxpayers of the kingdom, regardless of the amount of the tax paid, were allowed to vote. Thus even serfs, who paid poll-tax, became electors. With the exception of servants, every taxpaying citizen of the empire was called to the polls. Into 5,000,000 men, politically dead, was breathed the breath of life. Never before had this been done on so grand a scale. The masses had voted in the petty republics of ancient times, but with the sole exception of the newly founded and yet feeble republic in North America, the people of a power of the first class had never been admitted to political control.

In the third place every curé of France was made the equal of the princes of the church, the abbés, the bishops, archbishops, and cardinals. The poorest vicar had his one vote; the proudest bishop had but one. Thus, with a sweep of the pen, Necker had put "the bottom rail on top." "The first shall be last, and the last shall be first," was the spirit which inspired every line of these famous regulations.

What was the minister's motive? Was it to arm the Third Estate with sufficient strength to compel the privileged classes to submit to equal taxation? Was it to create a balance of power in the State which should be able to check the intolerable greed, privileges, pretensions, and prodigality of the nobles? Was it that the "foreigner, republican, and Protestant" was tired of the ceaseless bullyings, exactions, incapacities, and arrogant rascalities of the privileged classes, and wanted to rouse the middle class into political supremacy? We do not know: the hidden motive eludes us always—and never more completely than throughout the rapidly shifting scenes of the French Revolution. Whatever may have been Necker's motive, the inevitable result of his regulations was of itself a revolution. With one state-paper he had overthrown the existing system. It is for this reason that Napoleon accused Necker of having been to blame for the Revolution.

The Breton nobles, realizing the radical nature of the regulations, refused to have anything to do with the elections. They would choose deputies in the old way, or not at all. Hence, the thirty votes which the Breton nobles should have had in the States-General were not there, and to that extent they allowed themselves to

weaken their own order. In addition to the right to vote, Necker pressed upon the people the right to petition for redress of grievances. Frenchmen of all classes were invited to tell the king what ailed them politically, in order that he might provide remedies. They were asked to say what laws and customs they complained of, and what changes in the existing system they demanded.

We must bear in mind that the policy of establishing provincial assemblies, for the purpose of local self-government, had been mooted ever since the days of Turgot. We must remember that two of these assemblies had been created by Necker, that nineteen had been added by Brienne, and that these twenty-one local legislatures, wherein commoner sat beside noble and churchman upon terms of equality, had given to the French people an object-lesson in self-government,—in civil liberty, in personal equality, and in practical popular sovereignty. Now, when the king took the long stride forward of asking all taxpaying citizens to select spokesmen, and to equip these spokesmen with a written statement of the wrongs which pressed upon the people, so that the king might know what remedies to apply, the fountains of the great deep of French thought and feeling were broken up. Intense excitement, passionate hopes, burning enthusiasm, swept over the kingdom. In the letters of every letter-writing foreigner who happened to be in the country at that time, in the Memoirs of every Frenchman who put pen to paper, we find absolute harmony of statement to the effect that the nation fairly blazed with political agitation.

“Shall we have a Constitution, or shall the royal will continue to be the law? employs every mind and agitates



every heart in France. Even voluptuousness itself arises from its couch of roses and looks anxiously abroad at the busy scene. Your nobles, your clergy, your people, are all in motion for the elections. A spirit which has lain dormant for generations starts up and stares about, ignorant of the means of obtaining, but ardently desirous to possess, the object, consequently active, energetic, easily led, but, alas, easily, too easily, misled." So wrote Gouverneur Morris, from Paris, to the Count de Moustier, who was then in America. So wrote Thomas Jefferson, Arthur Young, and Dr. Moore. To the same purpose might be quoted other authorities by the score.

The electoral machinery devised by Necker was curiously clumsy, and the confusion was immense. The districts were the antiquated bailiwicks of the monarchy; guilds and trade corporations were recognized as electoral bodies, separate and distinct from other citizens; the primary assemblies did not elect the deputies, but chose a certain number of electors, who, in turn, held a separate meeting, scaled their number down to one-fourth, and this fourth voted for the deputies to the States-General. Again, it was optional with the three orders whether they acted together or separately, in the elections. With three exceptions, the orders separated. Usually the clergy met at the episcopal palace, the nobles at the house of the provincial governor, and the commons at the town hall.

After the confusion and turmoil had passed away and the results stood forth, it became evident that the commons had been well led, either by instinct or by teaching, and that they had confided their interests to men who were bound to them by ties which guaranteed fidelity.

Commoners elected commoners, curés chose curés. Blandishments had been wasted by lords upon tenants, by bishops upon curates. The flatterers came too late. The episcopal palace might be thrown open to the shabby vicars and tempting banquets spread, but few votes were changed. Years of supercilious bearing, of contemptuous language, of rankling injustice, could not be sponged off the memory of the humble vicar by a glass of wine, a sumptuous feast, a luscious smile, and a word of oily cajolery from my lord the bishop. The motive wore too thin a veil. The day of the curé had come, and he knew it. He did not know when another such chance might be given, and he was determined to make the most of this one. Clerical candidates of high degree were bowled over by irreverent curé ballots, and Mother Church went up to Paris to speak to the king through the mouth of the humble priest of the parish—the priest who stood next to the people, who ate and drank with the people, who knew their woes, had shared their sufferings, and had seen the bitter tears with which they moistened their crusts of mouldy bread.

As it was with the commons of the Church, so it was with the commons of the State—they chose their own men. The merchants, the manufacturers, the professionals, the labouring classes—they were too shrewd to choose nobles to lead the fight on the nobility. They knew they must have men who were bone of their bone, and they chose them accordingly. Only as a conspicuous exception could such a man as Mirabeau be elected by the commons; and in his case there was every evidence to carry the conviction that he would make war upon his own order with all the relentless fury of a man who hungered for revenge.

Profound as were the emotions awakened by the elections, the consideration of the grievances must have aroused those which were still deeper. Tell me what your troubles are, the king had been made to say; and at once the entire governmental system came under review. No fear of treason to paralyze brain or pen, no spectre of Bastilles to freeze the indignant word upon the parted lips—the king says speak, and the silence of centuries is broken.

Who is it that has no grievance? Where is the peasant who has no complaint to make of feudal dues, of unequal taxation, of lands laid waste by sportsmen, of fields devoured by game? Who is it among the poor who cannot tell a pitiable tale of forced labour on the roads, of excise paid on every chicken and egg and vegetable that goes to market, of tithes that take the skin, of the hateful salt monopoly which cuts to the bone, of the merciless arbitrary arrest which flings him in filthy dungeons, there to lie and starve and rot, because of some tax-farmer's suspicion of evasion of taxes, some churchman's belief that tithes have not been fully paid, some nobleman's displeasure because of surly look or word?

What man is there of the middle class, poor or rich, professional or non-professional, townsman or country born, that has not his invective ready? Can merit rise in the army? No. Those who have been nobles for an hundred years can alone hold the offices. The commoner can only march and fight and suffer, do dull routine, serve his insolent master in peace, and die unheralded of fame when the bullet reaches him on field of battle. He can never wear the epaulette. Can the commoner earn promotion in the civil service? No. The avenues of

advancement are all barred. Only by miraculous good fortune or by lavish bribery can the commoner enter the walled enclosures of class rule, of special privilege. Merit goes for nothing. Money counts, favouritism counts, cunning management counts; merit cuts no figure. Can the lawyer rise? No. The high places in his profession are well-guarded estates. They are bought and sold; they are bequeathed and inherited. Merit may knock at these closed doors in vain. They open only for money or for birth. Be the commoner, of any walk in life, ever so endowed with talent, with industry, with ambition, with sterling excellences of mind and heart, he must rest content to gaze upon the caste above him as the Sudra gazed upon the Brahmin. The one was socially and politically all, the other nothing. God put the one above, the other below, and there it must abide. The favoured is the eternal In; the unfavoured is the everlasting Out.

In all election districts, then, the governmental system is under heated examination by those who have felt its yoke, borne its crushing weight. Not that these abuses were unknown till then; they had always been known, but heretofore the rankling sense of their injustice has been held in restraint. Bitter as the feeling against them might have been, it had found no utterance. Now the king has said, speak; and the pent-up wrath of centuries finds speech. Of the dark rooms where the smothered fire had long smouldered, and where it would always have done no more than smoulder had the door been kept shut, the king has opened wide the portal, the air has rushed in, and now, indeed, the house is afire.

Grievances? There was barely enough paper to hold

them and penmen to write them down. Every citizen in France had his grievance, had long had it, had inherited it from his forefathers, had passionately felt it, resented it, and damned it under his breath every day of all his life. The invitation to speak out was an angel visit; it must not be neglected — nor was it. Such a volume of indictments against the government, such an arraignment of the monarchy, such voluminous narratives of wrongs long borne, such prayers for relief, never before rolled in a torrent to the foot of a throne. Says De Tocqueville: "I read attentively the memorials drawn up by the three orders before the meeting in 1789, and when I come to put them all together, I perceive with a sort of terror that what is demanded is the abolition of all the laws and all the usages which are current in the country; and I see at a glance that there is about to be enacted one of the vastest and most dangerous revolutions ever seen in the world."

During all of this mustering of the clans against the old order, what was the doomed system doing for itself? Nothing. The princes of the royal family presented to the king a letter protesting against the States-General, and declaring that no changes must be allowed. Provence and Orleans refused to sign this precious document, and it met with no favour from the king. Certain other nobles published to the world their willingness to surrender their privileges for the good of the State. In the bailiwick of Tours, for instance, they resolve that they will share equally with the people the burdens of taxation, giving up for the common good the exemptions they have so long enjoyed. In Berry the nobles proclaim, that "we are all brothers, and that we are

anxious to share your burdens." Speaking for the clergy of Chateauroux, the Abbé Legrand says, "A new order of things is unfolding before us ; the veil of prejudices is being torn away and giving place to Reason. She is possessing herself of all French hearts, attacking at the root whatever is based on former opinion, and deriving her power only from herself."

This is in the spring of 1789. How long had it been since the priests and the nobles had chased Turgot into retirement because he ventured upon mild reforms? Who raised the storm which swept Calonne away when he proposed to save the State by sacrificing the abuses? What power drove Necker out in 1781, when he asked that the priests and the nobles be taxed? And how long had it been since the same men who were now saying, "We are all brothers and should be taxed alike," had met in the assembly of Notables, and had demanded that the musty old methods of 1614 be adopted for the States-General of 1789?

Can we be surprised when we read that the generous offer of the privileged classes in the spring of 1789 were laughed to scorn? It was too late. The Notables had had their chance, and had thrown it away. Nobody now put faith in them. In vain they set up altars, and burnt sacrifice thereon. The people had been summoned by the State ; the people had voted and chosen representatives ; the people had taken hold of the task of regenerating France, and they were thoroughly awake to the value of their opportunity. Resolutions of the privileged classes which would have put all Frenchmen to chanting the Hallelujah Chorus a year ago, were now read with derision. Too evidently it resembled a snare, an effort

to lull into false security, an attempt to thrust aside the States-General. Away with you and your concessions, was the jeering reply of the Third Estate, and the Revolution went marching on.

In vain did the nobility of Clermont order its deputies "to demand, first of all, an explicit declaration of the rights belonging to all men." In vain the nobles of Rheims demand "that the king be entreated to order the destruction of the Bastille." Nobody heeds, nobody looks now to the nobles; everybody looks to the deputies of the Third Estate.

The clergy of Paris voluntarily renounce all their monstrous privileges of imposts, market taxes, and entrance fees. Too late! A year ago hosannas would have made the city ring with joy. But now, the concession is mocked, is believed to be the result of fear, is thought to be a trick to appease the mob and keep off a crisis. Hence the clergy is damned as heartily as the nobility, and the watchword "Priest" soon becomes a signal for the mob to give chase to the monk who shows himself on the streets.

Pamphlets against the old order flew over the land, thicker than snow-flakes, deadlier than grape-shot, and no pamphlet replied. The monarchy drifted, a helpless hulk, surrounded by volleying batteries. Not a gun returned the fire. Orators at the Palais Royal, at the street corners, in the taverns, at the provincial meetings, volleyed and thundered seditious harangues against privilege, abuses, courtly extravagance, national wrongs,—and no voice made answer.

Liberal young nobles, tinctured with Americanism, agitated against divine right and tyranny; high-born

ladies turned their rosy lips to politics and made drawing-rooms ring with good republicanism; the very lackeys on duty in the hall well-nigh forgot their duties, so wrapt were they in pamphlets on the Third Estate and the Rights of Man.

Wealthy young nobles like La Fayette, Noailles, Liancourt, Rochefoucauld, and the Lameths proudly allied themselves to the enemies of the old order, and intoxicated their imaginations by dreaming of a new France, modelled after Great Britain, wherein the king should not be the entire State, and wherein the voice of the nation should be heard in periodical parliaments. Ladies of birth and fashion, like Madame Tessé and Necker's gifted daughter, Madame de Staël, ardent republicans, vied with Madame de Beauharnais and Madame de Flahaut in their eagerness to talk the old order into contempt.

These aristocrats and philosophers, however, were not the mainstay of the movement. The vast and wealthy middle class was its tower of strength. The unprivileged men of property, the strong men of the commercial world, who were impatient under the insolence of the impoverished nobles, and who were determined to be taxed no longer for the benefit of these aristocratic parasites of the State,—these were the men who were the backbone and sinew of the movement toward reform.

Young lawyers and editors and philosophers might do the talking and the writing; one popular leader after another might become the god of the market-place, the idol of the club; but it was the strong, substantial middle class which first overcame the monarchy, then headed off the socialists of the Terror, and finally harvested, in the reaction, the substantial results of the Revolution.



The very stars in their courses fought against the old order. The terrific storm which had destroyed the harvests in the summer of 1788 made millions of Frenchmen hungry in the winter; and the human animal hungry is full of hate, and ready for revolt against those who feast while he starves. Bread became scarce, dear, and bad all over the kingdom. Arthur Young, travelling through the country on horseback at this time, hears the same complaints everywhere. The bread is mouldy, is made of damaged rye or wheat, intermixed with bran and straw. It looks bad, it smells bad, it tastes bad; there is not enough of it, and the price is high beyond all precedent. As winter comes on the scarcity becomes greater, the suffering more intense, and the twin hags of destruction, Famine and Disease, hunt down their victims in the huts of the poor, throughout the land. The cold is more severe than has been known in the memory of man. Rivers are frozen for weeks at a time. Cutting sleet and chilly rain take turns in driving the unfed and the unhoused to desperation.

Many of the large workshops close, and thousands of unemployed are thrown adrift. Many nobles, scenting danger at the approach of the States-General, lessen their establishments, lower their expenses, discharge their servants, and cease to patronize the tradesmen who had been accustomed to supply their luxuries. In Paris these conditions existed in aggravated form,—cold, hunger, idle workmen resenting their discharge, servants out of place hating those who had turned them adrift, and hundreds of tradesmen miserable because of loss of custom.

Private charities assisted the energetic measures of the government and prevented anything like a general famine,

but the fatalities were the heaviest known in France during the eighteenth century. Necker put 12,000 of the unemployed workmen to digging dirt on the hill of Montmartre, paying them enough to keep them alive. The clergy distributed alms and the noblesse issued food, money, and clothing. One partisan of the old order, in a burst of triumph, brings forward the statement that before each palace of the nobility a log of wood was kept burning, in the street, night and day, in order that the poor might keep warm ! Doubtless the hand of charity opened, and much distress was relieved, though Gouverneur Morris did not seem impressed by the generosity of the upper classes. He mentions a nobleman whom he had seen weep at the pathos of a tragedy in the theatre, and who was followed through the streets by a beggar, clattering painfully on his crutches, and vainly asking help. The burning log of wood, lying out before the palace door, in the bleak, sleet-driven, wind-swept street, surrounded by a freezing lot of ragged, homeless, famished wretches, who huddle over the poor blaze and try to keep off the numb clutch of the cold which is eighteen degrees below zero, is one of the most frightful photographs which false charity ever sat for since God made Moses. Instead of being convinced by any such proof as this, our scepticism is driven inwards and we seek in vain to escape the conclusion that the old French noblesse regarded the lower classes as we regard the beasts of the field — creatures of a different order, aliens from any bond of fraternal sympathy and care and responsibility.

Was it not in this same year 1788, that the Duke of Béthune's carriage, dashing rapidly through the narrow streets as was the aristocratic custom, ran over a little

girl in the Rue de la Ferronnerie and killed her? Did not the mother see it all; did she not rush wildly to the scene, catch up the poor crushed form, gaze distractedly into its eyes for light and see none, lay her cheek to that of the child to feel the warmth of life and feel none? Still was the little heart, gone the breath, blanched the cheeks, frozen the tiny hands. What sound does ear ever hear like that of the voice that was heard of old in Ramah? Shriek after shriek split the air, pierced every heart in the crowd that gathered as this frantic mother, holding her dead child in her arms, gave voice to her grief.

And the duke, what said he? "Let the woman come to my house — she shall be paid for her loss." He had not even left the carriage; he had not spoken a word of sympathy or regret. In his view of the case, he had done some damage to the woman, and, being a man of honour, was ready to settle the bill. That was all. "Drive on, coachman," — and never a thought more did the duke waste upon mother or child: they were not of his world, but of another, and a lower.

As the long winter wore on, the unrest and the discontent and the disorders became more pronounced. Bread riots here and there occurred. Grain wagons were stopped, and the bakers' shops forced. Compulsory selling at prices fixed by the purchasers became alarmingly common. In other districts the enraged peasants turned savagely upon noble hunters of game who were trampling the fields in the good old way, and threatened to shoot the shooters if they did not leave the premises. Noble hunters thought it wise to leave.

The royal invitation to the people to state their grievances, so that they might be redressed, carried with it the idea that the old abuses were to stop at once. Knowing nothing of law, the peasants applied the equitable rule which considers done that which ought to be done, and they began to regard feudalism as abolished. Feudal authorities found it next to impossible to collect feudal dues. Forests in many places were entered, trees felled, game destroyed, ponds cut. As early as February, 1789, Necker announced: "Obedience is at an end; and even the army is not to be relied on."

Paris filled up with hordes of incoming tramps. By the law of revolution it became the storm-centre, attracting to itself all lawless elements. Being the capital, the place where activities originated, where the nation was summoned to meet, and where the great things were to be done, Paris drew to itself the idle, the vicious, the unhappy, the criminal, as well as the ambitious, the restless, the hopeful, and the merely curious. Versailles, twelve miles away, was but a suburb; Paris was the rendezvous of the nation, the hotbed of sedition, the breeding-ground of riot and revolution. The clerks of the barriers note the entrance into the city "of a frightful number of poorly clad men of sinister aspect." Later on there comes "a number of foreigners, from all countries, most of them in rags, armed with big sticks, and whose very aspect announces what is to be feared from them."

If ever any event in history was looked upon by the majority of a whole nation as a day-dawn, an advance courier of hope, the herald of an era of happiness and prosperity, it was the assembling of the States-General

in France, in May, 1789. With the fewest possible exceptions, Frenchmen were aglow with joyful anticipations. Liberal noblemen, ambitious professionals, aggressive men of the world of business, all looked forward with buoyant and joyous expectation.

Even in the remotest districts and among the poorest peasants rumours ran of changes for the better that were going to be made, and they too were expectant of good times to come. Following unbroken precedent, mention must here be made of the peasant woman who overtook Arthur Young the day he was walking up the hill, near Mars-la-Tour, to ease his mare. This peasant woman who talked to the Suffolk squire appears in all the histories. She was only twenty-seven years old, but she looked to be sixty, so broken was she, so bent and worn and wrinkled and faded. But she had had seven children ! Thousands of such young women, looking withered, bent, haggard, and old, can be found to-day without going to France to find them. All the drudgery of house and farm ; all the buffetings of wind and sun and rain ; all the miseries of scanty raiment and sorry food, added to the tremendous exhaustion of seven children, have given to our own world just as many young women looking old as one has the heart to contemplate.

This peasant woman told the British traveller that she had heard that there "was something about to be done by some great folks for such poor people as herself, but she did not know how ; but God send us better times, for the taxes and the feudal dues crush us !" Her husband had a morsel of land, a cow, and a little horse, but to one lord he was compelled to pay forty-two pounds of wheat and three chickens ; to another one hundred and

sixty-eight pounds of oats, one chicken, and twenty cents in coin. After this came the tenth to the Church and the regular taxes of the State, — which two usually took one half of the crop. “God send us better times, for the taxes crush us !”

But while peasants were expectant and hopeful, while thrifty merchants, bankers, lawyers, and journalists were enraptured, while ardent young reforming nobles were in transports, perhaps the purest of all the joy with which the opening of the States-General was hailed was that felt by the philosophers, — the men of learning, who were devoted to the principles of reform from motives of humanity, patriotism, sincere attachment to the common weal. Such men as the Marquis Condorcet asked nothing for themselves. Primarily their object was to elevate the human race, to scatter among all classes the blessings of just laws and good government ; to extend to the hut of the poorest the light and the warmth of civilization ; to destroy privilege and inequality ; to establish relations of equal and exact justice between man and man ; and to give to the dumb millions of France a voice in the making of her laws. A thousand such men as Condorcet had thrown themselves, heart and soul, into the movement for national reform. They were ardent, disinterested, tireless, intoxicated by their dream of regenerating France. They saw themselves lifting yokes off bent necks, and receiving tearful thanks from the freed serf. They saw vested wrongs put to flight, tyranny destroyed, and right peacefully enthroned. The old order was to pass away, and the millennium was to set in with Liberty, Equality, and Brotherly Love for its mottoes. Never once does it seem to have occurred to them that they might con-

jure up a spirit they could not control, loose elemental passions which would defy reason and prudence, ignite internecine strifes which would burn to the destruction of everything within reach. They blithely cut the dikes, with no thought that the inrolling ocean might not recede whenever they gave it the command.

The Marquis of Bouillé went to see Necker, to warn the too confident minister of breakers ahead. He earnestly pointed out the dangers of allowing the Third Estate a double representation, and thus giving the masses of people the control of the situation at so critical a time. The remonstrance was unheeded. Necker rolled his eyes upwards, and said that it was necessary to trust "to the moral virtues of mankind." How the wise men can miss the mark sometimes! How seldom political movements reach the goal intended! Commenting upon the Catholic Emancipation Bill, which had been expected to soothe Ireland for all time to come, Lord Melbourne said: "What all the wise men promised has not been realized, and what all the damned fools said would happen has come to pass."

It is frequently that way. And it never was more so than with the French Revolution. Wise men like Necker, La Fayette, Mounier, the Lameths, Siéyès, Duport, Mirabeau, Bailly, Condorcet, and a hundred others looked forward to the opening of the States-General as to the Golden Age. A tough old soldier like Bouillé, a mediocre courtier like De Ségur, cries "Look out!"—but nobody heeds. Wise women, like Madame de Staël and Madame Roland, are in ecstasies. A Madame de Montmorin, neither clever nor wise, says, "Beware," and is laughed aside.

A few days before the meeting of the States-General, a serious riot broke out in Paris. The report was spread that a rich wall-paper manufacturer of the St. Antoine section, Réveillon by name, had said that a workman, his wife, and his family might live on fourteen sous per day. There is no positive evidence that Réveillon had ever made the remark. Then and ever afterwards he strenuously denied having done so. He himself had been a workman, he was now employing a large number of labourers, and the lowest of them was paid twenty-five sous per day. Yet there is in the Vatican Archives a letter from the papal internuncio at Paris to the nuncio, Dugnani, in which Salamon says, "The Sieur Réveillon had the imprudence to say, in an assembly of his district, that the workmen could easily live on twenty sous a day, and even on fifteen." Whether the words were actually used or not, the rumour created intense bitterness and excitement among the unemployed of the district, and all during Sunday, the 26th of April, angry groups were gathering to discuss the report and to denounce Réveillon. On Monday, the 27th, a mob collected, searched his house for him, and failing to find him, erected a gallows and hanged him in effigy. Réveillon, denying with all his might that he had ever said such things as were reported, asked protection of the authorities, and, getting too little to reassure him, went into hiding. Next day, the 28th, a larger multitude of the lawless assembled, marched upon Réveillon's magnificent establishment, stormed it, sacked it from top to bottom and left it in ruins, — Réveillon looking on disconsolately from the battlements of the Bastille where he had fled for refuge.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> When the Bastille was taken, Réveillon was not found there : hence there has been some difficulty in believing that he took refuge there. In



After the mob had enjoyed full swing for two days, the authorities concluded it was time to interfere, and they marched troops and two little four-pounder cannons to the scene of action. The rioters fought fiercely with sticks and stones, the soldiers fired first with powder only, and then with ball, many of the mob were killed, more were wounded, and the balance finally fled. The Baron de Besenval was in command of the troops, and, while he rather plumed himself upon his success and received some applause in certain high circles, it seems that the court neither acknowledged nor rewarded his distinguished services.

As for the king and queen, their position is pitifully weak. Their glory has departed. Throughout the kingdom the belief has spread that Louis is a glutton, a tippler, a piece of clay passed from potter to potter. Thomas Jefferson writes to John Jay, so early as October, 1787, that the king "hunts one-half the day, is drunk the other, and signs whatever he is bid. The king goes for nothing." Mr. Jefferson further says in a letter to John Adams, August, 1787, "It is urged principally against the king that his revenue is 130,000,000 francs more than that of his predecessor, yet he demands 120,000,000 further."

Not that any one believed the king was bad; on the other hand, the universal opinion was that he was good. The current belief was that Louis wished to do right, that if let alone he would favour remedial legislation. He was known to be pious, thought to be honest and good-

Salamon's letter to the nuncio the statement is made that Réveillon took refuge in the Châtelet. Would not this do away with the mystery which otherwise clouds the incident?

natured, and even the reform ministers whom he had turned out spoke well of him and encouraged the belief that, at heart, the king desired the welfare of his people. But it was also believed that Louis was timid, sluggish, weak, unstable as water ; that he had no steadiness and no real power of will ; that he was a puppet in the hands of this coterie or that, never for a moment being master of himself.

The queen's popularity had long since departed. Calumny had done its work. She was to the nation at large, "the Austrian woman," "Madame Deficit." The vilest accusations which malice could print had been heaped upon her. Ribald songs about her had been sung in the theatres and in the streets. Obscene pictures had illustrated what the infamous text asserted. Anonymous cowards had reached her through the mails, and pierced her with poisoned wounds. Tears, infinitely bitter tears, the queen had shed, but how could she make answer? Mr. Jefferson relates that the queen "going to the opera at Versailles with the Duchess of Polignac is met with a general hiss." What else could she do but suffer and stay away? The lieutenant of police of Paris had felt it to be his duty to warn the queen not to appear at the theatre in Paris at all. He feared he would not be able to protect her from certain insult, from possible outrage !

Gloomy faces, looks of dislike, met the queen wherever she went. When she walked in the grounds of St. Cloud the very children followed her with hoots and jeers. Crossing the Hall of the Bull's Eye she heard a soldier of the guard say loudly to a comrade that a woman should attend to her knitting and let State affairs alone. With perverse imprudence she had made enemies of all the

most influential ladies of the day. She could not endure Necker's brilliant, endlessly voluble daughter, and she made no secret of her dislike. Thus she turned into a powerful antagonist a woman who had been eager to be her friend. With the beautiful and amiable Sophie de Grouchy, wife of the Marquis of Condorcet, the story was the same ; so also with Madame de Coigny, Madame Necker, and Madame de Genlis. The queen had so managed that in each of the most elegant and well-attended salons of the capital the presiding genius was her personal enemy.

The chosen friends of the queen had not been so unselfish as she had hoped. The Polignacs were warm only when favours rained upon them in showers of gold. When denials were given a coolness fell, and the Polignac pout shifted the wind to the east. "Ah," sighed the queen, "I have never been happy since they made me a politician." While the brilliant women like Madame de Staël and Madame Roland were jubilating over the king's decision to convene the States-General, the queen, one of the dull people, was instinctively afraid.

On the evening of the day on which the king decided to summon the nation, she stood pensively at a window of the palace, her face turned to the gardens of Versailles. She was wrapped in thought, and was very grave. She held in her hand a cup of coffee which she sipped abstractedly, from time to time. Beckoning Madame Campan, she exclaimed, "Great God ! what a piece of news will be made public to-day ! The king grants States-General !" She was oppressed with the presentiment that great calamities were approaching, and that the king had made a fatal mistake.

Nevertheless, during the dreadful winter she busied herself to relieve the wants of the poor. Both she and the king contributed royally to the work of charity, and the grateful citizens of Paris rolled into huge pyramids the ice and the snow which cumbered the streets, making of them monuments to Louis and the queen. Poems in her praise were sung, and once more at the theatre her name was greeted with enthusiastic applause. This was only a rift in the cloud, and the queen knew it. The general feeling against her was one of profound hatred, and she trembled at the thought of meeting the nation assembled. She could see that the natural supports of the throne had fallen away. Furious factions divided noblesse and clergy, court and Church; the king was "nothing"; Provence and Orleans were intriguing for the throne; the old nobility hated her; the young nobility hated the old order and its divine right; aristocratic salons had made sedition the fashion; the Church was cold and indifferent; the army not to be relied on; the treasury a yawning gulf; the commons, vastly in the majority, possessed the talent, the wealth, the energy of the land, and had every motive of pride, patriotism, and self-interest for wanting to demolish the old order if they got the chance.

And the king had given them the chance. The queen had cause to exclaim "Great God!" and to feel deep forebodings of evil. The king had cut the dikes, and the sea was rolling in.

## CHAPTER VIII

THE STATES-GENERAL IN SESSION; FIRST TROUBLES;  
THE NOBLES REFUSE TO UNITE; THE KING; THE  
COMMONS DEMAND THE UNION OF THE THREE ORDERS

BY the time the deputies reached Paris, there was one vital question upon which the minds of all had crystallized. The two higher classes had decided that the three orders must work separately; the commons had determined that they should work together. Divided into three distinct organic bodies, each could veto the action of the other; thus there might be much commotion but no movement. Commons might decree many changes of law and custom, but the nobles could say "No," or the clergy could say "No"; and thus the commons, having laboriously trudged up-hill, could, at leisure, walk down again.

If the privileged classes saw this quite plainly, the unprivileged saw it also; and the resolution of the privileged to have three separate chambers was not stronger than that of the unprivileged to have but one. To this conclusion had pamphlets, speeches, private discussions, and the promptings of self-preservation brought the overwhelming majority of the deputies.

The court, pursuing its purpose of marking off sharp divisions among the members, had formally issued instruction requiring that the old costumes of 1614 be worn.

Clericals were to come in regalia, nobles in the uniform of their order, and the commons were to don the plain black mantle, and the unlooped, unfeathered hat of the Third Estate. Everything must be done, from the beginning, to impress the untutored mind of the commoner with the fact that he belongs to another and a lower world. Inferior politically to nobles and priests, his inferiority must appear by his dress. His badge of humiliation must be worn publicly in order that there may be no mistake as to the lowliness of his position. Imagine how soothing this must have been to the pride of such men as Mirabeau, Mounier, Barnave, Bailly, Condorcet, Target, and Siéyès. Not that they cared for the dress in itself, but that the court had presumed to dictate to them a costume which was out of date, and which was only revived for the purpose of emphasizing the subordination of commoner to the higher orders.

Moving about Versailles in their plain black garb, the deputies of the Third Estate are shunned by courtiers, and slighted by the servitors of the palace. Granted the permission to be presented to their king, they see themselves postponed to all the nobles and to all the priests. The same odious separation is enforced. Delegations do not go in by districts, but each is divided, and the commoners come last every time. Conducted up the grand marble stairway, which is lined at every few steps by liveried lackeys, the commoners are marshalled in a vast hall, are passed by the master of ceremonies before the king, who stands stiffly in the middle of the room, with his hat under his arm, and who never opens his lips until every deputation has been presented. Then he says he is rejoiced to see them, and he disappears from view

through a side door. Released from the reception-room refrigerator, the rural deputies go back as they came, chilled to the bone by the icy welcome they had received.

On Sunday, May 4th, 1789, the gorgeous procession which was the prelude to the formal opening of the States-General took place at Versailles. It has been so often described that to most readers it is familiar. The city overflowed with people from Paris and from all parts of France. It was a great historic day, was felt even then to be so, and public interest was intense. The weather was perfect; the clear sun falling softly and radiantly upon the tender foliage of spring — just such a day as tempted the most indolent to the open air, and invited vain men and lovely women to array themselves in the most elegant attire. Double lines of costly tapestries hung in the streets along the route of the procession, every balcony was gay with brilliant streamers, pennons flashed, and there was the gleam of sunbeams on the dazzling uniforms and burnished arms of the Swiss and French Guards who stood in double file along the streets.

Not only were the avenues packed with sightseers, but the balconies were crowded, the windows full, the very roofs covered. Standing-room was at a premium, and to be invited to a place at a window was a favour which ambassadors of great nations thankfully accepted.

The Church of Our Lady was the meeting-place of those who were in this display. To this starting-point came the deputies of the Third Estate clad in their plain black uniform as per orders of the king. The nobles came in gold-trimmed mantles and white-plumed hats; the princes of the Church in purple and fine linen, in violet cassocks and scarlet capes. The king came attended by queen and

royal family, and the principal officers of the crown in state coaches of the grandest sort, drawn by horses whose harness shone with ornaments, and whose heads were covered with plumes. The entire household of the king swarmed out into the sunlight, to dazzle a curious world: equerries, mounted pages, falconers with falcons on their wrists, chamberlains, servitors of all degrees, paraded in holiday garb before the state coaches which bore the king and queen.

The *Veni Creator* having been performed, the procession set out from Our Lady to traverse the town and reach the Church of St. Louis. Through enormous crowds the parade moved slowly, Third Estate in front, nobles next, clergy next, and last of all the Holy Sacrament and the king. The wafer and the wine were borne by the Archbishop of Paris; bishops surrounded him and a sumptuous canopy covered him, and the cords of this canopy were held by princes of the blood, Provence, Orleans, Angoulême, and Berry. Behind the canopy walked his Majesty, Louis XVI., wearing a robe of cloth of gold studded with diamonds, and bearing in his hand — what? A wax candle. Near him was the queen splendidly dressed and with crown imperials intertwined in her hair.

The procession advanced amid enthusiastic shouts. Choirs stationed at intervals filled the air with music. The roll of drums, the blare of trumpets, the martial strains of the military bands, the chanting of the priests, each heard in its turn, enlivened the souls and quickened the pulse of the most insensible, and cheer after cheer rent the air. Who cannot shut the eyes and see it all, hear it all again? Whose memory does not linger upon it with regret? The sky was so clear and the people



so radiant with hope ! There are the joyous multitudes greeting the dawn of a better day. We look to the long, broad avenues, and they are dense with eager crowds ; we lift the eyes to windows, and they are bright with happy faces ; to the balconies, and they flutter with waving handkerchiefs, and to the roofs, and they are alive with rejoicing thousands. The stately procession, embracing all that is dearest to Frenchmen, passes in review. All the family are there —nobles, churchmen, commoners, king, and queen. For the first time in history they are all united. For the first time they are going to work in unison to the salvation of the State.

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow !” Priests well may chant in reverent mood, music well may burst forth in all her varied tones ! Bugles cannot blow too loud and clear the glory of the day. Drums cannot roll too grand and deep, martial strains cannot soar too high. France has seen no such day as this since the German enslaved the Gaul. “Long live the king !” The old cry rings from every lip, finds its echo in every heart. From one end of the town to the other, all the way from Notre Dame to St. Louis, the shout goes up from ten thousands of throats, “Long live the king !” Alas, the queen too is there, and not a soul cries, “God bless her !” Ominous silence is her greeting from assembled France. Some women in the crowd, with malicious intent to affront her, shout, “Long live the Duke of Orleans !” and the haughty queen well-nigh faints under the public insult.

But while there were cheers for the king, for the duke, and for the deputation from Dauphiny, the real heart of the crowd went forth to the Third Estate. To cheer the

king was a habit — a habit as old as the monarchy. In most cases it meant no more than the social inquiry of "How's your health?" To cheer the Duke of Orleans was a passing fancy. There was no depth in it. But the Third Estate was the nation itself. If the heretofore unrepresented bulk of the French had any hope at all, it was there. If the plain common people had any resolute friend, champion, defender in all that procession, it was there! The Church could have espoused the cause of the oppressed long ago, but it had not; the nobles could have done so, but would not; the king might have done so, but did not. All eyes turned, then, to the Third Estate. All hopes were hung on them. They and the people were one, united by a common interest, necessity, ambition, and determination.

Loud as were the shouts for the king, those for Third Estate were louder still. "Long live the Third Estate!" It rose and it fell to rise again, till every tongue had uttered it, till every deputy of all that plainly dressed order felt his spirits rise, his step grow steadier, his head bear itself aloft with greater pride. The nation was at his back. Twenty-five million of men and women were infusing their own fire into him. "Go forward and fear not! France is here! France is awake! France is with you! Behind the privileged stand less than half a million Frenchmen; behind you stand twenty-five million! March on, and make France a Constitution! Long live the Third Estate!"

When the Church of St. Louis had been reached, when the Holy Sacrament had been laid upon the altar, mass was celebrated by the archbishop of Paris; the most impressive sacred music filled the vast building, and to the

dense audience there assembled the bishop of Nancy, Monseigneur de la Fare, preached a long sermon in which liberal views in matters political were boldly mingled with the precepts of religion. The luxury of the privileged classes was rebuked, the evils of the fiscal system enumerated, and the miseries of the people touched upon in a spirit of indignant sympathy. De la Fare was an advocate of reform, and his address was so welcome to his hearers that hands were loudly clapped in applause,—an occurrence which shocked the devotees of etiquette. Applause in a church in the presence of the Sacrament and of the king, and during the delivery of a sermon, was something to the old order unknown. It was ominous of the new spirit which had gone abroad. Not many years ago the boldest bishop in France had said that the people had, perhaps, no right to complain; only by a rebuking silence could they give lessons to their kings. Now the pulpit itself arraigned the State, and the people applauded the accuser in the presence of king, queen, and noblesse. Here is progress, marvellous progress,—progress of a kind to make the dullest of the privileged quake as he thinks of the to-morrow.

The next day was the ever memorable 5th of May, when the States-General was officially opened at the Hall of the King's Lesser-Pleasures, on the Paris Avenue of Versailles. There has been prepared for the king a throne of purple and gold, near by a seat for the queen, and stools for the princesses of the blood. On the right of the throne come benches for the clergy, on the left for the nobility, at the end opposite the throne for the commons. The entire hall has been specially decorated for the occasion with extreme magnificence, it presents an imposing spec-

tacle. Galleries sufficient to contain two thousand visitors run around the hall, and by eight o'clock they are filled to their utmost capacity. By ten, deputies arrive, then officers of State, then governors of provinces, all dressed in full uniform.

Gouverneur Morris writes that he got into the hall a little after eight, and sat there in a cramped situation till twelve. During all this time the master of ceremonies, the Marquis de Brézé, was laboriously performing his duties, and creating all the irritation possible out of a matter so trivial. Nobody was allowed to enter until a herald had summoned his bailiwick. This having been done, and response made, De Brézé ushered in the deputies, separating each delegation rigidly into its three orders. The result of this was that it consumed three hours, that it kept the deputies huddled and crowded in the corridors and lobbies, that it wore out everybody's patience, and irritated every deputy who had to wait.

When Necker entered, dressed in plain citizen's clothes, he was loudly and repeatedly applauded ; so was the Duke of Orleans ; so was a bishop who had long lived in his own diocese and put in practice the good doctrines he preached. De la Fare, whose sermon of yesterday was yet fresh in the mind, was also greeted by clapping of hands as he entered. An old man who refused to allow other people to dictate what he should wear, came to the meeting dressed in his farmer's habit, and the galleries singled out this courageous deputy and cheered him loudly and at length. The Marquis of Mirabeau enters, a noble among plebeians, a man whose reputation for ability and immorality is firmly established, is hissed, though not loudly, according to Morris. According to Madame de

Staël he is greeted with a "low murmur throughout the hall. He understood its meaning, but, stepping along the hall to his seat with lofty air, he seemed as if he were preparing thus to produce sufficient trouble in the kingdom to confound the distinctions of esteem as well as all others."

It was nearly one o'clock in the afternoon before the royalties entered. The king was dressed in splendid raiment, his plumed hat looped back with a magnificent diamond. The queen was exquisitely arrayed in precious stuffs, and a violet mantle hung gracefully from her shoulders; her skirt was spangled with silver, and upon her head she wore a single fillet of diamonds and the beautiful plume of the heron. As the royal party entered, the entire company arose, and a cry of "Live the king!" shook the hall. Not a deputy refused this tribute. Orleans, La Fayette, Mirabeau, Barnave, Robespierre—they all helped to swell the loyal shout. De Brézé lifted his hand for silence, the shouts were hushed, and Louis XVI. arose, to read the "speech from the throne."

The ministers had prepared a brief address for him, and he delivered it fairly well. There is no particular meaning in it, but its generalities suggest a patriotic benevolence, a paternal solicitude for the welfare of the people, and a reassuring desire to do whatever is needful. So warmly is this speech received, so frequently is the monarch interrupted by outbursts of applause, that even so cool and unsentimental a foreigner as Gouverneur Morris feels the tears start to his eyes in spite of himself. "The queen weeps, or seems to weep, but not one voice is heard to wish her well." Morris turns to some of the Frenchmen next him, and urges them to applaud the queen. They refuse!

"After the king has spoken, he takes off his hat, and when he puts it on again, his nobles imitate his example. Some of the Third Estate do the same, but by degrees they take them off again. The king then takes off his hat; . . . the nobles uncover by degrees." Another story is that the king, having made his speech, puts on his hat; the nobles do likewise, according to the custom. The deputies of the Third Estate, who are expected to remain bareheaded, clap on their hats, and when some of the nobles raise the indignant cry of "Hats off!" the Third Estate scowls defiantly and lets the hats remain. To quiet the tumult, the king removes his own hat, and the Third Estate remove theirs.

Thus the three orders cannot even harmonize on the question of hats. Keen-eyed jealousy is watching every motion,—the nobles intent upon repressing the commons to the old basis of 1614; the commons as resolutely bent upon shaking off 1614, and bringing things up to date. If you put on your hat, I'll put on mine,—and so the orders spar at each other all along the line, from etiquette to constitutional liberty.

Following the king, the keeper of the seals makes a lengthy speech which no one hears. Then Necker, assisted by a clerk, reads a fearful pile of manuscript, which occupies him and the clerk for three hours. A bewildering array of figures, an exhaustive discourse upon finance and morality, an alarming exposure of the condition of the treasury, a strain of complimentary references to the patriotism of the French people, and a warning to the deputies "not to expect to do at once that which can be accomplished only by time,"—such was Necker's address. Not a word was said about constitutional reforms. No

statesmanly outline of remedial measures framed to meet the demands of the time was laid before the deputies. The burden of the song in each of the three addresses was the finances. We have spent all your money, tell us how to get more ! We the privileged, we the lilies of the empire, who have never either toiled or spun, and who are now, as we have ever been, arrayed in a splendour rivalling Solomon's, confess to you that we have squandered in riotous living all the revenues which the old system can wring out of France, we have piled up, mountain high, debts which menace the State with hideous bankruptcy, and we have called you here to tell us how to fill the treasury, and how to give new lease of life to the system which is so delightful to king, to priest, and to noble.

Disappointed as were the deputies of the Third Estate, they did not fail to applaud the popular minister. The hand-clapping was "loud, long, and incessant." After Necker's manuscript is finished, writes Morris, "The king rises to depart, and receives a long and affecting 'Vive le Roi.' The queen rises, and to my great satisfaction she hears for the first time in several months the sound of 'Vive la Reine,'—Live the queen. She makes a low courtesy, and this produces a louder acclamation, and that a lower courtesy."

Thus the overture to the great historic drama has occupied two days, but at last the agonies of the prelude are ended. Weary deputies disperse to dinner, and to hot discussion of what has been said, and what must be done. The attentive public disperses for the time, carrying into all homes in Versailles and Paris a feeling of impatient eagerness to know what another day will bring forth. The glittering train of bejewelled royalties

and resplendently uniformed officials and courtiers disappear within the palace, much pleased with themselves and tolerably confident that they will be able to manage things their own way. By placards duly posted, by announcements duly made through the mouth of heralds, the king had made known his pleasure that on the morrow, May 6th, the three orders should meet at nine o'clock and begin their labours.

By nine o'clock of May 6th, accordingly, the deputies of the Third Estate assemble in the hall where the meeting of May 5th had been held. At this time they number 584, of whom twelve are classed as "gentlemen," two are priests, eighteen are mayors of towns, 162 are magistrates of bailiwicks, 212 are lawyers, sixteen doctors, and 162 merchants, landowners, and farmers. They are ready to organize for business, but they do nothing. The other two orders have not come. Nobles and clergy have met in separate chambers and are engaged in separately examining their credentials as a preliminary to separate organization. This has been all along the plan of the privileged. A minority of the nobles, led by La Fayette, Liancourt, Clermont-Tonnerre, Count Crillon, Viscount Castellane, the De Lameths, favour a union of the three orders and a common verification of powers. Some forty odd votes are mustered by this minority, but they are overpowered by an unyielding majority led by D'Antraigues and our old friend D'Espréménil. No concessions! is the watchword of the nobility, and the clergy vote to the same effect, though in their body the division of sentiment is much more equal. One hundred and fourteen curés and liberal bishops vote for the union of the three orders, to 133 against.



The Third Estate had foreseen this action of the privileged classes, and their own line of action was well understood. They were to hold possession of the common hall where the three orders had met together, and they were to keep possession of it till the three orders saw fit to unite again. Nobles might draw off and vote as they liked, clergy might secede and vote as they deemed proper, but the commons were going to intrench themselves in the common hall, assume an attitude of waiting for the other orders to come to the post of duty, and were to refuse to budge an inch until the three orders united.

The pivot upon which all the mighty issues of present and future turn is right there, and the commons know it, the privileged classes know it, and the nation knows it. To surrender that point is to yield all. It is there they must stand and conquer or they are lost. Shall the nation split into fragments, and take what crumbs of reform king and aristocracy may grudgingly fling to them, or shall the nation become, in part at least, its own sovereign, and do for itself that which its necessities and its wisdom direct? No less a principle than this is the prize for which the commons resolve to do battle. No less than this is the enormous concession which the privileged classes refuse to make. The contest then is vital, is felt on both sides to be so, and is watched by all France and all the European world with an anxiety varied as the interests involved, intense as the passions to which it naturally appeals.

It will be seen at a glance that the patriots of France were aiming at no skin-deep reforms. They were not proposing plasters and ointments for eruptions which poisoned blood had thrown to the surface. They were

demanding a constitutional treatment which would strike at the very roots of disease, and which would infuse new blood, new vigour throughout the body politic. The Dutch Republic had struggled for no principle more essential to good government; England had arduously won no dearer liberties; the American Colonies had braved the horrors of protracted war for rights no more important. As we fasten our attention upon this combat between the masses of the French nation, upon the one side, and its king and aristocracy, upon the other, the first question that suggests itself is, Who will be the leaders of the masses?

It was the good fortune of the people of France, in their contest with the crown, to have aristocratic leaders, for as Madame De Staël well says, no revolution ever succeeded which was not led by aristocrats. Men of the noblest birth, men of the greatest wealth, men of the highest character, men of fame, of talent, of culture, of social influence and varied experience, rushed into the fight against the old order, their own order, with all the ardour of enthusiasts, with all the uncalculating zeal of fanatics. Who could despise a popular movement which La Fayette led, and to whose service he devoted ease, fame, fortune, and the prejudices of birth? Who could ridicule a cause for which a Bishop de la Fare preached, a Marquis Condorcet wrote, a Duke de Liancourt voted, and a Count Mirabeau stood ready to serve with his eloquence? Did patriotism need money? The Duke of Orleans had it, and his treasures rolled like water into the work of the reformers. Did the commons need organization? The De Lameths supplied it, and ere the aristocrats felt a tremor from underneath, a secret organ-

ization had honeycombed the entire superstructure of the old régime. Did the nation need the power of the press? Mirabeau launched his newspaper, and, when the king suppressed it on one day, he had it going again the next, under a name which censorship could not condemn, "Letters to my Constituents." Did the new movement need political knowledge, legal lore, parliamentary experience, practical sense? Siéyès, Mounier, Barnave, Target, Mirabeau, Thouret, Duport, St. Étienne, Lally-Tollendal were there to supply it in an abundance; nor is it beneath the dignity of mention to say that Thomas Jefferson was there, giving the benefit of his practical experience and his matured wisdom.

Thus the commons have with them the ablest men in France — the ablest in Europe. Every advantage arising from a good cause, a just quarrel, is on their side. The best men of England and America heartily sympathized with them, were ready with advice and encouragement. The genius of the century, the spirit of the age, the trend of the times, all fought with the reformers. From St. Petersburg to Brussels, the French movement against absolutism excited intense feeling, generous sympathy, and daring hopes. The masses everywhere felt that the commons of France were opening a campaign against abuses, in the interests of humanity. Upon the other hand the privileged classes of all lands appreciated the dangers of the French example, and the princes of Church and State throughout Europe began to realize that they must make common cause against the perilous doctrines of the French reformers.

While the Third Estate was held in the strong hands of such men as have been named, who represented the

crown and the aristocracy? What man of talent, of experience, of practical resources, managed their desperate case? Where did Church or State find a competent defender of privilege, a valiant champion to come forth and do battle for the Ancien Régime?

The necessity was great, the occasion ample, but no hero appeared. Not a man of ability could be found, in the court or out of it, to represent the privileged. From the Alpha to the Omega of the Revolution, neither the nobility nor the clergy put forth a single advocate whose genius rose to the crisis. Their champions were as weak as their cause. Their orders were as decayed mentally as politically. Where the privileged classes had a man of talent, he was ashamed of their cause and passed over to the other side. Those who were willing to defend were those who were not able; and their bungling efforts to defend aroused the wonder, the derision, and the compassion, even, of their manlier opponents. Common prudence, it would seem, might have suggested to the two privileged orders to unite and form an upper chamber, to offset the Third Estate. This plan was proposed to them, but was rejected. Thus divided among themselves the privileged drifted helplessly on the surface of the raging waters, their only hope being that the worn-out prerogatives of a feeble king might stem the torrent of national revolt.

From day to day the Third Estate meets in the common hall, the clergy in their separate room, the nobles in theirs. Committees of the two privileged orders are verifying their powers; the credentials of the Third Estate remain unverified. The Third Estate proclaims

that it can do nothing till the other two orders come. They cannot choose a presiding officer, they cannot appoint committees, they cannot examine credentials, they cannot even open letters addressed to the Third Estate. As yet, no such body exists in organic form. What the eye beholds there in session is not a political entity, but only a congregation of unorganized individuals. They cannot vote officially or act as a legislature. Till the other orders come, they are a mere chaotic jumble of individualities whose only power is to make speeches. Human disorganization is never too great to abolish the human tendency to make speeches. Therefore, Mirabeau speaks, Malouet speaks, Barnave speaks, Robespierre speaks, as individuals merely. In their capacity of Third Estate, deputies are dumb and motionless. In their capacity of excitable French citizens, they make the roof shake with oratory, and they keep up perpetual agitation. Galleries crowded with sympathetic auditors encourage the muteness of the deputies and applaud the vociferous harangues of the individuals. All Versailles, all Paris, all France, save the privileged few, endorse the inertia of the Third Estate, and clamorously approve the restless activity of the members who compose it. The world never had seen just such a political tangle, just such a deadlock of opposing forces.

The limit to which the Third Estate can go in the absence of the other two orders, is the informal designation of their oldest member to preside over their unorganized assemblage in the non-political capacity of dean, — a name heretofore unknown to parliamentary annals. Beyond this they can only, through unofficial delegations, continue to invite the privileged members to come to the

common hall, in order that the great business of making the Constitution may begin. Nobles debate and waver somewhat; clericals debate, and waver a great deal; the Third Estate, as such, says nothing—and waits. Its individual members speak, speak passionately and continuously, speak so that all France hears, quivers with excitement, and listens with bated breath for the next sound from Versailles. The Third Estate says nothing, but deputy after deputy pours forth a flood of protest against the unyielding nobles and clergy. The country suffers, come and help us relieve her distress! Abuses press upon the people, poverty tortures, famine threatens, and the “scream of oppressed humanity” rings in our ears! Why stand we here idle all the day? Come and join us in the salvation of the people!

Thus the orators of the commons. The nobles hear, and their ranks show greater divisions; many are held back from joining the commons with the greatest difficulty. The clergy hears, and it is all the cardinals and bishops can do to keep the curés in line. The nation hears, and it seethes with agitation. Versailles is all in tumult, Paris rocks as over an earthquake, the Palais-Royal is a pandemonium of insurrectionary turbulence, and from these centres the electrical impulse shocks all parts of France.

At the suggestion of the nobles, a Committee of Conference and Conciliation was appointed by each of the three orders. It met, but could not agree. The commons insisted upon joint, the other two upon separate, verification, and thus the Committee of Conciliation very materially sharpened the antagonisms already existing. May was almost gone, and nothing had been done. The situation

becomes unbearable. The sultry atmosphere is loaded with nearly all the elements requisite to a first-rate tempest. Relations between court and commons, between privileged and unprivileged, between king and people, grow strained and embittered. Tempers are inflamed, tongues sharpened, and the leading actors in this queerest of dramas feel that the crisis draws near.

On May 27th, Mirabeau, after a great speech in which the situation is passionately discussed, moves the appointment of an imposing committee, made up of the best men of the Third Estate, to go to the clergy, and for the last time to invite them "in the name of the God of peace, to rally to the side of reason, truth, and justice, and to join the commons in a last appeal to the intelligence or the discretion of the nobility."

Wild applause greeted the suggestion: the committee was named, the errand done, and a profound impression made on the clergy. The bishop of Chartres moved then and there the acceptance of the invitation. The curés favoured it, and it was all that the prelates could do to prevent a stampede in their ranks. The princes of the Church fought for time, got an adjournment, and hastened to the palace to see the queen and the Polignacs. Through this influence they secured a letter from the king opposing the union of the orders and favouring a continuance of the idle Conference of Conciliation. The commons saw the snare, but consented to the Conference, in which Necker now proposed that the differences arising should be settled by the king. This was giving the advantage to the privileged classes, and Necker so intended it; but, like Necker's other plans,

it was not acceptable to the nobles, without modifications to which the commons could not agree.

The clergy accepted the Necker plan ; the nobles, led by the infatuated Cazalès and D'Espréménil, mushroom nobles both, declared that organization by separate orders, and a veto of each order on the action of the others, were fundamental principles of the monarchy. Thus the nobles deliberately threw away the plank which Necker held out to them, and plunged blindly into the whirlpool. So tenacious of their privileges that they could not even trust their own king—how then could they have been sincere in their offers made in 1788 to surrender those privileges ?

This is June 6th, a month gone and nothing done, all France watching the battle. Famine is abroad, lawlessness and widespread insurrection brewing. Grain on its way to market has to come under military escort. Already the flames have wrapped more than one feudal castle ; roving bands of ruffians wander about robbing, burning, and murdering. Anarchy is fast approaching. Paris roars like a furnace, and large bodies of troops are drawn nearer to Versailles—for even the king sees that something terrible is about to happen. The clergy think to gain a point by professing anxiety to relieve the poor. A prince of the Church, richly arrayed in purple and fine linen, comes into the hall of the commons to weep in public over the miseries of the people. In the presence of the 4000 persons filling the galleries, he draws from his pocket a lump of black bread, horrible stuff, and exclaims, "Such is the bread of the peasant !" His proposal is that the commons, as a separate order, unite with the clergy, as a separate order, in the formation of a com-



mittee to consider measures for the relief of the poor. Here was another snare. It puzzled the commons. Mirabeau was silent, so was Siéyès. An obscure deputy arose, and met the bishop's proposition with a suggestion that the clergy come into the common hall and unite with the commons as one body, in the consideration of the miseries of the poor. In burning words he added: "Go and tell your colleagues it is in vain they employ stratagems like these, to induce us to change our firm resolution. We must refer the clergy to the principles of the primitive Church. The ancient canons authorized them to sell even the sacred vases for the relief of the poor. Happily that sacrifice is unnecessary. It is only necessary that the bishops should renounce the luxury which is offensive to the modesty of Christianity, dismiss their carriages, their horses, and the insolent lackeys who attend them; to sell, if need be, a fourth of the ecclesiastical property!"

This obscure deputy who drew the commons out of the embarrassment of the clerical ruse was Robespierre.

There was no comfort in the palace during all these stormy days. The very splendours of the royal establishment deepened the shadows which fell upon king and queen. Conscious that some appalling calamity was at hand, they knew not what to do to avert it. Not seeing their way, every step they took was a false one, leading them nearer the abyss. Pulled in one direction by the Polignacs and Artois, pulled in another by liberal peers and priests, pulled in another by aggressing Third Estate, Louis halted and hesitated just long enough between each to lose the confidence and support of all. "The king

counts for nothing," became the universal verdict, and each order looked out for itself, leaving the king to do the best he could.

The queen, keenly hurt by the coldness of her reception on the 5th of May, had attempted to conciliate opposition, but had done so without tact. She gave orders that the palace and the grounds at Versailles and at Trianon should be opened to the deputies at all hours, and she caused to be distributed among them tickets of admission to the theatres of Versailles, but to no effect. Deputies sauntering through palaces and grounds considered themselves in the exercise of their privileges, and thanked nobody. Tickets of admission to the Versailles theatres tempted few.

Those deputies who accepted her theatre tickets were reviled by those who did not, and the queen's poor attempt to make friends failed dismally.

Previous to this had been held the last court ball at Versailles, and like the Last Tournament, its gayety was cheerless, its warmth strangely inclined to grow cold. "All courtesy is dead," "the glory of the Table Round is no more," high-born ladies say as they turn from the rude cavaliers of the Last Tournament—a day that was sere and still, whose laughter had been hollow and forced, whose light was dim, and whose gray skirts dragged close upon the wintry mists. At the last ball at Versailles, the queen of France sought for a partner in vain! According to Madame le Brun, Marie Antoinette invited the De Lameths and other young nobles of the court to dance with her, and they declined the honour! Mighty events were on foot, ambitious De Lameths were dreaming of the leadership of a revolted nation, and the smile

of the queen would blight the budding laurels. Hers was the hated name. To be known as her friend, as her partner in the dance, would be to challenge public denunciation. And so it happened that all were privileged to insult the queen, from gamins in the streets to peers in the palace! Hissed at the theatre, hooted at St. Cloud, defamed in song and book and picture, insulted at the opening of the States-General, snubbed by deputies and rebuffed in her own ballroom, we can well believe Madame Campan when she writes that the queen was often in tears and could no longer sleep. Her levity disappeared, and she gradually developed the hard, disdainful, and indomitable character which bore her royally through all the after scenes.

And now in June a greater sorrow comes, — her eldest son, long an invalid, dies. The three orders grapple in their life-and-death struggle; nobles, priests, commoners, rail and wrangle; for one moment these torments to king and queen are engulfed by the infinitely greater grief of parents from whom death has taken the first-born. "Are there no fathers among them?" asked the king, sobbing, when it was told him that a deputation of the Third Estate insisted upon seeing him, officially, while his son lay yet unburied. Let us hope that it was partly a motive of regretful shame which prompted the Third Estate to vote afterwards that the entire assembly go to the funeral chamber, and sprinkle with holy water the corpse of the little dauphin. But if the commons were harsh to the afflicted king, what shall we say of the courtiers who suggested that the death of the dauphin was the judgment of Heaven sent upon the king, because he had given employment to Necker, the Protestant.

Verily, the human heart is desperately wicked, and human malice crueller than the grave.<sup>1</sup>

From May 6th to June 10th the situation remained unchanged. Each order was separate, and declared that it would stay separate. Committees of conciliation fail: compromises are brushed aside. The commons continue to invite the privileged orders to come forward and be shorn of their privileges; the upper orders continue to find good reasons why they should not part with the golden fleece. At length the argument and the patience are exhausted. On the 10th of June, Siéyès exclaims to his fellows of the Third Estate, "Let us cut the cable; it is time." On his motion the nobles and the clergy were summoned once more to join the commons, and were put on notice that in the event they refused to come, the Third Estate would organize itself into a national assembly, and go forward with its work.

Debate upon this proposition lasted two days, and it was not till June 17th that the Rubicon was crossed. In the commons itself there was a powerful minority which resisted the motion that the Third Estate declare itself the National Assembly. It was only one of the three orders, and there were those who had qualms of conscience about declaring the one order to be all three. Among these men was Mirabeau. He favoured organization and independent action, but he opposed a seeming usurpation by the commons of the entire political power.

<sup>1</sup> It is not true that the deputation forced itself upon the king. Their demand having been refused, they went no further. The excuse which they made for asking to be received was that the king had continued to receive the deputations of nobles and priests.

His speech was hissed, the orator loudly abused, and he was absent from the final vote. The logic of Siéyès was unanswerable. The Third Estate represented ninety-six one-hundredths of the nation; they had been charged with certain duties by the nation; if the position taken by the other orders was maintained, the will of the nation would be annulled; those orders had been requested time and again to come and help organize for business; they had repeatedly refused; nobody was to blame but themselves that they were not now present. They have kept us waiting long enough; they have delayed the nation long enough. Now we will organize, but we will leave the door open to them; they can come at any time, and whenever they do come, they shall be received as members of this body. This position was taken by the commons, it is said, upon the advice of Mr. Jefferson. There was nothing else to be done. Either the Third Estate had to make this movement, or the chaos which reigned would have ruled forever.

The Assembly, having cut the cable, solemnly swore "to fulfil with zeal and fidelity the duties which devolve upon us." Four thousand spectators saw and heard; four thousand indorsed and applauded. With one accord the deputies and the spectators raised the shout "Long live the king!" Loyalty was yet the fixed habit, conviction, and intention of every delegate there. Not an avowed republican was present. To a man they were devoted to monarch and monarchy. Their purpose was not to overturn the throne, but to reconcile liberty with the kingship as they had seen it done in England.

The first decree of the National Assembly declared that "all taxes heretofore levied are illegal, because the

consent of the nation has not been given;" nevertheless, these taxes were to be continued "till the first separation of this Assembly." After that all taxes "not sanctioned by this Assembly are to cease." National creditors were taken under the protection of the Assembly and the intention of immediately dealing with the famine and public misery was proclaimed.

The sensation produced by the action of the Third Estate can be imagined. The nobles were in consternation, the clergy yet more inclined to yield, the king dumfounded, the queen's Polignac-Bréteuil set enraged, and the general public aflame with excitement. The commons had seized the reins, could they hold them? Would the king resist the commons; if so, how and when? Would the nobles strike a counter blow; if so, what would it be? Nobody believed the struggle was ended. Evidently to all it had just begun. Anxiety, suspense, hope, fear, agitated every mind, and to every lip the question sprang, What next?

## CHAPTER IX

MEN OF THE THIRD ESTATE ; THE KING MOVES ; ROYAL  
SITTING ; NOBLES STRIKE BACK ; BLOW PARRIED

THE Third Estate, which had defiantly declared itself to be the National Assembly of France, elected as its first President, Bailly, an eminent scientist, author of some important astronomical works, and member of the French Academy. It does not appear that Bailly sought his election to the States-General. It was an honour which thrust itself upon him. Modest and pure, as well as learned, the principles of the distinguished astronomer were pretty much the same as those of La Fayette and Mounier. He was for moderate reform rather than for revolution. Called to take a prominent part in the deliberations of the Third Estate, his lack of legislative experience might have subjected him to ridicule and humiliation, had not his colleagues been as inexperienced as himself. France had had no States-General before in nearly two centuries, was without any legislative machinery at all, and therefore Bailly was simply one tyro among six hundred. This being the case, he acquitted himself fairly well, impressing upon the Assembly and the nation the character of an upright, patriotic, and firmly consistent man.

A very much abler man than Bailly was the Abbé Siéyès, who, failing of an election by his own order, had

been chosen to represent the commons of Paris. This scholarly priest had no personal grievance against the old order, for he had not failed to reach high and lucrative positions in the Church. He became an advocate of reform on principle, wrote the pamphlet which did most to fix the status of the Third Estate, and drew up a model list of grievances and plan of action which was followed in very many parts of the kingdom. Solely on account of his service to their cause, the commons made him a deputy. They could not have done a wiser thing. The subtle, clear-headed, thorough-going priest was invaluable to the Revolution in its early stages; and for the excesses into which it afterwards ran he was in no way responsible. When Siéyès moved the adoption by the Third Estate of the title of National Assembly, and prevailed over Mirabeau's opposition, it was the turning-point in the struggle. It seems a tame procedure now, but, at the time, it was a daring venture. It meant death to the traitors if failure should convert patriotism into treason.

It was Siéyès, as much as Mirabeau, who held the deputies together on the day of the royal sitting; and it was Siéyès who did the most valuable work on the Constitution. That his views were sounder than Mirabeau's is shown by their difference on the question of the veto. Siéyès thought that the will of the nation, legally expressed, should be the supreme law in France — as it is in England, practically, and as it is in the United States. He did not believe that Louis, the king, one man among 25,000,000, should have the right to dictate to all the others, — to say no, when the entire 25,000,000 said yes.

Unfortunately, the oratory of Mirabeau partially pre-



vailed, and the suspensive veto was adopted. Siéyès was no orator, and as the Revolution grew more unruly he cared less for the responsibilities of leadership. An intriguer as well as a student, he engineered the plot by which Napoleon, Ducos, and himself became rulers of France; but, finding himself overshadowed by Napoleon, he withdrew to private life to enjoy his wealth and love of leisure in a home which had once been a part of the king's domain of Versailles. Napoleon, towering on the pinnacle of empire, used to laugh at Siéyès, and boast of the ease with which he had bought the patriotic doctrine. Siéyès went his way calmly, saving his money, enjoying the eider-down of a well-feathered nest, and he had the last laugh. He was still rich, honoured, an assured success, when Napoleon had strorn the world with the wreck of its mightiest failure, and was gnawing his heart out at St. Helena.

Among the deputies at the beginning none surpassed in reputation the lawyer, Mounier of Grenoble, who had engineered the first deliberate insurrectionary movement which begat so many others. Mounier had studied English institutions, was familiar with the history of the struggle for constitutional liberty there, had mastered Blackstone and De Lolme, and was entirely honest and earnest in his conviction that a brand new suit of legal and political clothes, cut after the English style, was exactly what France needed. He had bought himself a judgeship in his province, had become like the thane of Cawdor, a prosperous gentleman, and he turned to politics for the love of it. He felt that governmental machinery in France needed readjustment, and that he was the man to readjust it. Duty and his country called upon the

judge to leave the bench, and his own laudable pride and ambition seconded the motion. In the small town of Grenoble he was a big man, so much so that young Barnave was satisfied to sit at his knee and take lessons. The comparatively easy-going contest in Dauphiny confirmed by its success the belief of Mounier and others that Mounier was the coming man of France. The overthrow of Brienne was credited by many to the learned judge of Grenoble, and he became a popular hero. His method of procedure in Dauphiny established a precedent ; his astuteness in welding together the substantial commoners of town and country, of professionals and non-professionals, of manufacturer, farmer, merchant, and labourer, curés and liberal prelates, attracted attention, praise, and imitation. The Mounier gospel became as influential as that of Siéyès. Of course he was elected delegate to the States-General, and of course he was expected to become the Nestor of the Assembly. Among those who entertained no doubt that Mounier's counsels would guide the deliberations of that untutored body were Mounier himself and young Barnave. To the amazement of the one and the chagrin of the other, leaders of bolder character seized the leadership and walked off with it. Mounier was too slow ; Mounier was too cold ; Mounier was too self-enwrapped and narrow. The dome of the hall of the Assembly became for him what the eccentric John Randolph of Roanoke called the dome of the Capitol at Washington, the great national extinguisher of local reputation.

Mounier sat grimly in pride of place, incubating, owl-like in gravity, and over-deliberate of movement, while brawnier men dashed forward, spoke the burning word, pointed out the path to take and took it, crying " Follow

me!" to the halting deputies, — who followed. Mounier did not broaden out to the opportunity, did not rise to the loftier national leadership. Barnave saw and wondered, then asserted his own powers, developed into size and strength, passed in front of Mounier at a stride, and measured swords with Mirabeau himself. Mounier lost interest in a reform movement whose fleetness of foot exceeded his own, became disgusted with an assembly which ignored his counsels, fell behind in the race, threw up his hands in despair when the English model was not copied, and shook from his tired feet the dust of the whole business. He went into exile, bemoaned the loss of early illusions, told everybody who would listen how lovely it all would have been had his advice been taken, — and came to regret the day when he had laid aside the wig of a judge to take a John Gilpin ride on the unruly horse of radical reform.

The fate of all those ideologists was the same. They had the prettiest schemes in the world. Their plans for regenerating France were as perfect as an astronomical chart. They knew exactly what to do, and how to do it. To remodel a nation was as easy as fitting a new harness to an old horse. They had figured the whole thing out in the quiet of their studios, had carefully verified the calculation, and they knew that they could not be mistaken in the result. When the Revolution got fairly under way, when the great black clouds spread out their awful wings, when the roar of the tempest shook the land and its terror filled the world, where were these doctrinaires? All had disappeared: some were in hiding, some beyond the seas, some in untimely graves.

Malouet, a well-to-do man of the middle class who

had long been royal intendant at Toulon, was another reformer of the mild, gentlemanly type. By nature he inclined to compromises; the result was that he only had peace in times of peace. Where a contest of any sort was raging, Malouet was one of those men who, in the effort to separate the two belligerents, gets kicked and cuffed by both. During his service in San Domingo he had endeavoured to be strictly impartial in his dealings with whites and blacks. Intense bitterness existed between the two races, and Malouet reaped a heavy crop of anathemas from each. It was his luck to steer his way in between hammer and anvil, and he commonly received bruises on both sides.

At the opening of the States-General, it occurred to Malouet that Necker's compromise plans offered the solution of the troubles, and he made himself the minister's representative in the Assembly. It also occurred to him that if he could bring about a good understanding between Necker and Mirabeau he would deserve the everlasting thanks of a redeemed fatherland. So he set about it—this effort to yoke together in harmonious action the prim, starchy, eminently respectable Necker and the turbulent, immensely vain, and arrogant Mirabeau; the cold pedant of Geneva and the hot tribune of southern France.

Malouet's well-meant attempt was a very decided failure. When Mirabeau made his call upon Necker, in pursuance of the Malouet plan, he found the minister in one of his chilliest moods. It oppressed Necker, morally, to breathe the same atmosphere with the licentious count, and his greeting to his visitor was of the stiffest.

"I am told, sir," said the moral man from Geneva, "that you have some propositions to make to me; what are they?"

Mirabeau's reply was short, hot, and not sweet.

"My proposition, sir, is to wish you good-day;" and away he went, boiling with rage.

The hopeful Malouet, awaiting with paternal solicitude the result of his fine project, was at his seat in the Assembly when Mirabeau came back to make his report. It was not encouraging to Malouet.

"Your man is an ass," said Mirabeau to Malouet; "he shall hear from me."

Seldom heard on the floor, the best party leader among the commons was Duport. As a member of Parliament he had distinguished himself by his opposition to the registration of the royal edicts which have already been mentioned. He and Goeslard de Monsabert and D'Espréménil had then occupied common ground. Now D'Espréménil was the most radical of the royalists, and Duport of the reformers. The house of Duport became the meeting-place of the leaders of the commons. The Duke of Orleans supplied him with money; his own ability enabled him to use it to the best advantage. He circulated literature, organized clubs, spread a network of secret societies over the kingdom, and created for the first time in France what is now known in practical politics as the machine. At his house plans were discussed, programmes agreed upon, concert of action brought about, leaders of the movement brought in touch with one another, and those methods adopted which directed public opinion and guided the Assembly itself.

Very violent was Duport in those early days, judged from the point of view of the monarchists. The time came when his radicalism, compared to later growths, seemed cowardly conservation; and Duport was stranded, whirled aside by the raging floods, as Mounier, Malouet, and Necker themselves were. Duport and his party were most rancorous against the queen, and most violent in their lashings of popular excitement into reckless passion. They gloried in the fall of the Bastille, defended the murder of Foulon and Berthier, and sanctioned the riots of October. Not until after the king's attempted flight from the kingdom and the anarchy which menaced the kingdom thereafter, did they hear the Niagara ahead, and attempt to turn back. It was too late; the current was irresistible, and the party of Duport was swept over the falls. Danton saved Duport from massacre in August, 1792, and he went into exile. Returning to France after the overthrow of Robespierre, he again attempted to form a party. He failed. His day had passed, Again he emigrated, and died in Switzerland in 1798.

Count Charles de Lameth, one of Duport's lieutenants, was the son of the Marquis de Lameth, and nephew of the Marshal de Broglie. The Marquis de Lameth was killed in Hanover, 1762, and his sons were adopted by Marie Antoinette, after she became dauphiness. Count Charles, the oldest of these sons, served with Rochambeau in America, and was wounded at Yorktown. On his return to France, he received the warmest welcome from king and queen. Even the Trianon set was glad to honour him, flatter him, and reward him. He and La Fayette were favourites with the queen, and the court

had no privileges they did not enjoy, no sanctuaries they were forbidden to enter.

Count Charles was given a brilliant office about the palace, that of colonel of the royal cuirassiers. A rich heiress became his wife. Had a search-warrant been issued by Louis XVI., commanding the keenest police officer in his kingdom to arrest the man least likely to find fault with the monarchy or its rulers, such police officer would have halted long at the palace door of the Count Charles de Lameth. There was no man in France who seemed less likely to make war upon the queen, the king, and the existing system. He was the adopted son of the queen; his father, a noble, had died fighting for the king; his uncle was the highest military chief in the realm; he himself was the head of a noble house; he was young, he was rich, he was favoured. He held high office,—the gift of the king. He basked in royal favour,—the gift of the queen. He wore the king's livery, ate the king's bread, took the king's money, had sworn loyal allegiance, was in the confidence, the favour, and the personal esteem of his sovereigns. How did this young nobleman become the foe of the old régime, conspirator against his king, and slanderer of the queen who had thrown about his orphanhood the splendid protection of her royal adoption? It is one of the mysteries. The kings have a saying like this: "We love the treason, but we despise the traitor." What must patriots say of Count Charles de Lameth? We may love the revolution he wrought, but no man can love such a revolutionist. We should respect him infinitely more had he stood by the queen who loved him, and died at her feet with his sword in his hand.

Imbibing American principles while serving with Washington, he joined La Fayette and the other young nobles, aided Duport to form a party against the court, became its active executive, and was carried by the current far beyond the limits he had originally fixed. At last, he could stand no more of it, and went into exile—went in haste at that. He accepted service under the Emperor Napoleon, and was a partisan of Louis Philippe. He died in 1832—a stalwart supporter of restored aristocracy and modified Bourbonism.

Barnave, the youngest of the famous triumvirate, was a native of Grenoble, son of Protestant parents. His father was a wealthy lawyer, and he himself was admitted to the bar in 1782. His talent for oratory soon attracted notice, and his affectionate, sympathetic nature won him friends. His inclination towards popular principles and his dislike of the old régime were perhaps deepened by the insults he had seen a pompous noble inflict upon his mother in the theatre at Grenoble. Madame Barnave was asked to leave her seat and yield it to the Duke of Tonnerre, governor of the province. She refused. The manager repeated the order. Again she refused. She had taken the seat in good faith, had paid for it, had occupied it for some time, and the Duke of Thunder ought to have been gentleman enough to let the lady and the child have it—even if it had been intended for him. Not so. Gentlemen of the old régime were not bound to be gentlemen when dealing with women of the lower orders. Louis XIV. might, in legend, take off his plumed hat to every chambermaid he chanced to meet, but the Duke of Thunder was not so gallant. Enraged at Madame Barnave's resistance, he detailed



four soldiers to go and drag her from her seat, in order that he might take it.

Madame Barnave could have held her place had her husband wished to see a riot. The theatre was crowded and the feeling was all for the lady. A roar of anger was heard, excited men rose from their seats, and a free fight was imminent. Barnave, the elder, took his wife by the hand, and led her out, saying, "I go by order of the governor." So great was the indignation of the people that they boycotted the theatre. Not until the manager had apologized to Madame Barnave, and persuaded her to re-appear, did the town patronize the house again. Barnave, the child, a witness to this public insult to his mother, could not be the friend of a system which made such deliberate outrages common. With his excitable temperament, gifts of expression, and passion for distinction, the field of political agitation was too inviting for him not to enter.

.Next to Mirabeau, Barnave became the orator of the Assembly. His prepared speeches were very fine, as good, perhaps, as the prepared speeches of Mirabeau. But while Mirabeau was at his best in reply, as all real orators are, Barnave was weak. He did not possess Mirabeau's range of historical and political knowledge, his vast and varied experience, his creative genius, electrical magnetism, and enormous force. Yet some of the most dramatic scenes of the Assembly were word-battles between these two. Barnave thought Mirabeau a traitor, and did not fear to assail him. Proofs were lacking, however, and Mirabeau, the stronger man, was able to beat off his antagonist. Still the younger statesman was a power in the Assembly, was trusted where Mirabeau

was doubted, was liked where Mirabeau was detested, was honest and clean and loyal, where Mirabeau was dishonest, unclean, and disloyal ; and therefore Barnave was steadily growing in mental and political power, at a time when Mirabeau's influence seemed to be on the wane.

Towering above all these members, and becoming more and more the recognized leader of the Revolution was Mirabeau. Persecuted by his own family, cast out by his own order, he had been taken up, enthusiastically, by the commons. He came up to Paris with an evil reputation hanging to him. Nobody doubted his genius or trusted his integrity. The noblesse of France, dwelling in frail glass houses, were not in the habit of throwing stones at immoral men, but Mirabeau was looked upon as a sort of monster, and he excited horror in the breasts of the flippant libertines of the higher circles.

In her Memoirs, the Duchess of Abrantes, who was an aristocrat of the bluest blood, gives a reference to the great tribune which may be taken as an illustration of the feeling which was borne him in the upper circles at this period. She writes : " Excluded from the rank to which his birth entitled him, Mirabeau determined to recover it at any price. He vowed vengeance against his enemies, and with this bitterness of feeling did he take his seat in the States-General. As he entered the hall, on the day of opening, he cast a threatening glance on the ranks (of the nobles) which he was not allowed to approach. A bitter smile played on his lips. A gentleman, the Count de Reb—, who had noticed Mirabeau's manner, and who was a friend both to him and the court, — remonstrated with him and pointed out to him

that his peculiar position closed against him the door of every salon in Paris. 'Consider,' said the count, 'when society is once offended, it is not easily appeased. You must ask pardon, if you wish to be pardoned.' 'Pardon!' cried Mirabeau, shaking his lion-like mane. 'I am come hither to be asked pardon, not to ask it!'" These words were reported to the queen the same evening, and did not increase her regard for him.

The fallen noble brought to the service of the Revolution all the rancour of wounded vanity, and all the resources of untiring energy, extended learning, and profound knowledge of the world. He had sounded life with the leadline of experience; knew what suffering was, because he had suffered; knew what arbitrary power was, for he had felt its heavy hand. He had been a soldier, a courtier, an Ishmaelite, a felon condemned to death. He had lived in palaces and in prisons, had made friends with kings and with turnkeys, had seduced another man's wife and had not been able to keep his own from being seduced. He had violated a convent, horse-whipped a baron, and had fought duels. He had written books against stock-jobbers, books against kings, books against his father and mother. He had written books historical, books political, and books obscene. Denouncing the tyrants of Germany who hired Hessians to the English to shoot Americans, he published filthy chapters on lawless love which have corrupted more men than the Hessians shot.

Lord Minto (Gilbert Elliot), writing to his brother Hugh Elliot, at the time Mirabeau was in London says: "I was agreeably surprised by a visit from our old and persecuted schoolfellow Mirabeau. I found him . . . as

little altered as possible. He is as overbearing in his conversation, as awkward in his graces, as ugly and misshapen in face and person, as dirty in his dress, and as perfectly self-satisfied as we remember him twenty years ago at school. I loved him, however, and so did you."

Another personal description is by his friend De la Marck, into whose purse Mirabeau dipped with regularity and dignified condescension: "He was tall, but at the same time stout and heavily built. His unusually large head was made to appear larger by a mass of curled and powdered hair. His dress was an exaggeration of the fashion of the day and in bad taste. In his eagerness to be polite he made absurdly low bows, and began the conversation with pretentious and rather vulgar compliments. His manner wanted the ease of good society, and this awkwardness was most conspicuous when he addressed the ladies. It was only when the conversation turned upon politics that his eloquence poured forth, and his brilliant ideas fascinated his audience."

In describing Mirabeau more minutely, others say that his complexion was yellow and unhealthy, his bulk tending to obesity and unwieldiness. His eyes were large, his forehead high and broad; his nose fleshy and big, his jaws enormous. On so grand a scale was his ugliness that, after the first start of horror, the awed beholder felt attracted. The air and bearing of Mirabeau were bold to arrogance, confident and self-assertive; he was impatient of contradiction, and certain of all things. Doubts and hesitations were foreign to him. Where others, being angels, feared to tread, this bad man rushed in and bore off the prize which the daring people, though fools, so often win while the timid angels fear to advance.

Ready to speak on all topics, the Assembly listens impatiently to the great orator at present. Sometimes he is merely ignored, sometimes hissed, sometimes hooted. But Mirabeau is not to be put down by scowls, hisses, or adverse votes: he is a gladiator by nature and is accustomed to antagonism; he has unbounded confidence in his own strength, and a lofty scorn for those who fail to recognize it; life is for him "a battle and a march," and he persists in strenuously asserting himself, never doubting that in the end his will be the mastery of the Assembly.

A thoroughly representative body, therefore, is this Third Estate. It contains men of all professions, men of learning, of wealth, of native ability, of the purest character and the loftiest aims. The best types of the nation are to be found there: Protestants and Catholics, farmers and merchants, lawyers and doctors, manufacturers and magistrates, priests, scholars, and philosophers.

Camus, the leading Jansenist, noted for solid mental worth and unblemished character; Rabaut St. Étienne, the Protestant whose father had endured all the rigours of religious persecution; Condorcet, who had laid aside the advantages of his noble rank to serve as a private in the cause of reform; Robespierre, the respectable lawyer of Arras who had been chosen to draw up the grievances of the cobblers of his town; Buzot and Pétion and Lanjuinais, who will win fame as Girondins; Merlin, Tronchet, Thouret, Target, strong men of the law, hard workers on committees,—these and dozens of others are men of exceptional strength, and will become better known as our story hurries on.

Great was the flutter and heart-burn among the nobles when report reached them that the Third Estate had set sail, and that all France seemed to be cheering as they moved away. The cable cut, the gang-plank up, the vessel standing out to sea,—here indeed was a situation puzzling and disquieting. What's to be done about it, is a question which called for immediate reply. Shall the king annul the decrees of the Third Estate, and forcibly adjourn their meetings? Shall he content himself by censuring their usurpation, and by ordering them back to their legal status of one of the three estates? If he commands them to disperse, will they obey, will the nation submit, will the troops act? If he separates the three orders again, putting everything back where it was, how will that improve matters? Will the deadlock be any nearer a breaking up? Will the orders move together, or will they waste the balance of the year as they have wasted five weeks? Shall the king come forward with a charter in his hands as Mr. Jefferson counsels, freely granting to his people the essential reforms demanded, fix a time and place where the next States-General shall meet, and then adjourn the present session?

The king had gone out to his palace of Marly, and the nobles there surrounded him. For three whole days he was the prey of furiously antagonistic advisers. The queen, the Polignacs, and Bréteuil were for strong measures. Call in more troops, German and Swiss mercenaries who would obey orders. Grant a small measure of skin-deep reform, throw this sop to howling Cerberus, and then say to importunate demagogues, Go. If they linger, let the troops act; it is time to know who is king. Necker was for compromise. Let the king come forward

with a charter of liberty in which the most important reforms are granted or promised ; let the monarch declare himself in favour of two houses, after the English model, and then let him insist that importunate radicals go home. And if they will not go?—Necker's programme did not provide for a contingency so remote.

While heated discussion dragged its slow length along at Marly, a decisive event had happened in the meeting of the clergy. By a small majority they had voted in favour of the motion to unite themselves to the commons. This was on June 17th. This unexpected blow fell with stunning effect upon the privileged orders. Gouverneur Morris, the most level-headed observer of what was going on, writes in his diary: "The clergy have this day by a small majority determined to join the commons. This stroke is fatal to the noblesse. . . . Unless the royal authority be interposed, they are gone."

On the evening of the 17th, the heads of the Church, the archbishop of Paris and Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld, hurried out to Marly, fell at the feet of the king, and exclaimed, "Religion is ruined!" The Parliament, aghast at the turn things had taken, now turned to the monarch they had balked in all his plans, and cried, "The monarchy is lost, unless the States be dissolved." Blind, pig-headed Parliament! This was the ball they had set rolling, this the avalanche they had loosed!

After all, the Necker plan appeared to have prevailed. The debate of the 17th, the deliberations of the 18th, the final council of the 19th, Friday, all tended to that result, and the ministerial meeting was about to adjourn. "The portfolios were already being shut up," says

Necker, "when one of the royal servants suddenly entered. He whispered to the king, and his Majesty immediately arose and went out, commanding his ministers to remain in their places. M. de Montmorin, sitting by my side, said to me, 'We have accomplished nothing; the queen alone would have ventured to interrupt the Council of State; the princes have prevailed on her to interpose.'"

So it proved. Indecision again prevailed; but to prevent the clergy from uniting with the commons, royal commands were issued that the hall of meeting should be closed on Saturday (20th), and that a royal session would be held there on Monday, June 22nd. The king wasted no courtesy on the Third Estate. They received no official notice that their hall was to be closed. Placards were posted along the streets of Versailles, announcing the royal sitting for Monday, but the Assembly knew nothing more. It was not till seven o'clock that Bailly, at his lodgings, received notice from Brézé, the master of ceremonies, that the hall would be closed. At eight the deputies gather, as usual, for their meeting, and they find the door locked and sentinels before it. Bailly protests, but in vain. Young deputies threaten to force the door; the officer orders the sentinels to arms. The officer is polite but firm, bayonets are fixed, and it is evident that the deputies will not be allowed to enter.

Loud cries of indignation are heard; some angry voices suggest one thing, some another. Some advise a fight then and there. Others say, "Let us go to Paris." Others still suggest that they go to the king. The excited statesmen wander about on the Paris Avenue. It is raining. Eminent orators and regenerators of man-



kind get wet to the skin. Dignity, bedraggled with mud and water, provokes ridicule in the ranks of the opposition. Courtiers look out of the palace windows, high and dry themselves, and enjoy the scene below,—which ostentatious enjoyment does not decrease the irritation of the disconsolate deputies.

Doctor Guillotine, one of the deputies from Paris, suggests that the Assembly proceed to old Versailles and take possession of the tennis court, an unfurnished, unused, and dilapidated building which will suffice for the present. To the tennis court they go, accordingly, and there the deputies, at the instance of Mounier, took the famous Oath of the Tennis Court,—swearing never to separate till they had made and established a Constitution for France. A multitude of people had gathered about the ejected deputies, had followed them in their wanderings, and were present at the solemn and sublime oath of defiance to the king—Never to separate till the Constitution is made and established! “We swear it!” cried all the deputies, amid the cheers of the people. And in the same breath, to show their loyalty to the person of the king, whom they believed to be controlled by bad advisers, they cried, “Live the king!” and the people echoed that cry also.

This Oath of the Tennis Court was the first open revolt. It was the tocsin of insurrection. It meant that the men who swore the oath and defied the king must win or die. There could be no middle course. A traitor’s death, or a patriot’s reward, was the alternative presented to each.

When the news of this oath reached Paris, the Palais-Royal, says Arthur Young, “was in a flame; the coffee-

houses, pamphlet-shops, corridors, and gardens were crowded — alarm and apprehension sat in every eye." The wildest rumours were circulated and believed. Some affected to believe that the Assembly had gone too far. The overwhelming majority, however, indorsed what had been done, and looked forward with intense anxiety for further developments. What would the king do? How was it all to end? What would happen at the royal session?

The king was sadly disquieted. Necker was tugging at him on one side and the queen on the other. Back of Necker was the nation, excited and ready to fly to arms. Back of the queen was the Count of Artois, the Polignacs, the anti-reform nobles and priests.

All day Saturday and Sunday the courtiers besieged the irresolute king, urging him to resist the nation and dissolve the commons. The Necker plan was set aside, a weaker one adopted, and the disgusted minister declared that he would not attend the royal session. He tendered his resignation, but the Count of Artois exclaimed: "No! we will keep you as a hostage. It is you who have caused all this trouble."

The court party was delighted with their triumph, and looked forward confidently to the success of their plans. To prevent the Assembly from meeting again in the tennis court, the Count of Artois, according to some authorities, engaged it for a game of tennis for Monday. The doors were closed; and when the deputies arrived on Monday morning, admission was denied them.

Once more the representatives of 25,000,000 people are out in the weather, their tempers not sweetened by this kind of treatment. Once more they must wander about

through the streets of Versailles seeking shelter. Once more they are to burn with the sense of having been wantonly insulted. The Count of Artois did not play tennis in the court; had never intended to play; he had simply meant to oust the Assembly. What folly! Were there no other houses?

The deputies, turning away from the tennis court, wend their way to the Monastery of the Recollets. They knock upon the door, and crave admittance. The monks are afraid to give them shelter, refuse their prayer, and shut the door in their faces. They now learn that more than a hundred curés, breaking away from the higher clergy, have met in the Church of St. Louis. Thither go the homeless Third Estate of France, and there they find admittance, find joyous welcome and enthusiastic union with the representatives of the Church. With cries of delight, with warm embraces, with manly tears, the two orders unite and consecrate themselves anew to the service of the fatherland.

This was on Monday, June 22nd, 1789. On the next day the royal session, which had been postponed a day, was held. The king came in state to harangue the three orders and to cut the Gordian knot by making known his royal pleasure. There was an offensive display of troops and etiquette. The irrepressible Brézé kept the deputies of the Third Estate waiting outside in the rain, till he had elaborately finished the seating of the privileged orders.

In gloomy silence the commons listened while the king read the speech prepared for him. He unfolded his plan of reform—a plan which would have aroused the highest enthusiasm twelve months before, but which now fell upon dull ears and cold hearts. He agreed

to the principle that the States-General should henceforth sanction loans and taxes. Thus it seemed that he was yielding to the nation the tremendous power of the purse, which in England had wrung so many concessions from the crown. But he gave no pledges for future meetings of the States-General, and thus his proposition had the appearance of a snare. He agreed that financial statements should be published, and he recommended that forced labour be commuted to a payment in money. He agreed that the States-General might indicate the means of regulating the expenses, and promised to adopt them if compatible with his royal dignity and the good of the public service. He agreed to *sanction* the equality of taxation *when the clergy and the nobility should be willing to renounce their pecuniary privileges*. He declared that all property must be respected, *especially tithes, feudal rights, and duties*. He invited the States to seek for and propose a means for reconciling the abolition of Letters of the Seal, arbitrary arrests, with the precautions necessary to the protection of families or for the repression of sedition. He declared that he would never change the constitution of the army, but agreed that other professions might be opened to all classes. He declared that the orders must continue separate, that the clergy must have a special veto upon the other orders in all matters pertaining to religion. Thus there could be no reforms in the Church, no reduction of the number of monasteries and convents, monks and nuns, nor any lessening of tithes. He declared that the proceedings of the Third Estate had been "illegal, unconstitutional, and void." If they wish to meet together this time they may do so, but must

not discuss in joint session the constitution of future States-General, the feudal and seignorial properties, nor the rights of the three orders, nor the privileges of money or of honour. Thus the entire Ancien Régime was removed from the jurisdiction of their joint meeting. He favoured liberty of the press if the States could find the means of reconciling it with the respect due to religion, to morals, and to the honour of the citizen. He agreed that the *taille* should be abolished, and that provincial assemblies should be organized throughout the kingdom. Internal custom-houses were to be abolished, and the salt duty modified. The captainries, hunting privileges, were to be reduced. He declared that the public should be excluded from future sessions of the States.

The nobles applauded the speech, but a stern voice from among the sullen deputies of the commons was heard to say, "Silence, there!"

The king commanded that the Assembly should break up at once, and that the deputies of the three orders should proceed to their separate halls to enact into law the royal plan of reform,—“which if you do not effect I myself will put in force.” Having delivered this bold speech, the king marched out, followed by the privileged orders. The commons kept their seats. Brézé comes fluttering in to hasten their departure. Going up to Bailly, the president, Brézé says, “Sir, you heard the king’s orders?” Bailly replied, “The Assembly adjourned yesterday to meet again after the royal session. I cannot dismiss it till it has deliberated.” Then, turning to the Assembly, he continued, “It seems to me that the Assembly cannot receive any orders.”

It was then that Mirabeau burst forth in that celebrated defiance of the people to the king: "Go and tell those who sent you that we are here by the will of the people, and nothing but the power of the bayonet shall drive us hence!"

More quietly, Siéyès announced the same purpose. "We are to-day what we were yesterday; let us deliberate." Barnave, Camus, Pétion, Buzot, Garat, Grégoire, spoke on the same line. Really there was no hesitation about the matter. Their plan of action had already been agreed on, as Bailly stated. They had not the faintest idea of altering their course. As Malouet said, "We had no other course to take; we owed France a Constitution." And they had solemnly sworn to give it to her.

Upon motion of Mirabeau, the Assembly declared its members inviolable, and denounced the punishment of death upon whoever should lay hands upon them. De Brézé had backed out of the hall, bowing as before a king, and he hastened away to seek further orders. The carpenters, who had been sent as in old times to oust the commons by dismantling the hall, had stopped hammering and were listening to the speeches. The nobles, who had jubilated over their conquest of the king, and who had hurried off to congratulate the queen, were becoming anxious again, for the commons were in full session. Necker was in the sulks, the people ominously gloomy, and the distracted king was walking the floor — a prey to anxious thoughts. In comes Brézé to announce that the commons defy the royal order to disperse, and declare that they will only yield to force. What is to be done with them? "Oh, let them alone," says the

king in a tone which implied that he was tired to death and wanted to dismiss the whole subject.

There is, however, another story. It is said that the radical court party was in favour of sending troops to expel the commons, and had secured Louis' consent. The plan miscarried because the nobles of the La Fayette party protested and threatened armed resistance. Whatever the truth may be as to the king's course, there is no doubt about that of the commons. They had come to stay, and they stayed.

The king decided wisely. It was too late to think of driving the Assembly out with bayonets. Public excitement was at fever heat. "The ferment," says Arthur Young, "is beyond all description. Ten thousand people have been all this day in the Palais-Royal." Versailles was in commotion. Five or six thousand men, in riotous mood and disorder, advance on the palace. The rumour is abroad that Necker is dismissed. The mob invades the gardens, terraces, and courts, forcing entrance even into the palace itself. "Necker! Necker!" is the cry. The queen is in terror. She begs the king to undo what he has done, and to retain Necker. The king yields, and Necker presents himself to the people. They hail him. They call him the father of the people. He weeps—being a vain person with a tender appreciation of flatteries. They crowd around him; some kneel and kiss his hands. "Yes, my children," says Necker, sniffing, "I remain. Be comforted." And he burst into tears. "Bless you, my children, and be comforted, I remain." And this Mr. Turveydrop from Geneva lifted his handkerchief decorously, dried his eyes, and retired to his cabinet.

Necker did remain, the mob dispersed; yet the situa-

tion continued full of trouble. The three orders were still separate, though many priests and some nobles had gone over to the commons. The mob takes a hand now in every movement, and brings its enormous power to bear. The gorgeous coach of the archbishop of Paris is savagely attacked, is spattered with mud, its windows broken with stones, and the frightened prelate escapes partly by promising to join the commons and partly by the speed of his horses. He joined the commons, accordingly, but immediately resigned.

The Assembly still met in the great hall, but they had to enter by a side door. The main entrance was kept shut by the king's order. The public was excluded, and the orator wasted his eloquence upon the desert air—for what orator gets a patient hearing from six hundred other orators?

In the meanwhile, the revolutionary elements in Paris grow more violent. The leaders are mostly substantial business men of the middle class. The municipal electors did not adjourn after choosing deputies. They remained in session for the purpose of controlling those deputies. They now take possession of a room in the Town-Hall and become the centre-wheel of the revolutionary action. They propose that Paris be armed, and that a citizen guard be formed. They fear the court, for the court has been concentrating troops around Paris and Versailles. The cry "To arms!" began to be heard on every hand. The contagion of revolution spread to the troops, and some of the ringleaders had to be confined to the guard-house. A mob went to their rescue, and delivered them.

In his address of June 23rd, the king had been made to say that he would never change the constitution of the



army. This was serving notice on the privates that they need never expect promotion. The nobles were to continue to monopolize the places of honour and power. The French Guards, quitting their barracks, fraternized with the people, were feasted, wined, and caressed, and declared that they would never fire upon the people. "We will defend the king, but we will not cut the throats of our fellow-citizens." Gouverneur Morris sees bands of soldiers parading the street, drunk, and huzzaing for the Third Estate. There is no mistaking the force of the popular current. A majority of the clergy go over to the commons, among them Talleyrand, who always knows when to leave a sinking ship. A large body of the nobles, including the Duke of Orleans, secede from their order, and unite with the Assembly. Evidently the day is lost, and on the 27th, just four days after the king had ordered that the States-General separate into three bodies, he issues another invitation for them to unite in one! The victory of the commons is complete.

When the deputies of the Third Estate took the Tennis-Court Oath, there was one member, Martin of Auch, who entered his protest; when the king commanded his nobles and clergy to unite with the commons, there was one member, Baron Lupé of Auch, who refused to obey. He kept on attending the separate chamber of the nobles, meeting, deliberating, and adjourning, all by himself, and running things just as he pleased, till the ushers finally locked him out. They probably drew some feeble comfort from the fact that they had at length found somebody whom the court could lock out. But Lupé was not to be discouraged. He continued to meet regularly outside the door, and solemnly to pace up and down before the hall each day,

representing in his person the separate existence of the noble order of privileged imbeciles.

When the union of the three orders became publicly known, the wildest joy prevailed. Multitudes thronged the courts of the palace cheering the king, the queen, the dauphin. Never were more affectionate manifestations of loyalty seen. All hearts were glad among the people, for they believed that every obstacle was removed, and that the work of regeneration would now commence. France was to be born again, and at once ! Even such observers as Morris and Jefferson considered the Revolution as happily ended.

## CHAPTER X

THE FALL OF THE BASTILLE; THE KING TO PARIS;  
REVOLUTIONARY MEASURES SANCTIONED; BAILLY;  
LA FAYETTE

“THE family is now complete,” said Bailly, first president of the Assembly, when the last of the nobles, yielding to the commands of the king, had entered the common hall. The family had seemed to be not only complete, but harmonious; yet it was far from being so.

The shouts which welcomed the union of the orders had hardly died away before the royalist reaction set in. The king's brothers, the queen, the priests and nobles of the anti-reform sort, convinced the king that he had made a terrible mistake in not following up his policy of June 23rd. In compelling the nobles and the clergy to join the commons, he had not only stultified himself, but he had thrown the reins of power into the hands of unknown men, bent upon unknown designs. There was no telling what they might do. In separate chambers the nobles and the clergy might have made some effective resistance to the encroachments of the commons; in the common hall they could not. The king's orders had cut the ground from under their feet, had humiliated them, and had fatally lowered the prestige of the king himself. Elated by their success, the commons would stop at nothing. They would overhaul the entire royal estab-

lishment, the whole fabric of monarchy, and there was no telling what would be left of the old order when the remodelling process should be finished.

Appealed to in this strain, the king veered round completely. He determined to resort to force. Necker was dismissed, and requested to leave France secretly, which he did. The queen even wished to have him arrested and punished.

A ministry of military men was formed with Bréteuil at the head of it — Bréteuil, the queen's favourite, a swaggerer, blusterer, and pompous do-nothing. The queen had been so imposed upon by his heroic manner, his imposing mien, his brave voice, and his confident manner of stamping his foot, that she verily believed he could puff the reform movement away with one blast of his resounding mouth.

This Bréteuil was aided in his warlike measures by the Marshal de Broglie. Broglie had served with credit in the Seven Years' War, had won a victory over the Prussians in the battle of Berghem, and, in regular warfare, had been a competent officer. But he was now very old, and was expected to learn the new trick of putting down a national revolt with soldiers whose sympathies were with the rebels. Like most commanders of regular troops, Broglie felt a profound contempt for undisciplined mobs. He believed that an imposing show of force was all that was needed to cow the people. An imposing show was consequently prepared. As actively as a veteran of seventy-one years could bustle, the old marshal bustled. His mansion was made military headquarters. He filled it with scribes, Pharisees, orderlies, couriers, and aides-de-camp. His staff was brilliant, and it was

busy. Despatches flew, hurrying messengers galloped, wise heads bent over council board, sage arrangements were mapped out, and a portentous display, generally, kept up. It all amounted to nothing. Troops were thrown between Paris and Versailles, the bridges were seized, and the environs of the two cities occupied by the foreign mercenaries. Just enough was done to create wild alarm and ungovernable fury among Frenchmen who saw themselves threatened by Swiss, Austrians, Belgians, and Germans : just enough to arouse Paris to madness, and to cause her to clamour for arms, and to go to work desperately on her measures of self-defence.

It was noon on the Sunday of July 12th before the news of Necker's dismissal reached Paris. It created at first a stupor, a feeling of terror. People could not realize it, so sudden was this ominous thunder from a sky which had seemed so clear. Nobody had told the Parisians of the change which the queen's party had wrought in the king. Nobody had warned them of the storm which was about to burst upon them. They were yet happy in the belief that all was serene, that the union of the three orders was an accepted fact, and that all which now remained for the States-General to do was to make the Constitution.

When the first messenger arrived at the Palais-Royal and told the holiday crowds there that Bréteuil, Broglie, and Foulon were ministers, and that Necker had been banished, the report was angrily contradicted and the messenger insulted. No one could believe it. What? Necker exiled and the government turned over to such detested aristocrats as Broglie and Bréteuil — to such a creature as old Foulon, who had said that "if the people

were hungry they might eat grass"? Had not these three men been long well known—more especially Foulon, who had said "France needs to be mowed"?

Incredulity was general. How could the king have done it? But when at noon the report was confirmed, the revulsion of feeling was terrific. Unbounded rage seized the people—rage mingled with fear. If Necker was gone, and those three men in office, the change could have but one meaning. The court had decided to use force. The foreign bands encamped in the suburbs of Paris were to be hurled against the city. At any moment the tramp of armed battalions might be heard. The clash of arms was now inevitable and the people were totally unprepared. Wild was the tumult, fierce the cries, intense the fury of the Parisians. In the Palais-Royal gardens surging crowds made the place roar with clamorous disorder, as a thousand discordant tongues gave voice to rage, dismay, frantic advice, or daring resolves and desperate defiance,

In the midst of the hubbub a young man broke from the crowd, sprang upon a table, and shouted at the top of his voice:—

"The dismissal of Necker is the signal of massacre. The German troops encamped in the Field of Mars will march upon us to-night to butcher us. There will be a St. Bartholomew of patriots. We must arm ourselves."

"Let us hoist a cockade!" continued the orator. "We must have a rallying sign, a badge: what shall it be, red, the colour of the free order of the Cincinnati, or green, the colour of hope?"

"Green!" shouted the crowd.

Snatching a twig from the tree overhead he pinned

the leaf to his coat ; the crowd did the same, and the trees were stripped of their foliage by the excited people. Still standing upon the table, his long, black hair streaming, his dark eyes aflame, and his sallow face fired with enthusiasm, he drew his pistols, brandished them, and shouted to the maddened crowd : " Friends ! The police are here ! They watch me, but I will not fall into their hands alive. I call my brethren to liberty ! To arms ! To arms ! " The cry, taken up by thousands, rang throughout the gardens, " To arms ! To arms ! "

The young man who thus leaped into fame was Camille Desmoulins, cultured, brilliant, magnetic, and brave. To day he is the hero, his voice thrills all hearts, all know him, all love and follow. As he gets down from the table he is nearly smothered by hugs and kisses : patriots bless him, weep over him, shout his name with fervent pride. In a to-morrow distant yet some four years his voice will again be heard ; and it will not thrill, nor will the mob know him, love, or obey him. He will be in tumbril, hands tied behind his back, on his way to the guillotine. No longer a hero, furious multitudes will revile him as the cart moves slowly on.

" Don't you know me ? I am Camille ! I am he who started the Revolution. Save me ! Don't let them kill me ! I am Camille ! "

Wildly pleading, infinitely piteous, frantically earnest rang out the once thrilling voice. It thrills no more. The cart rolls on ; the mob rolls on ; nobody remembers Camille as " he who commenced the Revolution. " Only as a victim is he now followed, and the mob roars approval as the guillotine shears away that once so lofty head. Saturn had devoured his first-born.

The Palais-Royal crowd, inspired by Camille's appeal and example, poured forth into the streets, bearing at the head of the procession busts of Necker and the Duke of Orleans, veiled. Other thousands joined them, and soon all Paris was in the streets, parading, fiercely shouting, and spreading the cry, "To arms!" The troops, foreign regiments, were ordered to disperse the procession, and did so, killing one man, a soldier of the French Guards. There was already a feud between the foreign mercenaries and the French Guards, and this incident deepened it fatally.

It is interesting to notice that Mr. Jefferson, American minister to France, passed in his carriage between the troops and the people just before their first collision, during that memorable Sunday afternoon, July 12th, 1789. According to his version, a body of German cavalry, about one hundred strong, supported by two hundred Swiss in the rear, were drawn up in the Place Louis XV. They were there to guard the statue of the late "Well-beloved" from insult. A crowd of citizens gathered, indignation was felt and expressed, and in a short while the citizens began to stone the troops. On account of the rough nature of the ground, building materials being heaped and scattered all about, the cavalry could not act successfully, and they were forced to retire, with the loss of one man. He either fell off his horse, or was knocked off, and was taken prisoner. The Germans fired several pistol-shots, but none of them took effect.

Gouverneur Morris, another American, who soon succeeded Jefferson as minister, also witnessed the fray, and gives substantially the same account. These Germans were under command of the Prince Lambesc, and he,



according to Jefferson, drew off his troops, and soon led them out of Paris towards Versailles to keep them from being massacred by the now fiercely aroused people. Either in coming or going, this squad of German horsemen charged through the Tuileries gardens, where hundreds of peaceful citizens were enjoying their Sabbath evening promenade, and one old man was knocked down and wounded, some women rudely jostled, and everybody made furiously angry. It was reported and believed that Lambesc himself had sabred this old gray-headed citizen. The enraged Parisians poured out of the gardens screaming, cursing, yelling, to tell their story all over the city, and to add to the universal madness. The alarm bell was rung, drums beat, armorer shops were broken into and weapons seized, and a great mob rushed to the Town-Hall demanding arms. Play-houses were closed, and at the opera the curtain was dropped at the command of the mob.

The French Guards, having heard that one of their comrades had been killed, and that the Tuileries had been invaded, broke out of their barracks and drew up in line of battle in front of the German squad which Prince Lambesc had posted near by.

"Who goes?" is the challenge of the French Guards.

"The Royal German," answers the foreigner.

"Are you for the Third Estate?"

"We are for those who command us," responded the Germans.

"Fire!" and a volley is poured by the French into the Germans. One is killed, several wounded, and the rest fly.

Royal officers order up the foreign troops who are

camped in the Field of Mars. The French Guards receive them with levelled muskets; the mercenaries refuse to fight, and the officers draw them off. The French Guards encamp for the night between the quarters of the mercenaries and the people. They fear to return to their barracks, dreading a surprise attack. They are now mutineers, and they carry their lives in their hands.

The night was one of terror, of tumult, of wide-rolling disorder. Barricades sprang up in the street, the custom-houses at the city gates (barriers) were on fire, occasional shots were heard, and in the darkness patrols were heard marching. Good citizens strove to organize the insurrection, keep it within bounds, and direct it towards patriotic results. Bad citizens took advantage of the situation to indulge lawless passions; they plundered, burnt, and murdered. The palaces of Lambesc and Bréteuil were sacked. The electors of Paris, acting as the revolutionary town government, strained every nerve to deal with the crisis, but were more or less deluged by the flood of popular passion.

In the meantime, what was being done or said at Versailles? What thought the Assembly of all this? What thought the king? The king thought lightly of it. Malouet says, "The disdain with which the popular party was talked of at court persuaded the princes that they had only to put on their hats to disperse it, and when the moment came they did not even know how to put on their hats." As to the Assembly, it had heard only vague rumours. Already, on the 8th of July, the Assembly, moved thereto by Mirabeau, in one of his greatest speeches, had sent an imposing deputation to the king beseeching him to remove the troops. Louis

had refused. He had shown a much greater disposition to remove the Assembly; and offered to send it to Noyon or Soissons. On July 13th, under pressure of the terrible state of affairs in Paris, the Assembly again implored the king to remove the troops. Again he refused. With the fitful obstinacy so common among irresolute men, Louis determined to stand his ground, reassured perhaps by the soldierly voice and martial stamp of Bréteuil, the queen's man of war.

"If it be necessary to burn Paris, burn Paris," said the Marshal de Broglie, with impressive fierceness, as if saying it was doing it. Bréteuil swaggered and looked deep. Broglie swaggered and talked loud. Councils of war were had, orders fell in showers, couriers, orderlies, staff-officers, rattled and clanged and galloped. Really it looked most regular and military and irresistible, and yet the squalid rascallions of Paris, countenanced and led by the strong, determined middle class, were hammering away at the monarchy as though Broglie and Bréteuil were creatures of the imagination.

The Assembly in something of a panic, between royal armies and insurgent mobs, comforted themselves with heroic speeches, Roman style, sealed up their precious archives for fear the king would seize them, remained in permanent session, resolving to be, like the Romans, "fearless amid the crash of worlds." For seventy-two hours they remained in session, momentarily expecting an attack from the king. Between nods they emitted Roman heroics, and awaited in dignity and drowsy firmness the anticipated assault.

In Paris there was confident expectation of an attack by the troops, 25,000 strong, still massed around the city.

Nobody could conceive of such a thing as the insurrection's going unpunished. A fight was looked for by one and all, — a fight between the royal troops and the revolted people. To get ready for it, — that was the overmastering necessity of the patriots.

On Monday morning by six o'clock the bells were ringing the alarm from all the steeples. The streets filled, and squads rushed from place to place, hunting arms and ammunition. The royal troops were expected every moment. Flesselles, the mayor of the old royal municipality, promised the people arms, but threw them off on false trails. He did not wish them to have arms. He was devoted to the king, and in communication with him.

Moreau de St. Méry, president of the electoral body which was acting as town council, famous for his three thousand orders at one sitting, was perhaps as nearly equal to the emergency as it was in the power of any inexperienced mortal to be. A Citizen Guard was authorized and an army of nearly fifty thousand men almost literally sprang into being at the word. Pikes were ordered made, in default of guns, and every forge in Paris was soon ringing under the hammers.

The 12,000 beggars who were kept at work by the government on the hill of Montmartre, threw down their spades, and crowded into the city to swell its lawless hordes. Beggars and tramps poured in from the surrounding country. The prisoners broke out of the jails. The mobs sacked the Convent of St. Lazare, where the monks had amassed a tempting surplus of grain and other good things. The hungry and ragged wretches feasted at their leisure on the larder of the monks, hung a rascal or two of their own number who were caught

stealing, and hauled away fifty wagon-loads of grain, to be sold for the benefit of the poor. Some thirty of the mob, lingering too long in the cellar where the wine was flowing from the mighty casks, were found the next day, dead or dying, — drowned in the flood of wine.

Prisoners who had been jailed for debt were liberated ; the real criminals were put back in prison. At the dungeon called the Châtelet, the criminals were battering down the doors. The jailers called upon a band of patriots for help, and got it. They poured a volley into the mutineers and quieted them.

A cockade was chosen, the colours red, white and blue, — the famous tricolour which La Fayette, who had suggested it, predicted would go round the world. Red and blue were the colours of the city of Paris, white of the monarchy, — the union made the national emblem. Camille's green badges had been discarded because they were the colours of the detested Count of Artois.

Bertrand de Molleville writes : " It would be difficult to paint the disorder, fermentation, and alarm that prevailed in the capital during this dreadful day ; a city taken by storm and delivered up to the soldiers' fury could not present a more dreadful picture. Imagine detachments of cavalry and dragoons making their way through different parts of the town at full gallop to the posts assigned them ; trains of artillery rolling over the pavement with a monstrous noise ; bands of ill-armed ruffians, and women drunk with brandy, running through the streets like furies, breaking the shops open, and spreading terror everywhere by their howlings, mingled with frequent reports from guns or pistols fired in the air ; all the barriers on fire ; thousands of smugglers taking advantage

of the tumult to hurry in their goods; the alarm-bells ringing in almost all the churches; a great part of the citizens shutting themselves up at home, loading their guns, and burying their money, papers, and valuable effects in cellars and gardens; and during the night the town paraded by numerous patrols of citizens of every class and of both sexes,—for many women were seen with muskets or pikes upon their shoulders.”

It is important to remember that the Revolution in Paris was still in the hands of its substantial citizens. The mob might be led by criminals, but the Revolution itself was being led by men of character, property, and laudable views. The prosperous middle class (*bourgeoisie*), however earnest in tearing down the old order was keenly alive to the importance of protecting its shops, its dwellings, and its own precious persons.

The Citizen Guard was organized as much for police purposes as for war with the king. In its ranks were the representative men of the middle class. The command in chief was offered to the Duke d’Aumont, a noble, and while he deliberated on the offer, the Marquis la Salle was named second in command, and the first place was left vacant. When D’Aumont finally declined, the Marquis de la Fayette was unanimously chosen.

On Monday, July 13th, Dr. Guillotine and two of the Paris electors had attended the deputation which went to the king to urge the withdrawal of the troops. About noon these electors returned to Paris, bearing the king’s reply—his refusal to remove them. There was nothing left but civil war. All realized it. “We go to meet the enemy,” wrote gallant young royal officers to their lady

loves. "Civil war is now inevitable," said the Count of Narbonne to Madame de Staël.

With the Parisians the pressing need of the hour was to make ready for the fray. Guns and ammunition were fiercely sought in every direction. The shops of armourers having been swiftly emptied, the people turn to the public buildings, seizing wherever they can all weapons, ancient and modern, big and little, useful and useless. From halberds to pikes, from pistols to cannon, from clubs and scythe-blades to swords and muskets, they snatch at anything which seems reasonably fitted for the purpose of slaying fellow-Christians. On July 13th the Warehouse and the Arsenal are sacked: from the former they get some old-fashioned arms, from the latter some powder which was just in the act of being sent from the city. In the meantime, the gunsmiths were never so busy: the bellows blow, the anvils ring, and pikes are made with marvellous rapidity: 50,000 are ready in thirty-six hours. Powder coming down the Seine, and on its way to Versailles, is seized and distributed to exultant patriots. The French Guards, coming over to the people, bring their cannon. Verily, on the side of the people things are getting in shape for the inevitable fight. That fighting would follow such a revolt, no patriot doubted. That the royalists would surrender to the Revolution without a blow, no mortal could suspect. Hence the entire day of July 13th was spent by the Parisians in feverish efforts to get ready, in eager search for arms, in hurried organizing of volunteers. The city gates were shut, no one was allowed to pass out, so great was the fear of treachery. Night fell, and it was another night of noise, of commotion, of ter-

ror, and of preparation. Patrols scoured the streets, on the lookout for the robber or the invader. Torches flared in the gloom, and lamps hung from windows—to guard against lurking foe and surprise attack. And the hammer never ceased to ring upon the anvil, as pike after pike was beaten into shape and thrown upon the growing pile. All Paris was awake, all Paris was more or less in terror, and not only did thousands of volunteer troops rest upon their arms, such as they were, but in every section of the city the revolutionary committees were on guard, and at the great Town-Hall, the central committee sat in permanence, ready for any emergency.

Why did the royalists make no attack? Many are the reasons assigned. Some say that Versailles did not yet realize the gravity of the situation at Paris. Others say that the troops were disaffected, and that the officers dared not trust them. Again, we are told that the queen, the Polignacs, and the Artois party had planned their grand attack for a day later, the night of the 14th. But above all we are assured that the king forbade bloodshed, and that his refusal to give orders for the troops to act ruined everything. Whatever the reason, the revolt was given full swing, and on it went unmolested, gathering strength and confidence.

At daybreak, on July 14th, the alarm-bell began to peal forth from every church-tower in Paris. The shops remained closed, countless multitudes soon filled the streets. The wildest rumours flew—rumours of what the royalists were doing, or intending to do; rumours also of what the patriots meant to do. The supply of arms and ammunition being insufficient, the cry for



arms still resounded. Already, on the day before, the people had spoken of breaking into the Hotel of the Invalides, Military Hospital, and into the Bastille to get more arms; and now on the 14th the vague talk of the day before began to shape itself into action.

One branch of the mob took its way to the Invalides, where no resistance was made, and where the patriots, led by the curé of St. Étienne du Mont, and Ethys de Corny, seized 28,000 muskets and three cannon. Says Baron Thiébault, who was in the party, "For want of horses we harnessed ourselves to the guns, and, proud of our luck—I can hardly say victory—we brought them back in triumph to the Feuillants"—his section.

But while this comparatively small crowd had invaded the Hospital, and had rifled it of its store of arms, vaster forces were moving towards greater deeds elsewhere. "To the Bastille!" had been a 'requent cry on the 13th; on the 14th it seemed as if all Paris had by ten o'clock taken up the cry—"To the Bastille!" Countless thousands poured towards the hoary fortress, merchants from thriving shops, lawyers from the busy office, unemployed workmen from squalid St. Antoine, servants out of place, and soldiers who no longer served.

The Bastille was no longer the Cave of Horrors it had once been. Under Louis XVI. political prisoners had been released, and there were now but seven unfortunates in the dungeon. One of these was a man named Whyte. He had been in there many, many years,—no one could tell why. He had lost his reason, but no one knew when. Who had put him in prison? Nobody could say. Why was he put in prison? Neither records nor men could answer.

The governor of the Bastille, at this time, was De Launay, a brave old man whose head was not very strong. His garrison consisted of thirty-two Swiss, two gunners, and eighty-two invalided French soldiers. His stock of provisions was small, but he had plenty of ammunition, muskets and cannon to spare, and the walls of his fortress were thick, strong, and high. It is evident that if he was going to hold the fort, he ought to have shot and kept shooting; if he was going to surrender, he should not have fired a gun. Had he used his cannon vigorously, the patriots must necessarily have retreated. Had he simply shut himself up in his fortress shell, terrapin-like, the mob could not have got in. The old governor lost his head. He fired his cannon once, enough to enrage the people, who saw the killed and wounded. Then he stopped firing. Instead of keeping his gates shut, he began to parley, and to open them. The crowd rushed through one of these gates into the outer courtyard, the gate was then closed and the assailants shot down. Hence the cry of "Treason!" and the furious rage of the multitudes outside. The fight was renewed, the outer gates (or drawbridges) taken and the outer walls scaled. Then the white flag was hoisted. De Launay, half distracted, rushed to the magazine to blow up the fortress. He was prevented by his own men. Some of the garrison, probably the Swiss, fired on the in-coming crowds after the white flag was raised, adding thereby to the frenzy of the mob. De Launay at last agreed to surrender upon condition that the lives of the garrison should be spared; but the maddened crowd which rushed in and took possession knew nothing, or cared nothing, about these terms.

Some of the prisoners were butchered—one of them being the soldier who had prevented the governor from firing the magazine and blowing up the fortress. De Launay himself was murdered as he was being carried to the Town-Hall. His head was hewn off, fixed on a pike, and carried in ghastly triumph through the streets. Flesselles, the official head of the old city government of Paris, had deceived the people on the question of getting arms. It was said, also, that in De Launay's pocket had been found a note from Flesselles, bidding him hold out; that help was coming. Flesselles was arrested, shot, and his head, set on a pike, paraded through the streets.

From the Diary and Letters of Gouverneur Morris, we quote: "During the hours of fright, tumult, and horror in Paris, when the body of De Launay, after being kicked and dragged through the gutter, was left lying, with many other victims, in the Place de Grève, the Count of Artois at Versailles held high carnival in the Orangery, and with dances, songs, feasting, and wine entertained the foreign soldiery.

"The queen, Count d'Artois, and the Duchess de Polignac had been all day tampering with two regiments, who were made almost drunk, and every officer was presented to the king who was induced to give promises, money, etc., to these regiments. They shouted, 'Live the queen!' etc., and their bands came and played under her Majesty's windows. In the meantime, Marshal Broglie was tampering with the artillery. The plan was to reduce Paris by famine, and take two hundred members of the Assembly prisoners. But they found that the troops would not act against the country. Of course these plans could not be carried into effect. They took care, however,

not to inform the king of all the mischiefs. At two o'clock in the morning, the Duke of Liancourt went into his bed-chamber, waked him, and told him all."

Louis knew less than any groom in his stable of what was going on in Paris. In his diary, where he recorded from day to day the progress of great events, such as quail shootings, he had set down under date of July 14th, the word "Rien"—nothing. No birds shot that day, no deer of the forest slain. A dull day—"nothing"—and the diary being duly posted, the king goes to bed.

The Duke of Liancourt, having right of entry at all hours, makes his way to the king's room, wakes him, tells him all: troops defied, insurrection organized, royal magazines plundered, mayor murdered, Bastille taken, and De Launay slain. The startled king exclaimed, "Why, that is a revolt!"

"No, sire, it is a revolution."

Again, on the 15th, the Assembly appointed a deputation to wait upon the king and to urge him to remove the troops, dismiss the war party from the Ministry, and to aid the Assembly in restoring quiet. As the twenty-four deputies were about to leave on their mission, Mirabeau thundered:—

"Go and tell the king that the foreign hordes by which we are invested were visited yesterday by the princes and the princesses, by his male and female favourites, who lavished on them caresses, appeals, and gifts. Tell him that all night long these foreign satellites, gorged with wine and gold, have predicted, in their impious songs, the slavery of France; and that their brutal vows have invoked the destruction of the National Assembly. Tell him that in his very palace his courtiers have danced to

the sound of this barbarous music, and that such was the opening scene of the day of St. Bartholomew.”<sup>1</sup>

Just as the delegation, headed by La Fayette, was leaving the hall, the Duke of Liancourt entered, asked permission to make an important statement, and announced that the king was on his way to visit the Assembly. “Let us receive him in silence,” said Mirabeau the dramatic; “the silence of the people is the lesson of kings.” Resolved accordingly. But when the king appeared at the door, attended only by his brothers, without guards, flunkys, or De Brézés of ceremony, the Assembly rose spontaneously and cheered him.

Louis had been tutored by the Duke of Liancourt during the small hours of that dreadful Bastille night, and he was now won over completely to the programme of conciliation and concession. In a simple, manly address he regretted the tumults which had occurred, promised to coöperate with the Assembly in restoring quiet, declared that he had already given orders for the withdrawal of the troops, and promised to recall Necker.

Enthusiastic applause greets this speech, and as the monarch is retiring to return to the palace on foot, the whole Assembly rises to go with him,—a voluntary guard of honour,—and joining hands in a great circle around him, they escort him through the huzzaing crowd. Joy beams in every eye, all faces are radiant, all voices

<sup>1</sup> It is curious to read Carlyle's statement that Mirabeau had no hand in this crisis, and that “he was sad of heart, occupied with sad cares, and withdrawn from History,”—his father having just died. In the *Memoirs of General Thiébault*, we find that it was a grievance of his that on the evening of the 15th he, an officer in charge of troops reconnoitring between Paris and Versailles, was made to do the duty of a post-boy in carrying a love-letter of Mirabeau to one of his mistresses, a lady who lived at Chaillot.

shout "Long live the king!" and he returns to his palace in triumph.

A poor woman pushes her way to the king, anxious to know the truth as many worthy people are, and earnestly asks the king:—

"Are you really in earnest? Won't they make you change again?"

"I will never change," answers Louis, stoutly, and everybody cheers more lustily than ever.

All hearts were happy; the queen was cheered, the dauphin was cheered; the band of the Swiss Guard struck up the air, "Where can one better be than in the bosom of one's family"; the royal family appeared on the balcony, and again and again the loyal cry went up, "Long live the king!" Even then a firm adherence to the Liancourt policy of conciliation and concession might have steadied the tottering throne.

What part did the Duke of Orleans play in all this? The insurrection commenced in his garden, under the windows of his palace; it was encouraged and led by men who were in his pay, or who were devoted to his fortune,—men who hoped to put him at the head of the government and rule in his name. Among those who secretly favoured Orleans and intrigued for him were Mirabeau, Talleyrand, and Lauzun. Mirabeau, and perhaps Talleyrand also, had urged the duke to take advantage of the panic among the royalists which prevailed on July 15th, to present himself at the palace and to demand of the king the lieutenant-generalship of the kingdom. The conspirators felt that such an appointment would be but the prelude to the deposition of Louis XVI. and the ac-

cession of Orleans as a constitutional monarch. The duke presented himself at the palace accordingly, but his courage oozed away, and instead of stating any demand, he made an abject surrender, tendering his support and offering to go to England if his presence in France were deemed injurious to his king. Great was the wrath of Mirabeau ! "He is a hermaphrodite in crime !" he exclaimed contemptuously of the duke ; "he would, but cannot."

Before we conclude that the Mirabeau plan was impracticable, let us reflect that it was by the same side-door of the lieutenant-generalship that Orleans' son, Louis Philippe, in 1830, entered into power and secured the crown which his father had vainly coveted. And who was Louis Philippe's adviser in 1830 when he took the lieutenant-generalship ? Talleyrand.

While transports of joy were intoxicating Versailles, as we have seen, Paris remained in a state of alarm. The troops had not been removed, but had been reënforced. Nobody felt safe.

But the dead had to be buried — the dead patriots who had fallen in the attack on the Bastille. There were nearly a hundred of these, and many of them had left wives and children who were destitute. Charity was invoked in their behalf. Beside the body of the dead, a hat would be placed, and his comrades would say to the passers-by, "Sir, give something for this poor fellow who was killed for the nation." "Madam, it is for this poor fellow who died for France."

At two o'clock arrives, breathless from running, a man who exclaims, "It is all over, the Revolution is finished ; the king went into the Assembly and said, 'I trust my-

self to you.' A hundred deputies are now on their way from Versailles, sent by the Assembly to Paris."

The deputies, eighty-eight in number, headed by Bailly, La Fayette, Lally-Tollendal, Siéyès, enter the distracted city, preceded by the French Guards, the Swiss, officers of the newly organized city militia, and deputies of the Paris electors. They march up the Rue St. Honore to the sound of trumpets. It is a triumphal procession. The wildest demonstrations of joy greet them. There is endless enthusiasm, shoutings, huggings, and kissings. There is much eloquence and many tears. The deputies of the Assembly apostrophize the flags of the French Guards, kiss them, and weep over them. The soldier who had been the first to arrest De Launay was led in triumph in De Launay's chariot, crowned with laurel.

There being no regular mayor of Paris, Bailly is chosen by acclamation to be mayor of the redeemed city. The newly organized militia still being without a commander-in-chief, all voices name La Fayette for the place.

The archbishop of Paris now suggests that they all go to church and return thanks to God—and they do so. The archbishop had been most active in plotting and counselling against the people, had urged the king to that fatal royal session, had done his utmost to keep the nobles and clergy from joining the Third Estate, and was at heart a bitter foe to the movement of reform; but the manner in which the mob had assailed his carriage and attempted his life, had left a deep impression upon his mind, and he now leaped from the king's side to that of the people, and led the way to a Thank God service at the Church of Our Lady.

But Paris was not yet contented; the king himself



must come, and subscribe to the new order of things. With a heavy heart, and after partaking of the Last Sacrament, as though he were going to execution, the king set out for Paris on the 17th. Attended by several hundred members of the Assembly, but without military guard, he reached the city gates at three o'clock. Bailly met him there and presented the keys. "These are the same keys which were presented to Henry IV.; he had reconquered his people, now the people have reconquered their king."

Preceded by the French Guards, who marched in line dragging their cannon after them, encircled by enormous multitudes of silent citizens, — silent save when they cheered La Fayette, or Bailly, or the Nation, — the king rode on to the Town-Hall, virtually a captive. Two hundred thousand men under arms were there to receive him, and as he entered a masonic arch of swords was made, and the monarch walked under it.

The cockade of the Revolution was put upon the king's hat, and revolutionary oratory was poured upon him in copious streams. Bailly spoke, Moreau de St. Méry spoke, Lally spoke and wept. Whenever Lally did the one thing, he invariably did the other. His own eloquence was more than he could resist. After the orators were done, they hinted to the king that he now might also speak. He spoke accordingly, but confined himself to saying, "You may always rely on my affection." He ratified all that had been done, including the appointments of La Fayette and Bailly.

The managers of the revolutionary movement were satisfied. They had got what they wanted. The king might now go. He went, cheered by the people as he

was led to his carriage. La Fayette boasted to Morris that he regulated by signs to the people the amount of applause the king should get. Men with bottles stopped the horses, drank the health of the king with his attendants, while he smiled and said nothing. A market woman, smelling loudly of fish, doubtless, caught the helpless monarch to her ample bosom and hugged him. Still he said nothing. It was not in him to say a word, grave or gay, bold or pathetic, which would strike the imagination, fire the heart, or stir the sympathies of his people. He was a mere log, floating on a current which was bearing him out to the shoreless sea. Arriving safely at Versailles at nine that evening, he was escorted to the palace by deputies of the Assembly, and received by his family, almost as one risen from the dead.

That night the first emigration took place. The queen's pets fled the kingdom. They had done an immense deal to raise the storm, and they ran for shelter at the first patterings of the rain. The Count of Artois, the Condés, the Contis, the Polignacs, Broglie, Lambesc, Bréteuil — they all fled, leaving the king and queen in a deserted palace, and in danger of hideous death.

"But the queen asked us to go," said the Polignac woman, by way of defence, when reproached for the desertion.

"So I did," said the queen, sadly, long afterwards; "but I did not think she would go. Besides, I saw that she was anxious to leave. The moment I had need of her, she left me."

Talleyrand advised D'Artois strongly against this cowardly desertion of the king. When his counsels were rejected, he said, "Every one must now look out for himself." And he passed over to the revolutionists.

The fall of the Bastille was one of the decisive events of history. During the siege, less than a hundred men were killed on the side of the patriots, and only one on the side of the garrison; but the results were greater than those which follow battles where the slain are numbered by the tens of thousands. The Bastille was the chief state prison and citadel of the Ancien Régime. To hold Paris, to suppress mob violence in Paris, to maintain triumphantly the king's authority over Paris, were objects which the Bastille was believed to be easily capable of answering. That a disorderly rabble, equipped with pikes, swords, muskets, and drums, could ever storm the Bastille and take it, seemed incredible. With the right sort of men inside of it to defend it, it would have been incredible. Louis had numbers of the right sort of men, but they were never in the right place at the right time. There were 136 barrels of powder in the magazines, and the cannon on the battlements commanded every avenue of approach. The besieged were absolutely out of the range of the besiegers. To fight safely from within the fortress, it was only necessary that the garrison should stay on the inside of the walls, and not stick their heads out of the portholes. Had Bouillé been there, or D'Agoust, or Dumouriez, or Besenval, the place would almost certainly have remained the king's fortress; but they were some where else — as the king's effective men usually were.

Thus a mob, hastily collected and unorganized, led by Elie and Hulin, one a French Guard and the other a servant in Hungarian dress, invest an impregnable fortress, pepper away with muskets and pistols at walls which the cannon of that day could not have shattered; they shout, roar, curse, and threaten until the governor

and his garrison give way to the noise, and from within the shelter of invincible walls beg mercy from the mob which is outside and cannot get in! Twenty-five thousand royal troops are near by, knowing what is going on, but no relief comes. De Launay was perhaps credited with having sense enough to keep the gates shut, and therefore no relief was thought necessary.

Symbol of the feudal tyranny, fortress and prison of the old order, the Bastille's fall seemed to the world the fall of the monarchy. It was a revelation of the strength of the people. Patriots hailed it, in all lands, as the beginning of a new era. La Fayette sent one of the keys to Washington—a patriot's tribute to a patriot. The Duke of Dorset, English ambassador, in his official despatch announces the accomplishment of the greatest revolution in history, and declares that France is a free country from that moment.

The news was received with transports of delight by patriots in Germany, Switzerland, in England and America. Even in Russia, Ségur declares that people of all nations rushed into each other's arms in the streets of St. Petersburg, and congratulated each other on the fall of the Bastille. Russian ladies set lights in their windows in honour of the event; Danish fathers wept as they explained to their sons what it all meant.

Cold, cold are the ashes of all this noble enthusiasm now; burnt out were the fires long ago; but the world had never known so general a feeling as then existed among all peoples that the day of human freedom had dawned, and that the fall of the Bastille had sounded the knell of all feudalisms, all governmental oppressions.

## CHAPTER XI

THE FIRST EMIGRATION; NECKER RETURNS; WAR ON  
THE CHÂTEAUX; LA FAYETTE; BERTHIER AND FOULON  
SLAIN

THE Polignacs, fleeing for dear life and barely making good their escape from the kingdom, saw Necker at Basle, and were the first to tell him of the great things which had happened in France since the king had invited him to get out. They told him that the people had demanded his recall, and that the king had granted it. Necker, thereupon, waited for the couriers, who duly arrived with the royal summons. If anything could deepen the conviction of the Necker family that Necker was the one man who could save the nation, ride the whirlwind, and direct the storm, it was the continuous ovation given him all along the route from Basle to Versailles. It was a royal progress. Such rejoicings, such acclamations, such singings and dancings, such showerings of flowers, beatings of drums, tooting of horns, and miscellaneous huggings and kissings had never been seen even in the progress of a monarch. Necker was touched to tears; so was his wife; so was his daughter. Reaching Versailles, royalty itself hailed the great man as a deliverer.

Very low are the once proud heads of king and queen and courtier. They are scared. The Bastille is being pulled down by victorious rebels who have compelled the

king to christen them patriots. A new army has arisen, commanded by the odious La Fayette. The old royal army has melted away ; regiment after regiment has deserted the white flag of the Bourbons. None remain but the foreign mercenaries, mainly Swiss. The war minister, Bréteuil, who only wanted three days to bring Paris to its senses, has had his three days, has been brought to his senses, and is running at full speed to hide himself beyond the frontier. Broglie, general-in-chief, barely escapes from vengeful hands as he too seeks shelter far away from the Paris he spoke of burning. Gay D'Artois and his fighting party had taken to horse at daybreak, some days ago, and ingloriously galloped off.

On Saturday, July 18th, a young patriot officer came to Bailly and told him that on the previous day, being at Franconville, on the Pontoise road, he had seen a troop of cavaliers galloping by at full speed, a troop composed of many princes and nobles of the court, and that if he had had a sufficient force at hand he would have arrested the runaways. These fugitives were D'Artois and company.

They were the hot-headed gallants who had wanted the reform movement crushed by armed force. Out they go, under whip and spur, at break of day, clattering along the Pontoise road at full speed, racing for the frontier, — for Italy and for Germany, — to return no more till their plottings and conspiracies have led monarchical Europe against revolutionary France, have maddened France into murdering all traitors at home to intimidate traitors abroad, and have at length brought the fatherland to its knees, bleeding from every pore. Then, at length, the brave D'Artois and company will show themselves again, skulking back to France in the rear of foreign armies.

Gone from Versailles, also, is the Abbé Vermond. He was known to be one of the most sinister advisers of the queen. He was known to have intrigued against Turgot, for the Archbishop Brienne ; against Necker, for the Archbishop Brienne ; and to have opposed Calonne's plan of reform, in the interest of Brienne. He was known to be the evil genius of the queen, and the men who had slain Flesselles were looking towards Vermond with fierce and hungry eyes. The queen knew it, the priest knew it, and the discreet abbé tucked up his gown and trotted off — never to come back.

Yes, the fair-weather friends of the king and queen had all gone, leaving explicit directions concerning the forwarding of their pensions, salaries, and perquisites. Silent were the stately avenues of Versailles, deserted were all the terraces, echoless were the Belvedere and the Temple of Love. Alleged Turks no longer played at classic rape in the moonlit gardens, and bore away alleged Vestals to dim retreats and mysterious pleasures. A shadow has fallen upon Little Trianon and all its beauties — a shadow deep as death. The marble corridors, the glorious arched galleries, have almost ceased to echo with the footsteps of those who come and go ; there is nothing to be gained now by dancing attendance at the palace. The antechamber is empty ; there are no longer any offices to be given or pensions to be lavished, and the blue-blooded paupers, the hereditary beggars, are gone.

The very servants have turned patriots, and the king's musicians dress themselves in the uniform of the National Guard. The valet is almost a spy on the king, and comes forward to read papers put into the royal

hand. La Fayette has called away the last company of the old royal troops, and the palace is now guarded by patriots.

This is the changed Versailles to which Necker returns, coming as the conquering hero comes. Royally received at Versailles by the people, by the king, and by the Assembly, he makes a formal entry into Paris on July 30th, and on this day Necker scaled the mountain-top of his glory. Paris went wild over him. At the Town-Hall there was a delirium of joy. Every soul was running over with happiness. Bonaparte himself never evoked greater transports. Necker wept; Necker's family wept; Necker's admirers wept. He appeared on the balcony, his daughter on one side, kissing one hand; his wife on the other side, kissing the other hand. O for more hands, for others to kiss! His daughter says she fainted with emotion.

To crown the felicities of such a day what could be more graceful than to proclaim a universal amnesty? Kings had always done this on such radiant occasions. Why not grace the day with a royal act of like character? Forgive everybody; bury the past; be brothers! So pleaded Necker, feeling himself more powerful than any ordinary king. In the whirl of excitement his proposal was cheered, and the municipal government voted the amnesty. But Necker was not the only candidate for patriot favour in France at this time. There were others, chief of whom were Mirabeau and La Fayette.

Pouncing upon the mistake Necker had made in getting the town council of Paris to vote a general amnesty, which only the Assembly had the power to decree, Mirabeau assailed Necker and obtained a vote in the Assembly,



annulling the action of the Paris council. This was the first step in Necker's decline, and his importance ran down hill with a speed which left nothing for his enemies to grumble over. The Revolution, deepening its channel as it rushed on, and widening out in its tremendous scope, left Necker completely stranded. The day when his little retrenchments, economies, and reforms would answer the passionate cravings of France were passed and gone.

"Too late!" was the cry that fell with "damnable iteration" on the king's ear all during the hastening scenes of the Revolution. The nobles offer concessions, in 1788, after the States-General is ordered. Too late! The Parliament offers to register all tax edicts, never objecting more, if the king will but send away the States-General. Too late. The king himself, on June 23rd, comes and offers to regenerate France. Too late. The army is concentrated, plans to crush the Revolution made, and the attack planned for the night of July 14th. Before July 14th, the patriots are up and doing. The army looks idly on, catches the infection, and melts away. When July 14th comes and nobles would act, no troops can be trusted. It is again too late. Then comes Necker to save the nation with banking-house policies, and to cure the fever with financial expedients. Too late.

The great tide rolls onward, and Necker is heard of no more. He is a lost leader. The Assembly dominates the government, and Necker's enemies dominate the Assembly. Necker had only been gone from Versailles a fortnight, but the France to which he returned was as different from that which he had left as the England of Cromwell differed from that of Charles the First.

Bastilles in other parts of the kingdom followed the

fate of that in Paris. They were stormed and taken, or they were voluntarily surrendered.

From state prisons the tempest turned upon the castles of the lords. What peasant did not hate the château? Its grandeur had cowed him for ages. Its wealth had mocked him. Its strength had oppressed him. Its dungeons had held him in chains, deep down under the ground, where the toads and noxious reptiles bore him company, and where the cold, damp walls dripped upon him as he rotted away in helpless solitude. Up there in the tower was the dreaded muniment room—the place which held the parchment, the court rolls, the various papers which preserved the record of feudal dues and feudal titles. The peasant had seen these musty parchments drawn out of their chests a thousand times to prove some claim of the lord against the vassal, to fasten some rusty old feudal chain upon the limb of the peasant who was looking upward to the freedom of manhood. These towers were at the top of the castle, the dungeon at the bottom; between the two dwelt a family, which had lived at the expense of the peasant, had outraged every feeling of the peasant, had lashed him, like a dog, with its whips, had cut him yet more keenly with its scorn and contempt; which had ridden over his little field a thousand times, tramping his harvest into the mire; which had met him at every turn of the market with fees, at every road-gate with fees, at every bridge with fees; which had torn away his son to suffer and die in the ill-paid army, and his daughter to live in shame, and die in neglect as the concubine of some dandy debauchee. Who can doubt that the peasant hated the castle with unspeakable hatred? Who can

wonder that, in the first intoxication of freedom, he should wreak his vengeance upon it?

Fire, fire blazes all over France. The castles are wrapped in flames; the lord flees for his life; his wife and children shriek for mercy, and escape almost naked from the furious peasants. Not always does the lord succeed in getting off unhurt; not always his wife and children. Too often, too horribly often, the lord is slain on his threshold, and his family outraged and slaughtered. Sometimes the castle is spared; sometimes there is humanity for women and children; but the muniment room is sacked always. The feudal parchments, court rolls, titles, and all are ruthlessly destroyed.

The abbeys of the monks are as fiercely assailed as the castles of the lords. The one has been as oppressive as the other. Into every abbey has been drawn the fatness of the land from the regions round about. Each abbot is a feudal lord. He has hunted, he has gamed, he has kept hounds, horses, and women; he has exacted tithes as a priest and feudal dues as a lord, he owns land by the mile, and jewels by the peck.

Down upon the abbey swoops the peasant mob. They break the doors, invade the larder and the cellar, eat the eatables and drink the drinkables, smash the furniture, kick the priests, burn the title-deeds, and fire the abbey. In some instances, they content themselves with looting the place, destroying the finery, and burning the papers and books on the beautiful inlaid floors.

At Strasburg, Arthur Young is a witness to the manner in which the populace celebrate the joyful capture of the Bastille. Five or six hundred people form a mob, they rush upon the magnificent town hall. They break

into the front doors while the magistrates escape from the rear. Troops look on, and do not stir. The mob rushes in and turns itself loose on the furniture. Out of the windows pours a shower of desks, chairs, sofas, books, papers. The windows are smashed and the balconies wrecked. The cellar is forced, the wine-casks broken, and the good red wine runs waist deep. Some of the furniture, dropped from the window above, falls upon the head of a young man, and kills him. He is "a fine lad of about fourteen," who is handing plunder to a woman who is his mother—as Young supposes from the look of horror in her face.

There had been English travellers in France who wondered why the French landlords did not take the same interest in the improvement of their property as the English had shown in the management of their own vast estates. They forgot that the Channel lay between two land systems as foreign to each other as the English tongue was to the French. In England the soil belonged either to one man or to another, to the lord or to the peasant, to Smith or to Jones. It did not belong partly to one and partly to another, partially to the lord and partially to the peasant. In France absolute ownership could not exist in the peasant, and was seldom enjoyed by the lord. On the estate of the peasant the remnants of feudal burdens rested always. A fee-simple title, as we understand it, could never be his. As to the lord, his estate in his own land was, in law, absolute, but custom had in almost every case encroached upon it, and these encroachments became, practically, encumbrances upon the fee.

Thus we read in the *Memoirs of Saint-Simon* of a noble who had made him a splendid avenue from his château to the public highway. This stately avenue was marred by but one thing,—the hut of a tailor who had located himself there many years ago, when nobody saw fit to object, and who, pleased with his situation, refused to move. With the pig-headed obstinacy peculiar to such cases, the tailor resisted all the overtures of the lord of the château, and hugely enjoyed the point of advantage he held on the avenue. What can my lord do? Apparently the law of custom favours the tailor, for my lord does not venture to go and pull the hut down. On the contrary, he resorts to stratagem. Inviting the tailor to the château to do a special piece of work, my lord keeps him there till night. The tailor, returning to the spot where his hut had stood, fails to find it. He is certain that he knows where he left it, and is equally certain that it is no longer there. Conscious that he is not intoxicated, nor dreaming, he fears that he has been bewitched. The whole night is spent by the bewildered tailor in search of his house. Next morning he espies at a distance a hut whose appearance reminds him of the lost home. Approaching it, he finds the resemblance so striking that he presumes to enter. Yes, it is the same old hut. While the tailor had been at the château my lord had taken advantage of the golden opportunity to move the tailor's house to a nice new place,—altogether out of the range of vision of the lordly eye as it sweeps the avenue. The tailor, quite angry, makes a great outcry, and threatens to go to law, but his neighbours laugh at him, the king himself laughs about it, and the tailor has to submit.

Thus, while the soil belonged to the lord, the improve-

ments sometimes belonged to the tenant, or squatter, who had put them there. Custom and sufferance, therefore, had built up in France a class somewhat analogous to the copyholder in England. In fact most of the land of the lord was farmed on shares, he furnishing land, stock, implements, and seed, while the tenant supplied the labour, the produce being divided equally between them. Frequently the lord had to advance to the tenant the necessities of life while the crop was being made, in which event the dependence of the tenant degenerated into a serfage.

This system of cultivating the soil went by the name of *métayage*, the tenants being called *métayers*. In the eighteenth century it had brought poverty to the labourers, barrenness to the lands, and rapidly shrinking revenues to the lords. In many parts of the country cultivation had ceased altogether; the tenant saw nothing to work for, and he quit work. Taxes, tithes, feudal dues, blighted the soil with the desolating tramp of Attila's Huns. Where the *métayers* continued to farm they were reduced to extreme wretchedness. Arthur Young says that in the Limousin they had become almost as menial servants to the lords. Sir Henry Maine hints that their condition differed little from that of negroes on Southern plantations previous to the abolition of slavery. The fiscal system, favouring the towns, naturally drew the people away from the country, thus aggravating the situation and its dangers. According to some observers, one-fourth of the soil had gone to waste. Marshes, heaths, deserts, took the place once held by vineyards and grain-fields. Frequently the king's intendant furnished seed, else no crops would be planted. The farm tools are wretched, the methods equally so. In many places the old wooden

plough of Virgil's time is in use; nowhere are there iron ploughs. Cart-wheels, axles, and tires are all of wood; the harrow is frequently but the trestle of the cart. The tenant lives generally in a one-room hut, built of clay and peat. There are no windows, and the floor is the hard ground. The chimney is a hideous thing of four poles and much mud. The clothing of the peasant is in rags; the food coarse, black bread of oats or rye, and chestnuts — and just enough of it to support life. Arthur Young is aghast at what he sees; he cannot picture the wretched "animals" so that the English imagination can realize them. The women who waited upon him at a certain inn he describes as "walking dunghills." There being no encouragement to work, little work is done. Marriages are made early, children abound, and they die almost as they are born, and these only are the feet that do not bleed along this stony road.

The more the tenant has, the heavier his tax, hence the law makes him a hypocrite or a drudge or a vagabond. If he would save he must conceal; if he does not conceal he will not save; if he tires of the burden as too heavy, he enlists with the smugglers, the brigands, the beggars, or the criminal classes of the cities.

On the tenant's half of the crop comes the full weight of tithes, comes the redoubled weight of taxes, for where the lord does not pay his fair share, the tenant must make good the shortage. The *taille*, the direct tax laid against property, is levied in bulk against the community, not the individual. Every parish must pay so much, the amount being arbitrarily assessed. If one man escapes, another suffers. To the extent that the lord pays less than his fair proportion, the tenant pays more. The lords are not

exempt from the *taille* nor from the income tax of about eleven per cent, but they assess themselves, and thus escape a fair contribution.<sup>1</sup> Said the Duke of Orleans, "I pay pretty much what I please"; and as the duke evaded, so did his order generally. Thus the domains of the princes of the blood, which should pay 2,400,000 francs per year, are so protected by exemptions that they pay only 188,000.

But while the nobles were nominally subject to the *taille* and income tax, the clergy were not, nor were the office-holders. The Church unloaded upon the poor its just burden of taxation, while the poor paid first their own taxes, second, the deficiency of the lords, third, the entire taxes of the clergy, fourth, the tithes. Little wonder that the man of the hoe laid it down, that the farm became a heath, that cottage door and window framed no more the picture of sunny face and laughing eyes. The laws had sacked the homes, harried the fields, led the peasants into the hopeless captivity of pauperism, vagabondage, or crime.

To estimate justly the disproportion of taxes which fell upon the unprivileged tenant, we must bear in mind that France had been cursed with a systematic increase of offices. Places, being marketable, were made for sale, and were bought on account of the privilege attached. All public functionaries, administrative and judicial, carried exemptions from taxation, as did all employments in the salt department, in the customs, in the post-office, in the royal domains, and in the excise. In this manner grew the numbers of the exempt; in this manner grew the burden of the non-exempt, until there is heard that wail of the despairing peasantry which haunts the official reports and the economic literature of the eighteenth century.

<sup>1</sup> The *taille* was of two kinds, real and personal. Wholly exempt from the last, the nobles almost entirely evaded the first.



It is from a village in Champagne that written appeal goes to the king: "Sire, the only message we receive from you is a demand for money. Every year it grows. We do not blame you; we love you; and we do not believe that you know our condition. We are crushed down with every species of taxation. Could you but see our wretched homes and the food we eat, you would feel for us. That which grieves us is that those who possess the most pay the least. Why do the rich pay the least and the poor the most? We pay the *tailles* and for our implements; the ecclesiastics and the nobles pay nothing. Sire, we entreat you, have things so arranged that each shall pay according to his ability." "Would to God," says a Norman village, "that the monarch might take into his own hands the defence of the miserable citizens, pelted and oppressed by clerks, seigniors, justiciary, and clergy."

Another thing must be said of the *métayer*. He nursed the belief that the land he cultivated should be his own. Rather than leave it, he endured every privation, hardship, and brutality his serfage entailed. He clung to the land, doggedly, desperately, piteously. In his own mind it was his, and the ownership of the lord was subject to his right of possession. Like the Irish peasant, eviction seemed to him intolerable wrong. Maddened by generations of feudal tyranny, the *métayer* at the beginning of the Revolution confused his tenancy with the proprietorship of other peasants, and where their purpose was to throw off feudal burdens from farms of their own, the *métayers* sought to take unto themselves, not only the lord's dues, but his land also. The *métayage* system, however, survived the Revolution, and, as compared to peasant owner-

ship, the proportion of farming now done by this class of tenants is only a little less.

The other system was where the peasant owned the land he worked. He had bought it, paid for it, and improved it, but feudal dues in money, in produce, or in both, had still to be paid to the lord; hence he was continually reminded in a most aggravating manner that his farm and his home were never absolutely his own. In the château of the lord, as we have said, were kept the land-papers, the titles, etc. These papers fixed the status of the land of that particular seignory, or feudal domain. They contained the records which proved how each peasant had originally got his land, and what dues to the lord his ancestor in title had agreed to pay. Hence these papers of the château were in the eyes of the peasants a sort of perpetual mortgage on their estates. The land could neither be bought, sold, exchanged, or devised without the payment of sums of money to the lord, nor could the crops find their way to market until the toll-dish of my lord had been dipped into everything. Naturally, then, the peasant hated the terrible papers which gripped his little farm in such inexorable claws; naturally his first thought after August 4th was to make sure of the freedom of his land by destroying the evidence upon which these vexatious claims had so long rested; naturally he made a dash for the château and demanded the surrender of the feudal charters; and naturally, if the papers were refused, he burned the house and maltreated the inmates. Wherever the papers were given up to the peasant, he neither burned the house nor maltreated the family, but he made short work of the papers.

An alarm of brigands, in July, 1789, mysteriously runs like a universal shudder over France. Absurd panics fall upon the people. They rush wildly about, hunting for arms and ammunition. The brigands are approaching! they have been seen a mile out of town! they will be upon us directly! Such is the feeling, such the talk in a hundred towns, at the same time, and nobody ever does see these brigands. The only real brigands are the home folks, who go about pillaging the rich and killing the unpopular. The terror inspired by these brigands was so great that one feeble woman scaled a rock, which was so high and so perpendicular that they had to let her down with ropes.

Thus the fever heat of Paris penetrated all France. Duport and the Lameths, with their club organizations, Mirabeau with his journal, and hundreds of obscurer deputies with their letters to their constituents, took good care to keep the province in touch with the capital. The truth of occurrences at Paris was soon known throughout the kingdom; and the campaign lies, which were so effective in the capital, grew as they travelled, and were prolific breeders of insurrection in the provinces. Wilder fabrications never found readier credence or worked deadlier results than during the mad period of suspicion, fear, and hatred which followed the fall of the Bastille.

The Reign of Terror really dates from that day. Law was powerless and the mob was king. In spite of Bailly, in spite of La Fayette, the infuriated people of Paris murdered Foulon, temporary successor to Necker; and Berthier, royal intendant of Paris. Foulon had reached the age of three score and ten,—a bad man by common report. He had been army contractor, monopolist, extortionist, speculator in life-necessities. He had grown very

rich, and was hated by his servants and the poor. He had no feeling for the hungry — so it was said. “Let the people eat grass,” was the rumour of his heartless utterance. He had gone into the Bréteuil ministry and policy. He was one of those who planned to use the army against the people. When Bréteuil’s ministry went to pieces, Foulon gave out the report that he was dead. A funeral, ostensibly his, was celebrated. But he must needs promenade about the park of his friend, Sartines, at whose house he has taken shelter, and he is seen and recognized. His former servants betray him; the mob nabs him, and he is dragged back to Paris — a bundle of hay on his back, a garland of thistles around his neck, a bouquet of nettles on his breast. The mob grows and grows and grows till it is beyond all control and precedent. It awes Bailly and the town government. It disregards La Fayette, — if indeed he was there at all. It rages and roars, it will take no denial, will brook no delay, will show no mercy; clamours for its prey and must have it — then and there! Oh, how that old man begs for life; how he begs and prays and pleads! The old hands are horny and trembly, the old legs thin and tottering, the old face wrinkled and fallen in, — but how the rheumy old eyes spill tears, and the shaky hands implore mercy! Life, life — so lightly held till now, but so hard to give away.

“Why try that man? He has stood condemned these thirty years,” cries a well-dressed person in the crowd. There is a rush, a trampling of feet, a roar of angry voices, and the old man is clutched.

“Bring a rope!” — and they drag him towards the lamp-post.

Screams, — such fearful screams! The doomed wretch

shrieks and pleads, wildly, piteously. They swing him up and the rope breaks. Again he begs for life. They swing him up again, and the rope breaks once more; next time it does not break. A frenzied multitude gazes pitilessly at the death struggle, and cuts him down amid savage yells when all is over. The head is hewn from the body, set on the end of a pike, borne about in ferocious triumph—the naked body kicked and dragged along the streets. "Great God! what a people," cries Gouverneur Morris. Precisely. Like masters, like men. The rulers for a thousand years had shown no mercy; the freed serfs show none. Barbaric tortures had been inflicted by Church and State; the rabble imitates. That is all. Damiens, a crack-brained creature, scratched the side of Louis XV. with a penknife. How was he punished? His limbs were racked and torn; he was pierced by red-hot irons; he was pulled into pieces by red-hot pincers; he was sprinkled with melted lead.

Both to Dante and to Milton it pleased the Almighty to give a genius peculiarly grand, an imagination particularly gloomy and strong; each of these men taxed their mental resources to magnify the horrors of hell, the agonies of the damned; and yet, when the historical student compares the actual torments inflicted by the State upon alleged traitors and by the Church upon so-called heretics with the fancied punishments of Milton's or Dante's hell, the cold facts compel him to confess that the poet's imagination has been utterly unable to surpass the malice of the priest and the king in the invention of methods of torture.

Berthier, son-in-law of Foulon, being arrested in his flight from the kingdom, is brought back to Paris, gets

there just after Foulon's death, is met by the frenzied mob and the ghastly head it bears, faces the peril like a brave man, sees that his doom is sealed, snatches a musket to defend himself, is swept off his feet by resistless thousands, and killed with swords and bayonets — the second victim of the same implacable mob. With the two heads borne aloft on pikes, the vast procession moves along the streets — enthusiastic yells rending the air. When Berthier's body was cut down, a soldier of the Croats regiment ripped open his chest and tore out the heart. The dripping trophy was held on high, amid acclamations. That evening the comrades of this soldier told him he had disgraced the regiment and must die. One after another they fought him, until he fell. "This country," wrote Morris (July 31st, 1789), "is now as near in a state of anarchy as it is possible for a community to be without breaking up."

Where was authority, government, law? Strictly speaking, they did not exist. The mob of Paris, when it chose to exert itself, was sovereign. The Assembly, the municipality, the National Guard, the ministry, all quailed before the mob. Nine thousand dollars was distributed by Bailly among the idle workmen of the St. Antoine district to keep them quiet. Six thousand dollars was spent by the city government every day to feed the poor and prevent pillage. City officials scoured the surrounding country, looking for supplies. The roads were dusty with wagon trains of wheat and flour, and with herds of lean cattle. "On wet days," said Bailly, in his *Memoirs*, "I suffered no uneasiness." Mobs swarmed as a rule in fine weather. Neither Bailly nor La Fayette ever knew a moment's security. A riot might occur at any time.

Thousands of domestic servants were out of employment. The nobles had fled, and their houses were closed. Cooks, porters, butlers, valets, hair-dressers, grocers, footmen, gardeners, were out of work by the hundred. No building was going on, and the carpenters, mechanics, masons, artisans, and day-labourers generally were idle.

Business being at a standstill, money was not circulating, and poverty increased. Hunger, actual hunger, gnawed at the vitals of this great city of Paris, and wrought a furious discontent among its squalid hordes. Bread, bread, was the ever-recurring necessity. What will cheapen bread? what will cause an abundance of bread? what will bring us bread?—these were the constant questions of the Paris mob. “Now we are going to have cheaper bread,” was the glad cry of the multitude at each succeeding triumph it gained over the king or queen. And as one disappointment followed another, and the gloom deepened, they used to ask, as each new measure was proposed, “Will it cheapen bread?”

Between July 14th, which saw the downfall of the Bastille, and August 4th, which witnessed the destruction of feudalism, we see an aggravation of all revolutionary symptoms. Castles burnt and burning, nobles slain or fleeing to foreign lands, millers and wheat-dealers hanged, tax-gatherers drowned, salt depots destroyed, town halls sacked, bakers’ shops besieged by hungry squads. A Committee of Subsistence at Paris is sorely beset to find food for the famishing. Unruly multitudes hang about the town hall, crowd upon the councillors, browbeat them, and issue orders to them. The councillors, strictly speaking, have no right to be there. They are usurpers, the mob begins to growl at them, and a royal writ issues

authorizing the people to elect new councillors for the city. In other parts of France the example of Paris has been followed. The old royal town government has been thrown aside, new councillors chosen by the people, and a military force enrolled to keep order.

La Fayette wants to increase his force to 60,000 men. The National Guard of Paris is to be but a part of a grand military organization throughout the kingdom, and he is to be its idolized chief. In this manner he will, in effect, become Lieutenant-General of France, — its Lord High Protector. The king will be but clay in his hands. His staff is composed of young nobles ; his officers represent the middle class and the liberal nobility. The majority of his troops come from the substantial middle class. No man of the rabble is La Fayette. His type of democrat is George Washington, who rides in a carriage behind two, four, or six horses, as the occasion varies, and who will not eat at the same table with his very respectable white overseer. Democrats of the type of Robespierre, Danton, and Marat are La Fayette's abomination. Hence he strains every nerve to make himself the master of his great military machine, the National Guard. He takes their side in all their quarrels with civilians, is their partisan in all their tilts with the mayor, shows them every attention, flatters their pride in every manner possible, and believes that he, La Fayette, is the first object of their adoration, and the Revolution second. Supported by this powerful body of devoted troops, La Fayette controls even the Duke of Orleans' palace, clears its garden of factious crowds at close of day, has its gates shut and guarded.



## CHAPTER XII

### DECLARATION OF THE RIGHTS OF MAN ; DESTRUCTION OF FEUDALISM

THE National Assembly was at work framing the Constitution. It had sworn to make one, and it was doing its best to live up to the obligation. The task was of the hardest. There was no model to copy, no outline to follow. No pioneer had blazed the way to republican institutions in France. Constitutional liberty was a thing unknown. The Swiss cantons could teach them little ; the leading principles of representative government might be learned there as in the Netherlands, in England, and in the United States of America, but how adapt these principles to France ? That was the all-important and puzzling question. The king still occupied the throne, and if there was a faction in France at this time which favoured the abolition of the monarchy, such faction dared not proclaim its faith. Republican principles, therefore, were to be reconciled to the monarchy.

Even this was not the chief difficulty. Aristocracy still existed and contended for its privileges ; yet in the National Assembly all orders were mixed, and no talk of an upper chamber could find favour. Princes sat by peasants, dukes by village lawyers, and cardinals by tallow-chandlers. But even this was not the worst of it. Feudalism yet survived ; and its peculiar tyrannies, hoary with

age, met the Frenchman at every turn in the social, political, and business world. Nevertheless, the Assembly grappled with the mighty task; and on July 27th, 1789, the committee announced that it had agreed upon certain principles which should form the basis of the Constitution.

First. France was to remain a monarchy; the person of the king was sacred and inviolable; the crown was to continue hereditary in the male line.

Second. The king was the depository of executive power, his agents were responsible to the people, his sanction was necessary to laws.

Third. The national consent was necessary to loans and taxes. Taxes were only to continue from one States-General to another.

Fourth. All property was sacred.

Fifth. Individual liberty was sacred.

Following this report of the committee, Mounier read a Declaration of the Rights of Man, which was voted by an overwhelming majority. Mirabeau had opposed the construction of this famous Declaration, having reserved opinions of his own in favour of monarchy, but he took good care to vote with the majority.

Most authors of to-day are pleased to speak lightly of the "Rights of Man." In their minds the phrase seems to have become obnoxious,—redolent of the demagogue and reeking with the vileness of cant and humbug. The tremendous efforts made by Edmund Burke, Sir Walter Scott, Coleridge, and Carlyle, to turn back the tide of democracy, have partially succeeded. They have almost made us ashamed of our forefathers, whose courage and sacrifices won for us the liberties we enjoy. We take it for granted that *their* world was as free to the advance

of laudable ambition as ours is ; that speech was as free to them ; that life, liberty, and property were as secure to them ; that freedom of conscience, the right to aid in framing the laws and administering the government, were as much theirs as ours. We forget that all these things belong to us because of the heroism of patriots who fought our battles for us, and suffered that we might enjoy. Do not we, the legatees of the splendid estate which they acquired, owe some respect to the ancestors who transmitted to us the heritage ? While we hold the property and collect the revenues, let us at least forbear to sneer at the wise and dauntless men whose courage, whose labour, and whose sagacity made us rich.

When the States-General met in 1789, there were some 25,000,000 people in France who had almost no political existence at all. They were units of population, producers and consumers, workers and idlers, but of civil rights and political power they had practically none. Legislation, which roused this torpid mass, gave it the pulse-beat of life, gave it intelligent direction, and inspired it with a vitality which all the armies of combined Europe could not destroy, is worth attention, deserves respect.

History moves in a circle, they tell us. So it does, — but why ? Because we are continually forgetting what experience has taught us, and have to learn it all over again. The human race, oppressed by its natural enemies, — caste, superstition, intolerance, reverence of power, — rises up and throws off the yoke. The enemy, having been overthrown, is no longer feared, is forgotten. That being the case, the evil stealthily reënters, often disguised, and always insinuating. Before we know it the old chains clank again, — fastened on us while we

slept. We either submit or we fight freedom's battle over again. Thus we move in history's vicious circle.

When all is said and done, the network of established institutions which we call government is but the harness which the strong fits on to the weak. The sovereign power is but the wrestler who has thrown all competitors. "I'm master of the arena, not thou," is the stern boast with which the ruling class taunts the non-rulers, in all governments under the sun. With cunning adjustment of laws, with skilful arrangement of taxes, appropriations, trade regulations, and governmental discriminations, the dominant class reduces spoliation to a system and elevates it to a fine art.

"The poor are always with us,"—yes, and the rulers of the earth take good care so to arrange matters that the tribe shall never decrease. It may not be the province of history to meddle with political theories, but the world might derive a greater benefit from its pages if it said less about battles and sieges and more about creeds and policies. It will do for the college professor to tell the sophomore that every man is the architect of his own fortune, but the historian knows better, even if he does not say so. Few men are strong enough to escape the influence of a system, social, industrial, financial, or political. Of the average citizen the system is master. Specially favoured by the system, the citizen will thrive, his class will thrive. Specially antagonized by the system, the citizen will suffer, and his class will decay. Is it not, then, the legitimate right of the historian to deal with laws as well as with battles?—with robberies by statute as well as robberies by riot? Must we write of the crimes of the sword only, and never

speak of the crimes of the pen? Olden times saw the work of the marauder who wielded the sword, and the books are full of his doings: later generations see wealth and prosperity transferred from one class to another by the knave who wields the legislative pen, and the story of the nations will never be complete until the one form of robbery is as fully understood as the other.

The Preamble to the Declaration is itself instructive, —emphasizes a truth well worth remembrance.

“The representatives of the people of France, considering that ignorance, neglect, and contempt of human rights are the sole causes of public misfortune and corruptions of government,” have resolved to publish a declaration of the natural rights of the citizen. For what purpose? In order “that this declaration being constantly present to the minds of the people they may forever be kept attentive to their rights and duties.” Not only this, but also that the people shall have a standard by which they can judge all laws hereafter made. Hence, the Bill of Rights will become not only a charter of civil liberty, but also a guide to the makers of laws, and a criterion by which to judge them.

1. Men are born equal, in respect to their rights.

2. Government is established to preserve the natural rights of the citizen; these are liberty, property, security, and resistance of oppression.

3. The people are sovereign. No individual, or body of men, can exercise any authority save that delegated by the people.

4. Political liberty consists in the power of doing whatever does not injure some one else. The law fixes the limits.

5. Law should only prohibit what is hurtful to society.

6. The law is the expressed will of the community. It should act upon all alike. All should be equally restrained and protected ; all should be equally eligible to honours, employment, and office.

7. No man should be arrested or imprisoned without due process of law.

8. Punishments should be reasonable, and laws made after the act should not make that act a crime which was not so before.

9. Cruelties towards prisoners, untried, and therefore presumed to be innocent, are forbidden.

10. No man should be molested on account of his opinions, — political or religious, — provided he does not disturb the public order.

11. Freedom to speak, write, and publish is the right of the citizen, he being responsible for the abuse of the privilege.

12. A public force, being necessary to preserve order, is for the use of the community, and not of the persons to whom it is intrusted.

13. Taxes, being necessary, should be divided equally among all the members of the community according to their ability to pay.

14. Every citizen, in person or by representative, has a right to be heard in the levying of taxes.

15. Every constituency has the right to call its representative to account.

16. Every community in which a separation of powers and a security for its rights are not provided for needs a constitution.

17. The right to property being inviolable, no one

should be deprived of it except in case of public necessity, legally ascertained, and on condition of just indemnity previously paid.

Such is, in brief, the celebrated Declaration of the Rights of Man.

We should remember that this creed was proclaimed at a time when religious intolerance was still rank in France, not dead in England, harsh in Scotland, deadly (then, as now) in Spain, Italy, Austria, and Russia. Let us remember that freedom of speech was not then allowed in any country in the Old World. Let us remember that all Europe believed in the divine right of kings, and that the Church solemnly preached the doctrine from its every pulpit. When Englishmen scoff at the Great Charter and the Petition of Right, when Americans deride the Declaration of Independence and the principles set forth in our Constitution, it will be time enough to sneer at the French Declaration of 1789.

Duport had organized the first of the political clubs, called the Breton Club. It was filled by ambitious young nobles of liberal principles, and by young lawyers eager for fame and power. This club was educating the people by sending political literature all over the country. It was leading the reform movement, and was, at that time, the highest bidder for popularity with the masses. La Fayette was with them, but Mirabeau held aloof, and so did Siéyès.

Seeing the universal and irresistible rage against feudalism, the leaders of the Breton Club decided to make concessions to the movement, and win its support. The young Duke of Aiguillon, one of the richest lords in France, was chosen to speak for the club, and to move

that the peasants be given the right to buy out the lord's feudal privileges. He was to make the motion on the 4th of August, and on that evening he was in his seat ready to announce his purpose, as soon as he could get the floor.

But the Count of Noailles, who as a younger son had no feudal privileges to lose, had heard of Aiguillon's purpose, jumped in ahead of him, got the floor first, and made a speech, proposing not only the privileges of redeeming feudal rights in money, but of abolishing forced labour and all personal service without any redemption. This speech was heard in silence — perhaps the silence of amazement. The sight of a noble, belonging to one of the oldest and richest houses in France, leading the charge against the special privileges of the nobility, was enough to create wonder. Feudalism had stood for a thousand years. Six months ago it had looked as formidable as ever. Its huge form met the eye at every turn. Its battlements rose high, were thick, seemed strong. Its dungeons were deep; in its hands were both sword and purse. The State guarded it; the law drew its charmed circle about it; the Church blessed it, and was its partner. Who could believe the purse was empty, the sword all rust, the walls ready to crumble at a touch, the whole elaborate fraud and imposition feeble with incurable decay?

After Noailles sat down, the Duke of Aiguillon rose — following where he had meant to lead. Painting a picture of the frightful conditions then prevailing throughout the country, he admitted that the violence of the peasantry found its justification in the wrongs of the feudal system. He proposed that corporate bodies, towns,



communities, and individuals, who had heretofore enjoyed special privileges and exemptions, should for the future bear their share of the public burdens. Next, he proposed that as feudal and seigniorial rights were injurious to agriculture, the peasants should have the privilege of redeeming them in money, — since, being property, they could not be confiscated.

By the time the duke had got well into his speech, the Assembly realized the immense importance of what he was saying, and the grandeur of the patriotism which inspired the liberal nobles in offering this great sacrifice to the peace, the prosperity, and the happiness of the fatherland. Words which meant little coming from a cadet, like Noailles, had vital importance coming from the son of a late minister, and one of the wealthiest peers of the realm. More particularly was this the case when it became obvious that the duke was the spokesman of the Breton Club. Excitement began to rise at once. Admiration for the superb public spirit of the nobles, joy at the good fortune about to befall the people, fervid hopes for the future peace and happiness of France flowing from this renunciation of their privileges by the privileged, fanned the feelings of the Assembly into flames of passionate enthusiasm. Great are these French — capable of humanity's worst and best ! They have in their history no night or day more glorious than the night of August 4th, 1789, when the beneficiaries of special privilege brought it to the altar of the fatherland, and freely burnt it, as a sacrifice to the tranquillity and the happiness of the commonwealth.

Following the duke, a Breton deputy, dressed in the plain clothes of a farmer, spoke for the first time. "Had you burnt the title-deeds of feudalism yourselves, the

peasants would not now be burning parchment and castle together. Those feudal burdens crush and degrade humanity. Let us burn the privileges which yoke men like beasts of labour, and which compel men to beat ponds at night to prevent the frogs from disturbing the sleep of their voluptuous lords."

Thunders of applause greeted this tirade and the excitement of the Assembly increased. A nobleman from the country, who enjoyed no court pension and whose only income was from the feudal rights the duke had attacked, desired to know why the more favoured peers of the realm should not sacrifice their enormous pensions and salaries.

Thus twitted, the nobles challenged could not do less than make speeches, keyed to lofty patriotic pitch, and expressing their willingness to sacrifice said pensions and salaries. Here indeed was fuel for flames of excitement! Again rolls the thunder of applause. The Marquis of Beauharnais proposed that hereafter all citizens should submit to the same penalties and punishments, and that employments of every kind should be open to all. Voted, amid shouts of approval. Another deputy proposes that the State help the peasant to buy off the feudal privileges. Voted, amid applause—thus anticipating England's legislation for Ireland on a similar question. French philanthropy showed the way to Gladstone, anticipating him by nearly a century. Freedom is demanded by the Duke of Rochefoucauld for the negro slaves in the French colonies. Voted, unanimously. The Count de Virieu proposed that the feudal monopoly of keeping pigeons be abolished. Voted.

It is suggested that all these motions be put into laws at once, and published to the nation.

"The clergy have not been heard yet," demurely says the President. He does not wish to put the question to a vote till they have had the opportunity to sacrifice something to the public good.

All eyes turned to the clergy. The bishop of Nancy rose, he whose sermon against the salt tax and court extravagance had been applauded on May 4th, when the deputies first got together in Versailles. The bishop was listened to with rapt attention. The nobles had renounced all—what would the priests do? The bishop did nothing. He spoke, that was all. He was willing to have the feudal rights of the Church redeemed in money. He added nothing to the sacrifice which already lay on the altar. The bishop's reforming spirit led him no farther than to assail those abuses which somebody else enjoyed.

Next came the bishop of Chartres. He proposed that the terribly oppressive right of hunting be abolished. Few prelates cared to hunt, and this generosity of the bishop was an offering made at the expense of the nobles. The Duke of the Châtelet remarked to his neighbours, "The bishop deprives us of hunting; I will take away his tithes." He then addressed the Assembly, and proposed that tithes be abolished, to be redeemed in money payments. The priests were silent, and the suggestions prevailed.

"I wish I had land," said the bishop of Uzès. "I should delight in giving it to the labourers. But we are only depositaries." These words came home to them with terrific force, shortly afterwards. The rich clergy gave nothing; the poor curés offered to renounce their fees. The Assembly, deeply affected, refused to accept the sacrifice.

Following the example of individuals, the cities, towns, and provinces yielded to the same patriotic fervour. The special privileges, dear and long cherished, of Provence, Burgundy, Artois, Dauphiny, Poitou, Auvergne, and Lorraine, were renounced. One after another, these semi-independent feudal principalities had been united to the crown, but each had retained its special privileges, and was intensely jealous of them. On the famous night of August 4th, provincial pride gave way to broader patriotism, and all France became as one province.

Next came the cities, and their special privileges were likewise offered up, and voted away. Even parliamenteers were willing to renounce hereditary judgeships. In a single session the National Assembly had completely demolished, by the voluntary offering of its beneficiaries, the entire feudal system. It was cut up root and branch. The action of the Assembly unshackled the land and the person of the citizen, and left him free,—equal before the law, and with all careers open to him. Napoleon did not invent for France the doctrine of “all careers open to talent.” He found the doctrine already in force, and he reaped the full benefit of it,—just as he did of every other advantage won by the glorious patriots of 1789.

Mirabeau was not present on this memorable night. Not having been the author of the work, he spoke slightly next morning of what had been done. Not so will many, who consider it without prejudice. The time for the tree of feudalism to fall had come, and it was well that the nobles wielded the axe. Who can defend it when they, its beneficiaries, cut it down? It was a great work, grandly done; and no one who loves his fellow-man—feels for him and with him—can read the story

without emotion. The heart beats faster and the breath comes quicker even now when we recall this memorable night of that great renunciation. The hall rises out of the gloom of the past, and is peopled again with excited men. We can see them. We hear the speakers, as they rush, one after another, to the tribune to offer up wrongs at the feet of right. We see the eager faces, white with emotion, amid the flickering lights which illuminate the hall. We hear the passionate tones of the speaker, lifted by his emotion to the upper regions of noble sentiment. We hear the roar of applause which greets each blow struck at the old tree of feudalism. And when midnight passes and the brave work yet goes on, when two o'clock comes and the tree falls with its resounding crash, we can yet feel as they felt who cut it down.

"But the king, gentlemen," cried Lally-Tollendal, "the king who has convoked us after the lapse of two centuries, shall he not have his reward? Let us proclaim him the restorer of French liberty!" Voted, amid transports of approval!

"It was an orgy," growled Mirabeau next day; but the work stood nevertheless. Philip drunk, this time, was a better judge than Philip sober. The test of time, the severest, has been put to this work of the night of August 4th, and it has stood the trial. No hosts from Russia, Germany, or England, coming with bayonets to kill and gold to bribe, could ever replant the fallen tree. Feudalism was dead. Special privilege yet lives, always will live, perhaps; but the peculiarly abominable type which had existed in France for a thousand years died among its foes and its worshippers on that famous night of August 4th, 1789, and was buried too deep for counter-revolution to reach it with any trumpet blast of resurrection.

## CHAPTER XIII

REACTION; RENEWED ALARMS; NECKER GOING DOWN  
HILL; MOB RULE; ANARCHY; PARIS MARCHES ON  
VERSAILLES

**A**MID the whirl of the excitement of the night session of August 4th there had been a minority composed of nobles and clergy who had resisted the patriotic contagion. These now led the attempt to undo what had been done. Too late. The Assembly held its ground.

The majority of the nobles and the higher clergy, throughout France, refused to acquiesce in the great renunciation. They threw themselves upon the king, and soon had possession of him again. The queen, the palace set, the higher noblesse, all were bitterly chagrined at the concessions made by the Duke of Aiguillon and those who had followed his lead. The king was prevailed upon to renew his attempt to compel the acceptance of his concessions of the 23rd of June.

The plan to which he listened was that he was to be removed to Metz, where the competent and loyal Bouillé commanded. There the faithful were to rally round him. In the midst of troops who were yet loyal, he was to call his nobles to his side, and all those who opposed revolution would there concentrate. Foreign help could there reach him, and a foreign retreat would remain open to him, if the worst came to the worst. This was a good plan for the king, but it meant civil war, of course.

As usual, the designs of the court were rumoured abroad. No secret of the palace could be kept, it seems. Nobles would boast and babble in spite of all that could be done. Servants would listen and tell tales. This royal plot was known almost as soon as made. Paris, already in the agonies of actual famine, was thrown into convulsions of terror by the spectre of civil war. Mob orators shrieked, pamphlets flew like sparks of fire, and popular passion foamed. Even La Fayette, well knowing the design of the court, thought that the king should be brought to Paris, where he could be held as a hostage. Just how to get him there, nobody knew.

The Assembly, which, ever since its mission of making the Constitution had become its chief aim, had taken the name of the Constituent Assembly, was steadily at work laying the foundations of the new order. As they went forward with the labour, differences of opinion developed, and various groups, adhering to the one opinion or the other, furnished the germs which by natural evolution produced political parties.

The Abbé Maury, son of a shoemaker, became the clerical leader of those who opposed all changes. The old régime was perfect, was blessed of God and of antiquity, and, because it had stood a long time, it should continue to stand. The nobles who took the same ground were led by Cazalés, a parvenu, and by D'Espréménil, also a parvenu and a man of very low personal standing. Not long before he had said in Parliament, where he had bought a place, that France "needed to be un-Bourbonized." He was now absolutely opposed to all reform, and was out-Bourboning the Bourbons.

Next to this party of extreme royalists stood that of

La Fayette, the men who favoured a limited monarchy. Rather more violent than the La Fayetteists, was the party of the so-called Triumvirate, — Duport, Barnave, and the Lameths. Mirabeau called them the trinity of rascals, for no other reason that one can see other than that they were more radical than himself. “What Duport thinks, Barnave says, and Lameth does,” was a saying of the times which gives the popular rating of the three men who did so much to cut the cable of mild reform and send the vessel out to sea. Robespierre, Pétion, Buzot, and Vadier usually acted with the party of the Lameths, but they gradually became more democratic.

Mirabeau and his following, which was unorganized and variable, but large, favoured a strong executive, the retention of hereditary aristocracy, a responsible ministry with seats in the States-General, and the retention by the king of the right of vetoing laws, and of initiating war and peace. Besides these, there was the party of “the Plain,” a large body of deputies who voted first one way and then the other. It was the power of eloquence over this mass of floaters which gave Mirabeau his influence in the Assembly.

There were strained relations between the Assembly and the king. In spite of all his gracious promises, made after the fall of the Bastille, the king had most naturally found it difficult to reconcile himself to the new order. The house of his fathers was being pulled down; to aid those who were doing the work was a task against which even the tame spirit of Louis XVI. revolted. He could not conscientiously and heartily go with the tide; he could not courageously and intelligently resist it. He could only sulk, and obstruct without plan or force, or



grudgingly yield without grace or sincerity. He had returned from Paris on May 28th, heavy of heart. Whatever pride he had was crushed. A worm would have turned under the treatment he had been compelled to endure. The queen had been dreadfully alarmed lest he should be killed in Paris, but when she saw him return safe and sound, with the tricolour pinned to his hat, her proud spirit rebelled, and she turned from him in scorn. "I did not know I had married a plebeian," she said, in bitterness and disgust.

We do not find it difficult to believe this story or to understand the feelings of the queen. A stronger man than any of the Bourbon kings provoked a fiercer storm than they, and, after struggling against it with titanic force, was thrown to the ground in a defeat more hopeless than theirs. Glad to escape his enemies in the disguise of the Austrian uniform, Napoleon Bonaparte opened his arms to his sister Paulette, little Pauline, the gay, thoughtless, butterfly sister of his warmest love. "Oh, Napoleon, how could you? Take it off! take it off! I cannot embrace you in that uniform." Human hearts are ever the same. That which the frivolous sister of Napoleon Bonaparte felt so strongly, must have been a far more irresistible impulse in the daughter of Maria Theresa.

Few can resist the influence of the social or political atmosphere in which they move! With the crash of the falling Bastille in his ears, with the sight of armed revolt in his eyes, Louis was submissive. While liberal nobles like Liancourt were in his presence, he felt himself a liberal; concession and conciliation seemed necessary, wise, and just. But when Liancourt was away, and the king moved about in the usual atmosphere of

the palace, his feelings changed. His wife, his confessor, his courtiers, beset him ; his own inner feelings beset him ; education, heredity, natural self-love, and the instinct of self-preservation, all tugged at his feeble will, and urged it to the opposite course. Pulled first one way by the Revolution and another by the monarchy, Louis veered from course to course, adhering firmly to nothing, doing just enough against the Revolution to spur it on, and just enough against the old régime to encourage his enemies. Had Louis XVI. imitated his grandfather, he would probably have died with his crown on his head. Had he never concerned himself with abuses, had he allowed things to remain as they were, had he cultivated a garden and a harem, toyed with flowers and loose girls, spending whatever revenues he could get, and letting the patronage flow in its natural channels, it is almost certain that there would have been no revolution during his reign.

With all his levity, Louis XV. was a king, understood the trade. He held the privileged classes together, aroused no alarms among the princes of Church and State, avoided changes, shut off discussion by suppressing Parliament, scowled upon such dangerous men as Voltaire, made a gamekeeper out of Beaumarchais, the poacher, by employing him in the dirty work of bribing a blackmailer not to publish a scandalous history of Madame du Barry ; did a small amount of farming at Trianon, and a larger amount of it at the Parc-aux-cerfs, and thus ambled along wickedly, lazily, ingloriously, but securely.

"What do you suppose that carriage cost me?" inquired Louis XV. of Choiseul.

"About 6000 livres, Sire."

"It cost me 30,000," replied the king.

"Then it is robbery, and we must have an investigation."

"No, no, no," — hastily ejaculates the monarch, in alarm. "Let it be; let it be. We must have no reforms. *There are too many people interested in keeping things as they are.*"

When the Assembly presented to the king, for his sanction, the work of the 4th of August, he did not condemn, but he did not approve. He demurred and delayed. Thus the warmth of the Assembly, which had given him a vote of honour in connection with its work, was cooled, and irritation was felt.

An amusing exhibition of this was soon furnished. De Brézé, the master of ceremonies, had been in the habit of bringing the royal messages to the Assembly, and delivering them without taking off his hat. The Assembly decided that this was fundamentally unconstitutional, and must stop. They solemnly discussed the matter, and a deputation spoke to De Brézé upon the subject. That worthy man capitulated at the first fire, and agreed never to speak to the Assembly again without removing his hat.

This same De Brézé was given his old place of master of ceremonies under Louis XVIII., during the Restoration. One day, in 1815, a general in the army, having been summoned in haste by the king, arrived, wearing a coloured cravat. De Brézé was in agonies. Etiquette prohibited coloured cravats. He refused to let the general go in; asked him to go home and get the proper thing in cravats; and when the general declined, offered

to borrow him one from a soldier of the guards near by. A high court officer, happening along, heard the dispute, laughed at De Brézé, and carried the general in to the king, coloured cravat and all. "Ah, Madam!" said De Brézé, in heartbroken accents, to the lady who tells the story, "Ah, Madam! that is the way revolutions are made!"

The most wretched man in the kingdom, even more wretched than the king, was Necker. The king could forget his woes in eating, drinking, sleeping, and hunting. The queen might roll and toss, sleepless and miserable, all through the hours of the night; but Louis slumbered heavily, without difficulty, after a day spent in the forest, rounded off by a late dinner of rich food and warming wine. But Necker suffered. In mind and in body he suffered. He had come back to France hailed as a saviour, and had not been able to save. The treasury was empty, taxes were not paid, and his influence was gone. The great procession was moving onward, beyond the dreams of Turgot and the philosophers, and Necker was little more than a looker-on. Time after time he went to the Assembly and asked for help. The Assembly listened, and deliberated. "No loans till the Constitution is made," cried Buzot, and the sentiment was applauded. Once again comes Necker, pleading for the liberty to borrow. It is granted, but the rate of interest is lowered from five per cent, as proposed by Necker, to four and a half. The amendment was just sufficient to paralyze the loan. Capitalists held aloof. The necessities of the treasury were extreme. This becoming generally known, there arose a movement among the people to make voluntary offerings to the State. Patri-

otic men, women, and children vied with each other in giving up to the nation the money they had saved and the jewels they wore. Such a movement revealed the fervour of the people, but did not find organization, and it afforded but slight relief to Necker. The harassed statesman grew sick, sick in mind and body, and began to hold his head in his hands very dismally. As a last resort, he proposed an income tax of one-fourth the income. Mirabeau supported the measure in one of his greatest speeches, and it was voted. But even this did not yield results. It did not have time. Necker had handicapped the measure with the absurd conditions that the taxpayer should be permitted to make his own assessment and should be allowed three years within which to pay. The patriotic minister laid down upon the table 100,000 francs as his own tax under the law, but his example spread no contagion, — income taxes of one-fourth the income having an innate tendency to lower the temperature even of French enthusiasm.

However much Europe may have rejoiced over the fall of the Bastille, its immediate consequences were disastrous to the French. It was the signal for crime and chaos throughout the country. Tyranny of the mob took the place of the oppression of the nobles. Lawless passions rioted in the opportunity, and the worst elements in France laid deep and strong the foundation-work of the Red Terror. Revolutionary bodies ruled the cities, revolutionary militia took the place of the royal troops, revolutionary mobs intimidated authorities and people. Unpopular magistrates were butchered amid howlings of exultant savages, grain-dealers and alleged monopolists were hunted as legitimate prey to ravening ruffians,

royal officials were tortured till death brought happy release, usurers were slaughtered or chased away, palaces were burnt and their owners slain without pity. Frantic men, frantic women, maddened by hatred, hunger, envy, greed, revenge, burst from all restraints, and wreaked upon the cowering minority the accumulated wrath of ages. Blacker passions never raged; wilder deeds were never done. "Down! dog of a peasant," the noble had so long been saying; and when he said that, there was the crack of his whip, there was the sound of a blow, there was the red degradation of a stripe. Now the peasant's turn had come, at the mills of the gods which grind so slowly and yet so exceeding small. "Down! dog of an aristocrat," and there was the gleam of a pike, the dull thud of a deadly lunge, and the gurgling of red life-blood.

Cruel beyond all reason were the excesses of the mob. They murdered as men drunk on malice and mad with lust for blood. They danced round their victims with the horrible glee of Zulus or Apaches. And yet, after all this is said, it must in common fairness be added that the mob slew its victims swiftly, did not lengthen out the chain of torture through the months and years of a lifetime, and was never able to rival the cold-blooded atrocity which Church and State inflicted upon their victims during the centuries of the old régime.

In any of the dungeons of France, the ignorant rabble could have found instruments of torture, ready-made, constructed for the purpose, and could have easily equalled the deliberate inhumanity of the government which they had overthrown. But they did not. They slew their enemies, cruelly, brutally — but they slew like men

enraged, not like fiends who nurse a cold ferocity and systematize it in the complicated and inglorious devices of legal torture.

The mysterious report of brigands still ran, here and there, over the land, creating panics in the most hysterical way. In fact, the people of France were so beset by rumours, fears, suspicions, and alarms of all kinds, that the most trivial incidents led to riots, panics, sudden tumults, and horrible excesses. Part of the feudal dues having been abolished, the people ceased to pay any; they kept their own share of the crop and that of the landowner also. Placards were posted, "Here shall be hanged any peasant who pays rent and any lord who receives it." The Assembly having relieved the peasant of the duty of patronizing the lord's wine-press, oven, and mill, the peasant took possession of the mill, the oven, and the wine-press,—stretching the law by one-sided interpretation in a manner which would reflect credit upon the ingenuity of a modern judge. The peasant's idea is that the nobles are to be massacred or expelled, and their estates to be parcelled out among good patriots. Therefore convents and castles are pillaged, and their contents appropriated to the use of the plunderers. "You have had all this long enough; it is our turn now," say the peasants. At first this war against property is confined to attacks upon the nobles; soon it degenerates into promiscuous hostility to the rich, irrespective of their station in life.

Let it be remembered that those governing powers which had so long had control of the people were morally responsible for the condition in which the Revolution found them. The masses were miserably poor. Who was responsible? The feudal lords, who stripped them of more

than two-thirds of all they made. Who else was responsible? The Church, which rigorously exacted tithes, and the king, who exempted these feudal lords almost entirely from taxation, thus throwing the burden of government most heavily upon those least able to bear it. The masses were densely ignorant. Who was responsible? The Church and the State.

The clergy said that they held their enormous wealth as a trust fund. Cardinals such as De Rohan, who declared that no person of rank could live on less than \$300,000 per year, stoutly maintained that they were trustees for the poor, and administrators for the Lord. Gifts to the Church were loans to God. But what had gone with the money? How much had the trustees given to the beneficiaries? How much of God's work had been done with God's money? What had the Church been doing for the people committed to her care? What else had the shepherd done besides shearing his flock? The Church itself could not select a time when the question can be more fairly put, for orthodoxy had long been supreme. Heresy was gone, — burnt out, shot out, bought out, dragooned out. What hindered religion from performing its mission then?

All France was orthodox. The masses believed. With boundless credulity they knelt at the foot of the priest. What had the priest done for them? Had he introduced books among them? No. Liberal ideas? No. Schools? No. Information upon such matters as concerned their material welfare? No. Had the Church ever pleaded the peasant's case at the bar of public opinion? No. Ever besought the king to lighten the weight of his heavy hand? No. Ever protested against feudal



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wrongs? No. Ever shown the least desire that the condition of the masses should be improved? No.

Royalist writers dwell scornfully upon the ignorance, brutality, and prejudice of the lower orders in France at the time of the Revolution!—let them write ever so scornfully, the lower they degrade the peasant, the higher mounts the evidence and the indignation against those who had been his keepers!

This government of France had been absolute. The State and the Church, the king and the priest, had had entire control. The people had had no voice, no vote, no power. They had never been consulted. The entire responsibility had been assumed by the monarch and his privileged few—and here was the result. Theirs was the tree, theirs the fruit. “Whatsoever a man sow that also shall he reap;” and the crimes, the ignorance, the brutality, the poverty, the misery, of the masses of the French people in 1789, stands as a permanent judgment of condemnation against the ruling classes, who were responsible for the material, mental, and spiritual condition of a people who had so long been under their absolute control.

Besides the finances, the Assembly had debated the question of two houses or one, and had decided that the legislative power should be vested in one house. On the question of the king’s sanction to acts of legislation, the veto suspensive, which merely adjourned the proposed law to the next session, was adopted.

The newspapers in Paris were growing ever more seditious. Camille Desmoulins led the way, raising the first public demand for a republic. Marat, Loustalot, Mirabeau, Barrère, were all editing papers, and lustily beating

the journalistic tom-tom. Danton and the Marquis St. Huruge were bellowing sedition in the streets, or at the Palais-Royal. With these primary agents of revolution, Mirabeau was careful to keep in touch. He took Camille to his own house and treated him like a prince. Bailly was endeavouring to measure up to the requirements of his position as mayor of Paris, and was not succeeding. A weightless weed in a whirl of raging waters would hardly have been more helpless. A Sabbath-school teacher trying to stop a general row in a gambling-house by quoting Scripture, would not afford a much droller spectacle of vain endeavour than the astronomer, Bailly, trying to control the turbulent factions of fierce, hungry, and revolutionary Paris.

La Fayette was prancing about on his white horse, laughed at in certain quarters, admired in others, and feared in others. He was making the National Guard as conservative as possible, and was cultivating the growth of a prejudice between the troops and the rabble. A portion of his force was volunteer cavalry in which each trooper furnished his own horse and equipments. This meant rich men for the service, of course. A girl of the town who ventured to speak lightly of La Fayette's force was taken and whipped.

Some incipient riots were suppressed, and blood spilt in the doing of it. St. Huruge, agitating against the veto, had proposed that Paris march upon Versailles and denounce the proposition to leave such a power in the king's hands. Starting from the Palais-Royal with a few hundreds of followers, he was met by La Fayette's troops and his mob dispersed; and La Fayette flung him into prison when he added to his offence that of sending the

municipal government an insolent letter on the same subject.

In the midst of all this turmoil, the court made the first move to regain its lost ground. The French Guards had threatened to resume their old position at Versailles, and there had been much talk of a decisive event which would take place on October 5th. La Fayette had warned the ministers, and the court prevailed on the Versailles municipality to order an additional regiment for the defence of the town. It ordered to Versailles the Flanders regiment, which had not been in Paris during the recent troubles, and which was thought to be trustworthy. This loyal regiment, added to the Body-Guard and the Swiss, both on duty at the palace, would give the court a formidable nucleus around which to form its army of self-defence. The Flanders regiment, on its arrival in Versailles, was tendered a banquet by the Body-Guard. This was military usage, the etiquette of the old régime. Many such feasts had been given before, but now the conditions were different. Suspicion had poisoned the air. People watched the movements of that Flanders regiment as if it carried destiny with it. Why was it going to Versailles? What dark plots were forming? When would the queen's party make its attack?

Restless deputations sought the officers of the court and protested against the coming of the troops. Officers of the court gave unsatisfactory replies. The troops came on, bringing cannon, took up quarters in Versailles, and were invited to feast and make merry. They did feast, and they did make merry. Rumour took hold of the facts, blew them into monstrous size, and flew to ex-

cited Paris with them. Excited Paris blew them still bigger, until an average military banquet became a Belshazzar orgy — a feast of the gods.

The king as a special favour allowed the banquet to be held in the royal theatre. This magnificent room of the palace was crowded with gallant soldiers dressed in brilliant uniforms, and the boxes were filled with the loveliest women of the court. The blaze of lights upon the decorated tables, upon the uniforms of the officers, and upon the elegantly dressed ladies in the boxes, made it an attractive picture to those who were in sympathy with the feeling which inspired it. As the night advanced, and the wine had its effect upon the revellers, they became enthusiastic, noisy, imprudent. Loyal toasts were proposed and drunk; loyal speeches made; loyal songs sung.

Such a scene cheers the hearts of royalists. Maids of honour, ladies of the palace, are carried away with enthusiasm. The palace seems itself again. The vast building has been so dismal here of late that this burst of loyalty, this sound of revelry, these words of devotion to king and queen, carry us back to old times. The queen must see this brilliant spectacle, must hear these cheering speeches and songs. It will do her good. It will fill her sad soul with encouragement and pleasure. She will be glad to look upon these gallant knights who are swearing to die for her, and they will be honoured by the presence of the queen they adore. It will complete the measure of their happiness to kneel at her feet, kiss her hand, and catch the radiant approval of her eyes.

Courtiers hurry off, seek and find the king and queen, report the success of the banquet, and implore the royal

presence as the one thing needful to crown its glory. The queen is brought and so is the king. At sight of them the half tipsy revellers go wild. They hail the sovereigns as Bourbons had been hailed in the days when their sceptre was new. The theatre rings with shouts of "Live the king and queen." Glasses are clinked to enthusiastic toasts. Shouts are not sufficient, and the impulsive officers throw themselves at the feet of their Majesties, snatch the royal hands, and cover them with kisses. The band strikes up "The Charge of the Hulus," and all martial souls are fired. Swords are drawn and waved on high, amid shouts and pledges of fidelity,—even as the chivalrous nobles of Hungary had girded the queen's mother with steel in the days of her trial, and had sworn deathless devotion to Maria Theresa.

Did the ardour of the moment carry the officers farther yet? Did they not only pin the royal colours on, but trample the tricolour,—the national cockade? Did they not only drink the king's health, but insultingly refuse to drink to the nation? Probably. Their heads were heated, their passions aflame, and when the taper fingers of lovely maidens of the court presented the white rosette and offered to pin it on, what officer could say them nay? What loyal soul could honour a toast which affronted the queen whose smile he had just enjoyed? That the loyal song of the minstrel in the opera of Grétry was sung, admits of no doubt. In the opera, Richard of the Lion Heart is in prison far away in hostile Germany, and all the world has forsaken him. Blondel the troubadour hunts him out with tireless fidelity, finds him at last, and sings to him from without the castle, while the captive king listens from within. "O Richard, O my

king ! all the world is forsaking thee, but," — and so forth. It is a song to thrill and to set the heart on fire.

Louis XVI. resembled Richard of the Lion Heart in just two things : he was a king, and all the world was forsaking him. The wind was blowing from the east ; the clouds were low ; the emptiness and silence and chill of desertion were all about him. Who, seeing him that night, would not have pitied him ? A good sort of man, honest by nature and intention, but dull, weak, vacillating, and negative. Who would not have pitied the queen ? Did not the alien heart of Gouverneur Morris yearn towards her, with a throb of sympathy, as he witnessed her cold reception at the opening of the States-General ? Even then she was still a sovereign, her throne erect, her position proud. But now ! — the court is scattered : in far foreign lands favoured Polignacs and overrated Bréteuils seek shelter ; the throne rocks, regal pride is in the dust, and over all is the darkness of night. Of military banquets, as of all other things, it is written, "Even this shall pass away." The feast ends, sovereigns depart, voices die in the distance, lights are out, and the palace is wrapped again in silence and in gloom.

In Paris, next morning, thousands of angry tongues wagged. Exaggeration laboured with all its might. The political liar walked abroad, rejoiced in his opportunity, and revelled in his strength. The banquet was pictured as an orgy of Heliogabalus or Nero. The foreign courtiers had feasted like voluptuous Eastern despots while the poor of Paris were starving. They had insulted the nation, trampled upon the national cockade, sworn vengeance against the patriots, had mounted the white badge, and had sworn to restore the old régime. Thus

shrieked rumour, thus yelled self-made orators, thus roared the surging sea at the Palais-Royal, thus yelled the professional liar of this carnival time of political lies.

To a discredited monarchy and a watchful nation the actual facts, however, were quite enough to inflame suspicion into fury. The queen is so imprudent as to say in public, the day after the banquet, that she is still enchanted with it. The folly of the court is so aggressive that another military feast is had two days later. White cockades become the proper thing about the palace, and one hot-headed young royalist goes so far as to insult Lecointre, the rich merchant of Versailles, captain of a battalion in the Versailles National Guard. Versailles is essentially a royal city; a city peopled by court officials, court parasites, court servants, and court grocers, artisans, tailors, barbers, and others who live by the court and on the court. Yet Versailles rises in relentless antagonism against the old order.

People of wealth were leaving France at this time as fast as they could go. Six thousand passports were issued in Paris in five days. Foreign travellers quit the country almost to a man. Work, which had employed its thousands of labourers, was stopped. Cities were overrun by troops of discharged servants, mechanics, and day-labourers. Thousands of small tradesmen were ruined, and came to Bailly asking to be employed among the paupers who dug on the hill of Montmartre for a government pittance.

Following the honest workmen, who were out of work, came thieves, idlers, vagabonds, and desperate rascals ready for any crime. Regular business was suspended. Customs and habits were changed. Old conditions were



turned topsyturvy. Monks were carrying arms and preaching sedition; nobles denouncing nobility and leading the insurrection; briefless barristers were doctoring a diseased monarchy; a Catholic bishop was preparing to advocate the confiscation of the estates of the Church; courtesans had turned tribunes of the people and leaders of tumults; and respectable mothers of families were listening, knitting meanwhile, to speeches wherein the incompetency and inaction of the Assembly were hotly denounced. In short, everybody was laying down his ordinary work and was doing his best, at the top of his voice, to excite everybody else. Ten or twelve thousand turbulent men and women constantly thronged the Palais-Royal, listening to the furious harangues of Danton and any other orator of the mob who felt inclined to leap upon chair or table and bellow sedition. Similar hot-beds of disorder were in full fruition in other parts of Paris.

To the passion of the political movement was added the ferocity of hunger. The city was almost famished. The food-supply was wholly insufficient for its actual needs. Even the rich were put upon allowance, and could only buy small quantities at a time. First come, first served, was the rule at the bakeries; and a long string of hungry bread-buyers was strung out every morning before the baker's door, each citizen waiting his turn to buy a loaf.

Once Versailles, on the eager lookout for grain, also, clutched a quantity of wheat destined for Paris. Bailly felt it necessary to send word to Versailles that, if the wheat was not allowed to come on, 30,000 men would march from Paris to fetch it. The ferment and the famine which agitated Paris, and made the life of Bailly

and La Fayette a burden to them, was reflected in every other city in France. The same conditions which fed discontent in the capital fed it in the provinces, with the exception of La Vendée, where the nobles and the priests had lived and laboured among the people, and where the masses were attached to the higher classes.

To the combustible materials just described, the tipsy revellers of the Versailles banquet applied the match. The fury of Paris knew no bounds. Hunger and fear, envy and hatred, patriotism and cupidity, the highest passions and the lowest, all flamed out in the fiercest expressions. Denunciations of the queen, bitter and brutal; denunciation of the royalist plot of the Body-Guard and the Flanders regiment; denunciation of the banquets, and vows of vengeance against those who had insulted the nation by trampling its cockade, — roused Paris to a pitch of madness. Even La Fayette's National Guard, nursing an old feud against the royal troops at Versailles and jealous of the favours now being heaped upon them, were hot with wrath, and in full sympathy with the people.

On October 5th, 1789, a crowd of women, collected by a young woman beating a drum, rushed upon the Town-Hall, found it feebly guarded, and entered it, crying, "Bread! Bread!" Bailly was away; La Fayette was away. The women took possession and made themselves at home. It belonged as much to them as to anybody else. They behaved accordingly. They danced, they sang, they laughed, as if it was all a good frolic. Presently they began to show more temper. They shouted out abuse of Bailly, and of La Fayette. All they could do was to parade and blacken paper; they had left the

people hungry. Why were they not here to give the people bread. Down with Bailly! Down with La Fayette! Somebody ran to fetch Bailly, and when Bailly arrived he could think of nothing better than to send somebody to fetch La Fayette. Bailly, it seems, did not show himself to the women at all. Neither did La Fayette. How to deal with a mob of women was not laid down in the books, and nobody wanted to experiment with the raw conundrum. What French soldier, at that time, would shoot a woman? What French officer would give such a command? Finding authority unprepared to cope with them, the women had it all their own way. They ransacked the Town-Hall from top to bottom, scattered its documents, stirred up its furniture, and hanged a priest whom they found in the belfry. Some thoughtful person cut the rope, the priest fell into the room below, some twenty-five feet, and happily escaped unhurt.

About this time, Stanislas Maillard happened along. He made the women a speech, told them they were wasting time looking for bread in the Town-Hall, and said to them that Versailles was the place and the king the man to supply patriots with bread. The suggestion caught the crowd, and "To Versailles" became the cry at once. Drums beat. Maillard led the way, seconded by Théroigne de Mericourt, who brandished a naked sword, and off poured the deluge towards Versailles. Through the gardens of the Tuileries, through the Elysian Fields, rolled the mob of women shouting, — "Bread!" "To Versailles!"

Before they had left the Town-Hall they had been joined by hundreds of men. Attracted by the disturb-

ance, the rowdyism of all Paris was drawn to it. Patriots, idlers, thieves, strumpets, vagabonds, rushed towards the Town-Hall, bearing such weapons as they could find in the hurry of the moment. Before the mob had got clear of Paris, it had been swollen by tributary streams of all sorts, flowing out of the streets on the line of march, and it was a veritable torrent, huge and disorderly, which raged towards Versailles.

The weather was disagreeable, and it soon began to rain; the mob did not heed it. Splashed to the waist with mud, and with skirts all bedraggled, the women marched on towards Versailles, flourishing all sorts of weapons, from a pike to a broom-handle. As yet, the temper of the mob was not murderous. It wore rather the appearance of a boisterous rabble of Amazons off on a lark. There was a squad of the patriot soldiers in front and in the rear, Bastille heroes mostly, and two cannon ~~were~~ dragged along; but, beyond a tendency to seize arms and ammunition informally, the progress to Versailles was not violently lawless. All along the route Maillard continued to sandwich loyal speeches in between the rushing events of the march. The women sang royalist songs, and cried "Long live the king." So favourable an impression did the crowd make on the citizens who remained to see them, for nearly all had fled at the rumour of the mob's approach, that it was cheered along the route, and entered Versailles amid shouts from the citizens of "Long live our Parisian women."

While Maillard was beating his drum along the road to Versailles, and drawing the women to the sound as the hiver of bees brings them from discursive flights to

one common centre, Paris was bubbling with excitement. In the Town-Hall, Bailly and the municipals were assembled. La Fayette had at length come. The National Guard had cleared the building of loitering vagabonds, but an enormous crowd was collected in the square. Bailly's government sent messengers to Versailles to warn the Assembly of what was on foot. This done, nothing else could be thought of. The morning had worn away. The crowd grew denser and angrier. It demanded that Paris march upon Versailles. The Paris women must be protected; they must not be left to the mercies of body-guards and the regiment of Flanders. "To Versailles!" swelled the roar from the ever increasing mob in front of the Town-Hall. There were men out there who had relatives in the mob of women gone on to Versailles. Their wives, their sisters, their mothers, their sweethearts, had been caught up and carried on in that mad rush. The men could not rest easy and leave those lives to chance. "To Versailles, to Versailles!" The roar became louder and fiercer.

Bailly and La Fayette are as nearly harassed to death as two eminent patriots can be. Deputies from the grenadiers of the old French Guard enter the building, and talk to La Fayette. They tell him that he is a good man, and that they like him, have faith in him, but that he is the dupe of the ministers. They tell him that he must go with his soldiers to Versailles, punish the traitors who have insulted the national colours, and bring the king to Paris. La Fayette declines; the grenadiers insist. "Oh, no, I cannot, and you shall not," says La Fayette.

"Oh, yes, we will, and you shall," say the grenadiers.

"I won't," repeats he.

"You will," repeat they.

A few days before this, La Fayette had remarked to Morris that he, La Fayette, was master of the situation, and had, really, more power than he ought to have. Yet see the force of this Revolution already ! La Fayette's own soldiers are giving him orders. He goes out and harangues the mob. In vain he parleys, protests, persuades. The crowd is inexorable. It begins to grow angry with La Fayette himself. Guns are aimed at him, and menacing shouts are heard. Finding that his speeches in the square amount to nothing, he turns to go back into the Town-Hall. The crowd closes up around him, and will not let him go. His own soldiers whirl around him a girdle of steel, and say, "General, you must not leave us. 'Sdeath ! You must abide with us !"

In despair, La Fayette exclaims, "I cannot go without orders." Oh, if that's all, the thing is easy. Bailly can at least write orders ; and he writes one. "On to Versailles," writes the municipality. "To Versailles," repeats La Fayette, and then, indeed, do the people shout ! Such joy, such enthusiasm, such rapture, seizes Paris as even Paris has rarely known. How they do huzza for La Fayette ; how they do embrace him, and one another ; how they do hug and kiss the white horse. They literally cover the noble steed with caresses. The truth seems to be that La Fayette himself favoured the king's removal to Paris, and the municipality sent messengers to the Assembly to announce that Paris demanded the custody of the person of the king. Indeed a partisan of La Fayette, Vanvilliers, member of the municipal council,

stated to the ministers, *before* it became a fact, that the National Guard had started to Versailles to bring the king to Paris.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, or a little before, the order to march is given, and Paris pours forth to invade Versailles. The nucleus of the movement was the National Guard under command of La Fayette, but this was a mere nucleus. Along the front, fringing the sides, and bringing up the rear of the National Guard, swarmed the thousands from the miscellaneous population of Paris. Mingled with ardent patriots and honest men, came criminals of all classes. In the wake of the patriot, who thought of better laws, tramped the burglar who thought of a palace to loot.

Impeded by such clinging multitudes and by the rain, cold, and wind which set in after nightfall, it is evident that La Fayette will have a tedious march of it. He will barely reach Versailles before midnight. The women will already have arrived and events of importance will already have happened.

## CHAPTER XIV

THE QUEEN'S LAST DAY AT TRIANON; THE MOB ATTACKS THE PALACE; THE KING MUST GO TO PARIS

"THE skies they were ashen and sober," and the mournful touch of the dying year lay softly on the Little Trianon. The melancholy of the October days, harmonizing well enough with the decay of the monarchy, veiled the glory of the royal paradise, where the last rose had faded, and the brown leaf was ready to fall.

On this afternoon of October 6th, while hideous hags were mustering the cohorts of riot, and gaunt misery was hallooing on to the man-hunt the squalid starvelings of a great city, Marie Antoinette had stolen away from oppressive Versailles and had come to her own quiet domain of the Trianon to walk in her gardens, muse amid the cherished scenes, and to live again in revery the older, happier days.

The queen was quite alone, and the place was silent and deserted. The winding walks still circled in and out, up and down, from lawn to lake, from grove to silvery river, but no lords and ladies sauntered, no lovers sought seclusion, no revellers made merry with song and jest and laughter. The Belvedere crowned the hill, lovely as ever; the island was as perfect, its Temple of Love untouched by decay. The ideal hamlet reposed beside the lake, — manor-house, dairy, idle mill, and ungrazed meadow.



But where were the old familiar faces? Where were brothers, cousins, favourites, friends — those select companions for whom she had thrown the world away? D'Artois, Besenval, Coigny, Polignacs, Lameths — where are they now? Shepherd girls and milkmaids of gentle birth, titled millers and princely swains, goddesses fair and frail, who played at "Love in the Golden Age" — where are they all to-day?

The springtime was gone and the summer — but not more completely gone were their splendours, their warmth, their glow, their wealth of melody and blossom, than the social butterflies whose gaudy wings had sported here, than the birds of paradise whose rainbow plumage had once brightened this Garden of Eden.

The pensive queen, wrapped in thought, sat in her grotto, quiet as a stone. Her reverie, deep as grief, voiceless as the past, is rudely broken. Hot of foot, a messenger from the palace comes, pale and panting, and stammers forth the fatal news. The mob from Paris is on its way, all is terror at the palace, and the queen must hasten back. She goes, — and Little Trianon will vainly wait for a queen who loved it well, and who will see it no more.

As to the king, he is hunting in the woods of Meudon. A courier hurries away from Versailles to summon him home. Why was there no man in the palace to speed to the helpless king, seize his horse by the bit, and gallop the other way, as fast as flying feet could go? Why bring king and queen into perils they could not ward off and could not combat? Why ask them to come back to Versailles, and then debate whether they should order carriages in which to run away? Why not have hurried

horses to them and said, "Fly! To Rambouillet, to Metz, — anywhere but back to Versailles! Mount in hot haste and ride, — ride for your lives"?

Imbecile courtiers, having succeeded in bringing the royal pair back to the palace, the Ministers of State are summoned, council held, and it is solemnly proposed that the king shall escape to Rambouillet, another royal palace not far distant. Certain ministers solemnly argue in favour of the proposition. Certain other ministers, Necker among them, argue against it. After much doubt and delay, it seems to be decided that the king is to go away. The Versailles authorities favour the suggestion and offer their aid. The horses are harnessed; the carriages made ready. "Pack at once," writes the queen to her ladies, "we are to go in half an hour." Servants bustle, couriers fly, carriage-wheels roll, all is ready. Presto! — change. The queen writes to her ladies, "All is changed, we are not to go." Louis had listened to other counsels, and had veered about as usual, letting the accepted time slip by. Later in the day carriages were again ordered. We are going this time, without doubt. No. Too late. The mob is everywhere, sedition is everywhere, and the king must stay. Resolute hands seize the bits and stop the horses. Louis meekly submits.

The king, in fact, did not realize the whole of the danger. A band of hungry women did not seem very formidable. Wine and bread and a gracious speech or two would serve. Henry IV. could have laughed these women home to their broom-practice and dish-cleaning without the slightest difficulty. But Louis XVI. was the unfittest person imaginable to deal with any sort of emergency. If he issued any orders looking to the

feeding and sheltering of this motley crowd, no one reports the fact. Not a loaf, not a jar of wine, did he send for their comfort; not an empty hall did he offer for their accommodation. As on all other occasions, he left everything to take care of itself.

"What orders do you give, Sire?" asked the Duke of Luxembourg. "What orders? Orders against women? You must be joking," replied the king. And he issued no orders. His officers were not told what to do. They were not told to feed the women and shelter them, nor to drive them back where they belonged. The whole affair was left to take care of itself. The king had recently fallen asleep while the council was debating the removal of the Assembly to Soissons; he was not much more helpful now.

Versailles, like Paris, was all excitement. Ever since noon rumours of the approaching mob of women had been heard. The Assembly, the municipality, and the court were each thrown into a ferment by the news. The Assembly had been discussing the king's refusal to sanction the constitutional decrees and the Bill of Rights. Robespierre, Pétion, and Mirabeau had been prominent in the debate. Mounier was in the chair. One thing leading naturally to another, Pétion had denounced in the strongest terms the banquet of the Body-Guards, and the alleged insult to the national cockade. Mirabeau had supported the attack. The moment after Mirabeau had spoken, he rose, went behind the president's chair, and said, in a low voice, "Mounier, Paris is marching on us."

"I know nothing of it," replied Mounier.

"Believe me or not, but I tell you Paris is marching upon us. Pretend to be sick, vacate the chair, go over to

the palace and give them warning. Time presses ; there is not a moment to lose."

"So much the better," says Mounier, a good man, but occasionally bilious. "They have only to kill us all ; the affairs of the republic would only gain."

"Sir, the phrase is neat," answered Mirabeau, and he quitted the Assembly.

On second thought, Mounier seemed to have adopted Mirabeau's suggestion, and he went over to the palace, leaving the archbishop of Langres in the chair. The king had not returned from hunting, and Mounier failed to see him. While the archbishop was in the chair, the Assembly chose another deputation to visit the king, and to urge his acceptance of the decrees and the Declaration of Rights.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, Maillard and his motley host reached Versailles. "Long live our Parisian women," bawled the populace of Versailles ; and our Parisian women, Maillard and Théroigne in the van, came marching through the town. A hungrier, raggeder crowd Versailles had never seen. Their first halt was at the door of the Assembly. Every woman in the mob had a few remarks which she wished to make to the Assembly. Maillard, with much difficulty, prevailed upon them to content themselves with a deputation of fifteen. Maillard and these fifteen entered the hall of the Assembly. Demanding the right to make a speech, Maillard was granted the privilege. Without further ceremony, he harangued the statesmen there assembled, described to them the pitiful state of the people, demanded punishment of the monopolizers of provisions, and declared that those who had insulted the national cockade should

make public reparation, which reparation should consist in their assuming the national cockade. This very moderate declaration was sanctioned by the women amid clamour and cries of "Bread."

The Assembly sent another deputation to the king, with Mounier at its head. The archbishop of Langres again took the chair, and Maillard stayed behind to keep the women quiet.

The women outside the hall caught sight of the Mounier delegation on its way to the palace, and of course they all wanted to go with it. Mounier found himself surrounded by noisy women, all anxious to enter the palace and see the king. After much argument and persuasive pleading, Mounier got them to choose five of their number to represent the rest. But, nevertheless, the crowd, shut out from the privilege of seeing the king, thought there would be no harm in accompanying the delegation as far as the gates. Accordingly they did so.

Body-guards, mounted on horses, and displaying amazing imprudence, galloped into the peaceful deputation, scattering it and riding it down. Mounier himself had to jump and skip and run about with an eye to sabres and horses' feet, to keep from being knocked over. But the delegation persevered, and so did the women. The official deputation of the Assembly and the five Paris women entered the palace; the mob made no attempt to go farther than the gates.

An account of what happened is given by one of the women who accompanied Mounier, and although it differs slightly from the accepted story, it is here followed because its author is Louise Chably, the girl who was chosen to speak to the king.

This Louise Chably, "sixteen and a half years old," was a flower girl of the Palais-Royal. M. Taine gratuitously supposes that she sold other things besides flowers. Let that be as it may, she went with the crowd to Versailles and was selected to enter the palace with Mounier. Count d'Estaing opened the gates to the president of the Assembly, and his queer escort entered with him. The king not yet having returned from hunting, it was necessary to await his return. After he had arrived Mounier went to him and told him that the women were there to see him. "One will be enough," said the king, and Louise Chably then entered, threw herself at the king's feet, and amid her tears told him of the miseries of the poor in Paris. She begged his Majesty to exert his authority to have the city supplied with grain and flour. The king was touched and gave the promise. Necker invited her to sit down, and a glass of wine was handed her "in a fine gold goblet." His Majesty then left the room, and Louise returned to her companions to make her report. They were not pleased with it, they railed at her, and two ladies who dealt in fish proposed to strangle her with their garters. She was accused of having been bribed, was roughly handled and was about to be throttled. Mounier and others rescued her. She was led back to the king, who, at the request of her rescuers, appeared upon the balcony to justify the girl in the eyes of her companions, and to announce that he would send all the lady deputies back to Paris in court carriages. The king then asked Louise what it was she had hidden in her apron,—was it a bouquet?

"It is my *sabots*, Sire" — her wooden shoes. Then the

king, at her request, put in writing his promise to have Paris supplied with food, and he directed her to deliver it to the municipality. Filled with gratitude, she threw herself at the king's knees, and would have kissed his hands.

"Why not my face?" — and the little flower girl rapturously kissed it.

"What happiness for me!" she cried — "I have kissed our good king at his bidding!"

Towards eleven that night Louise Chably and her companions set out from Versailles in King Louis' carriages, arrived at Paris at two in the morning. She delivered her message to Bailly the mayor, and was escorted home by a military guard of honour!

Pleasant as was this episode to king and to flower girl, it left the situation at Versailles practically unchanged. The king's promise, even when reduced to writing, filled no empty stomachs. A vast multitude still encompassed the palace, restless, hungry, angry. Not long after the interview with the king there was a collision between the people and the troops. Shots were fired and blood was shed. As to how it started, accounts vary. The eye-witnesses hopelessly differ. According to one report, that of Saint-Priest, which seems reasonable, the National Guard of Versailles, Lecointre in command, became offended, because the line of the Body-Guard was thrown in front of their own. Resenting this supposed affront, and this apparent evidence of want of confidence in them, the Versailles National Guard began a quarrel, and encouraged certain violent men from Paris to mingle in a disorderly manner among the body-guards, and to prod their horses. One individual, carrying the

annoyance beyond endurance, was chased by a body-guard, whose uplifted sabre menaced the head of the citizen who was fleeing and yelling for help. A shot was fired, and the arm which held the uplifted sabre fell—the body-guard being mortally wounded.

The Count d'Estaing, in command of the Body-Guard, had, it is said, orders from the king not to fire on the people; and he now ordered the royal troops back to their quarters. As they drew off, they were fired upon, some of the men wounded, and one of the horses killed. The hungry mob pounced upon this horse, ripped it to pieces, roasted it by a fire hastily made on the spot, and devoured it. The Marquis de Favras, an ardent loyalist, was for making a fight. Bring out the two hundred horses from the king's stables, put two hundred nobles upon them, draw swords, charge home, drive away this filthy rabble, and save the monarchy! This, at least, is manly counsel. But it meets with no favour, not even from Saint-Priest, who had advised armed resistance earlier in the day. "The horses were not trained for that kind of service," etc. The palace is all confusion; nobody commands, all chatter, all quake and tremble. Vile women of the mob can be heard raging outside. They hold out their aprons, and say that they intend to carry the queen's entrails in them. They want to make cockades of these entrails. Unspeakably vile epithets are hurled at the palace windows, and these horrible insults reach the ears of the proudest of women.

Baron Thiébault, who was in La Fayette's troop, says in his Memoirs that the wind was frightful and the cold severe. These thousands of women, drenched, bedraggled, tired, and hungry, were left in the open streets, squares,



and gardens, the cold wind, which even the soldiers found so terrible, playing upon them with unchecked fury, and the rain drenching them to the skin. All was light and comfort in the palace; all was gloom and discomfort without. The king's horses and dogs were all securely housed, good warm shelter and food there is for every horse and every dog. His loyal subjects, men and women by the thousand, are in the rain, weltering in the mud, shivering in the cold, or sloshing in front of some fitful bivouac fires. Courtiers and court flunkies, by the hundred, are inside the palace eating good bread and meat; the shelterless women on the outside are eating half-raw horse. Such a situation foreboded trouble.

As darkness deepened, and the drenching rain came down more heavily, the mob had made its way into the Assembly Hall, for shelter. They listened to the debates impatiently. Dull speakers were plainly told that they were dull. "Who is that babbler over there? He does not know what he is saying. Where's Mirabeau? We want to hear our little Mirabeau!" Our little Mirabeau had walked off into temporary invisibility. "Less talk, and more bread," cried the women. A dignitary of the Church, thinking to do something unusually condescending, extended his hand to one of these women to kiss. "Do you think I came here to kiss a dog's paw?" cried she in scorn. Some of the deputies were threatened on account of their royalist votes. Others were applauded, others were hugged and kissed. Mirabeau's brother, a rank royalist, took the whole thing in a jovial mood, and toyed with the women familiarly and amatively.

The situation became too mixed for the archbishop

of Langres. He hurriedly adjourned the session, and left the chair. A woman immediately took possession of it, to the immense delight of her companions, and a mock Assembly was held. Some scores of ladies took the floor, and all spoke at once—a custom for which the deputies themselves had set the example.

During this wild disorder in the palace, in Versailles, and the Assembly, Louis had been stubbornly refusing to sanction the decrees of the Declaration of Rights. It was not till Mounier had laboured for five hours that the sluggish king at length gave way. His sanction, as usual, came too late to do him any credit.

Returning to the hall of the Assembly, Mounier found a market-woman presiding, sundry other women making incoherent speeches, and sundry lively statesmen of the Assembly engaging the time with the younger, prettier, and cleaner members of the visiting delegation. Mounier managed to oust the fish-woman who occupied his chair, and he endeavoured to reconvene the Assembly in order that they might hear the good news of the royal sanction to the decrees. It was too late for his message to arouse any enthusiasm. "Bread, not babble," cried the women. "Will it cheapen bread?" asked others. They had eaten nothing that day, had marched in the mud, were wet and tired; they wanted food, and clamoured for it.

Mounier now did what ought to have been done at first. He ordered the servants of the Assembly to give these women food. Bread was brought, and wine. A great feast was had then and there; good humour immediately returned, and all went merrily well. While this banquet was at its height, La Fayette's drums were heard. It was midnight, and all was quiet. The crowd, worn out

with the day's march, was sleeping, some hundreds in vacant halls, some thousands on bare ground.

First reporting at the Assembly Hall, La Fayette hurried to the palace, sought the king, and assured him that he had come to lay at the feet of the monarch his own devoted loyalty and that of his troops. He is asked, "What is wanted of the king by the people of Paris?" The response is, "Food, and the removal of the objectionable regiment who have insulted the nation." The king replies in friendly spirit, and La Fayette retires to post his men. He asks that they be admitted to the palace. This is refused, much to his chagrin. His troops are to guard the outer precincts only.

According to Dumont's report, Mirabeau returned to the Assembly a short while before daybreak, angrily rebuked the noisy women, and moved an adjournment. At any rate, the Assembly did adjourn at four o'clock in the morning, and wearied statesmen toddled off to bed, leaving the hall in possession of the drowsy women. La Fayette also, having taken every precaution against violence and surprise, went to bed. The king and the queen had retired earlier, and sleep embraced them all, — the king, the queen, the prince, the general, the statesman, the honest fish-woman, the harlot, the tradesman, and the thief. What dreams troubled the brains of the sleepers that dismal night? What spectres of the morrow hovered about the forms of those who lay on downy beds, cosy and warm, within the lordliest castle in all the world? What shadows grim stalked amid those who lay in the mud, outside? Had the women of the town, sent by the Palais-Royal for the purpose, seduced the Flanders regiment, and shaken the loyalty of the Body-Guard? Had

amorous arms been thrown round loyal troopers and wine pressed to their lips? Is it true, as Taine says, that the evening of October 5th had been one wherein the Revolution had used the scarlet woman? Did harlots slip through the lines, and entice the soldiers with their blandishments? Does Théroigne, in red vest and plumed hat, go among them, distributing money and making speeches to them? Is this the manner in which all the loyal enthusiasm, born of the famous banquet of five days ago, is made to melt away? Madame Campan relates that one of the soldiers, who was foremost in the attack on the palace, on October 6th, was he who, in the excess of his enthusiasm on the night of the banquet, had endeavoured to scale the balcony to reach the king, and do him homage. It may have been so.

When the gray morning broke on October 6th, the palace found itself still encompassed by the motley host. Patriotism, ruffianism, conspiracy, hunger, wretchedness, discomfort, and discontent were all represented in that uncouth besieging force. Thieves were there, looking with hungry eyes upon the palace and thinking of the movable treasures thereof. Patriotism was there also, thinking of the bitter past which was symbolized in the monstrous castle. Awakening in ill temper from its couch on the damp ground, the mob prowled round the iron railings, casting foul words at the guards within. Before any one could stop it, a gate had been entered, and a squad of rioters crowded into the royal court. A shot was fired and one of the intruders fell dead. Who fired? A royal soldier, say the patriots. The royalists say the shot came from the crowd. Hardly. It was the duty of the sentinel to fire, and, as the king

was not there to issue one of his insane orders, the sentinel probably did his duty and fired.

Whoever did it, the thing was done; the man was dead; and the mob was raging at the palace as if all the devils in hell had been let loose at once. With a howl of rage they rush for the castle, killing and beheading two Body-Guards in the twinkling of an eye. By hundreds they pour in—by thousands. Trampling feet, amid curses and savage yells, rush towards the doors. Axes batter them down, or shiver them to pieces. The Body-Guards are chased from room to room. Muskets add to the deafening roar. Two body-guards hold the foot of the grand staircase. They are cut down, trampled, flung outside, and their heads chopped off. Farther up the stairway stands Miomandre de Sainte-Marie, another body-guard. Gently he would remonstrate with the mob; brutally they dash upon him; and bravely he stands at bay to fight. His comrades snatch him up, drag him within their room, and slam the door. Axes bang on the door, pikes batter it, and it falls before the mob. The Body-Guard flies in terror from that room into the next, vainly slamming its door. On dashes the mob, down crashes the door, away flies the guard for life! “To the queen’s room! Death to the queen! We want her head on a pike!”

Du Repaire, one of the Body-Guard, heard the yells, heard the trampling feet, and realized the danger threatening the sleeping, unguarded queen. “To the room of the queen! This is the way. We want to eat her heart out!” shouts the mob. Du Repaire ran, ran at the top of his speed, broke in ahead of the crowd, and stood, sword in hand, before the queen’s door—alone

against howling hundreds. They seized him, hurled him down, dragged him to the head of the grand stairway, and proposed to cut off his head. Lost, lost the brave man seemed to be, when, at this moment, a pike was aimed at his heart, and saved him. Clutching at it desperately, he was pulled to a sitting posture, he wrenched the weapon from the assailant, fought like a madman, held the mob at bay, and miraculously escaped death, being left for dead by those who beat him down.

In his flight, Miomandre remembered the queen ; while Du Repaire was fighting, Miomandre ran to the queen's door, opened it, shouted, "Save the queen !" closed the door, and stood, sword ready, to face two thousand human tigers, and death ! No hero in song or story was ever more brave ; not Leonidas at the pass, not Horatius at the bridge, not Du Guesclin at Auray, not Roland at Roncesvalles. While Miomandre holds the door, his life between death and the queen, and fighting with the courage of despair, the queen, half-naked, flies in terror to find the king. When Miomandre is at length beaten down, clubbed on the head with a musket after he falls, left weltering in blood, and believed to be dead, the howling mob rushes into the queen's room—to find it empty. Slashing the bed in the fury of their disappointment, they rushed from the deserted chamber, to seek their victim elsewhere.

In the hall of the palace, known as the Bull's Eye, the Body-Guard rallied for a last stand. Most of the courtiers had fled ; some few remained to fight. Tables and chairs were piled against the door to strengthen the frail defence. There the Body-Guard stood, expecting the attack at every moment. On the other side of the door the tramp of feet is heard. "We are the French Guards.

We have come to save you. We do not forget that you saved us at Fontenoy." Gladdest tidings are these. The soldiers mingle, embrace, become brothers at once. The French Guards turn their bayonets against the mob and begin to drive it out. La Fayette arrives, makes reassuring speeches to the royal family and firm remonstrances to the crowd, and soon restores order within the palace.

On the outside the plunderers had been doing some work of their own, had broken into the king's stables, and were riding off with the king's horses. The National Guards of Paris check the robbers, and retake most of the horses. These Parisian Guards also save the lives of some of the Body-Guards, who are being murdered without the palace. Baron Thiébault mentions three whom he snatched from the assailants, and whom he put into his father's house for safety. The aged princess, Madame Adelaide, shaken greatly by the danger which threatened the family, exclaimed warmly to La Fayette, "You have saved us," and kissed him; but the balance of the royal family rancorously resented his failure to guard them more securely, and the courtiers, who had welcomed his entrance into the palace the night before, with derisive cries of "Cromwell," now spitefully dubbed him General Morpheus. He was never forgiven his untimely nap.

The riot was gone, but the rioters were not. They lingered and loitered, sullen, unsatisfied, bent upon mischief. They showed no disposition to disperse. The squalid host beleaguered the castle, and would not move away. Voices began to call for the king. Louis walked out upon a balcony, and was greeted with shouts of "Long live the king!" Other voices began to yell, "The king to Paris!" The king made a sign of assent,

and the loyal shouts redoubled. La Fayette then urged the queen to appear on the balcony. She hesitated, but went. It was a terrible risk. She held her son by the hand. "No children," cried the mob, and the queen put the child back. She came out upon the balcony, in full view, proud, sad, fearless, a picture for all time. La Fayette, as gallant a soul as ever lived, threw round the friendless woman, whose head the mob had fiercely demanded, the protecting arm of his marvellous popularity, and, bending before his queen, as he had done in the old days at Trianon, when both were younger, and were better friends, he knelt, and kissed her hand. What is stranger than a man—than a mob of men? Hatred softened, anger passed away, and the howling wilderness of mixed humanity resounded with shouts of "Live the queen! Live the queen!"

But the king must go to Paris. This was the will of the mob, the secret wish of La Fayette, and Louis must go. The royal carriages are ordered, and there is hasty packing and getting ready. The mob is monarch now, and must not be kept waiting. At half-past one o'clock, October 6th, 1789, Louis XVI. left the palace of Versailles, the home of his ancestors. Yesterday Saint-Priest had told him plainly, "Sire, if you allow yourself to be taken to Paris, your crown is lost." Heavy as lead must have been the hearts of the king and queen as they turned away from Versailles; they must have known, now, if not before, that the beginning of the end had come.

From this day, Versailles was no king's palace. King Louis went away, and no other came here to live. It had seen all the glory of the old régime, all its folly, all its wickedness and shame. It had been the cancer of the



nation, eating out its vitals. It had been the vast maw into which had been drawn the nation's wealth, its strength, its pride. It had been a symbol of the false,—the false in theory and in practice, the false in things social, military, political, and religious. It had been a huge sham, an imposition, horrible in its cruelty, hideous in its waste. Henceforth and forever its mission ends. It is a house hereafter, not a system. It will become a museum, holding curious relics of the past.

When the Assembly learned that the king was going to Paris, it voted a grand delegation to attend him. Mirabeau yearned for a place on the committee, but failed to get it. La Fayette and many others were keenly interested in repressing the ambitious tribune.

Thus the king and the Assembly delegation set out for Paris in the afternoon of October 6th. A more doleful procession the world never saw,—the funeral march of the old monarchy. The royal carriages moved slowly in the moving multitude. The National Guard tramped in military order, and La Fayette rode beside the king's carriage. The mob yelled exultingly, sang ribald songs, danced wildly, flourished pikes, knives, axes, and guns. Some ladies from Paris rode a-straddle of the cannon. Other ladies from Paris rode a-straddle of some horses. Others sang, "We'll have bread now. We've got the baker, the baker's wife, and the baker's boy." Loaves of bread were stuck on the ends of pikes. Were the heads of the murdered guards also borne in this ghastly procession? Some say yes; others say no, among whom we note Count Miot de Melito and Baron Thiébault. La Fayette also denies it, and he ought to have known. The heads had been borne to Paris on

pikes, but this had been done earlier in the day. "It was horrible enough without that," says La Fayette, of this march of the king and queen to Paris. Gouverneur Morris states, Tuesday morning, October 6th, "Two heads of the Body-Guards are brought to town, and the royal family are to come this afternoon."

As the march dragged slowly on, there was a steady uproar of jeers, insults, and exultant shouts and songs; there was an occasional volley of musketry, there was dancing, drinking, obscenity, and bedlamism generally. For six mortal hours the king and queen had to drain this bitter cup, to welter helplessly in this filthy mire. Even when Paris was reached the agony was not over. They must listen to oratory from Bailly at the gate; they must go to the Town-Hall and listen to oratory there; they must submit to be led to the two thrones which have been hastily built for the occasion: they must listen while Bailly and others explain the situation to the citizens present; and they must go out upon the balcony, stand between two torches, and let the people feast their eyes upon the sight of two royal faces which, doubtless, were deadly pale, worn by fatigue, and clouded by sorrow, pain, and humiliation.

But the crowd saw nothing of pain or sorrow. It saw only a king and queen who had obeyed the people, and had come to Paris. All was safe now. The king was hostage for royalism. The people had gone after him, had got him, and would keep him. Bread would certainly be cheaper now and more abundant. Therefore, "Long live the king!" We can afford to be generous to the vanquished. "Long live the king and queen!" — Shout after shout goes up to the balcony, where stand

Louis and his wife, between the two torches. They bow, they salute, they seem to smile! At last they are released, escorted from the Town-Hall, and driven to the Tuileries, which has been hastily got ready for their reception. It is an old palace of the Valois kings, has cost a world of money, and is a vast building surrounded by spacious gardens and wide terraces, sloping to the Seine. For a long while it has been neglected by royalty, and has become the habitation of miscellaneous officials, pensioners, court servants, and Bohemians. Hastily these squatters are ousted, and the old palace of Maria de' Medici receives, late at night, within its shadow and its dilapidation, the falling fortunes of the old régime.

"Everything is ugly here, mamma," said the Dauphin, shrinking back as he entered.

"My son," replied the queen, "Louis XIV. lodged here, and liked it; we should not be more fastidious than he."

Turning to her ladies, as if apologizing for their discomfort, she said to them, "You know I did not expect to come here."

Up to this time, the Revolution had been led by discontented nobles and the middle classes. The nobles had fermented opposition to Turgot, and had incited against him the lower orders whose sufferings he was endeavouring to alleviate. The nobles had opposed Necker, Calonne, and Brienne. They knew that the local assemblies proposed by the reformers would subvert the old Parliament, upon whose support the privileged classes could rely, and they duped the people into believing that the Parliaments, in combating remedial legislation, were championing the

cause of the people. They encouraged the mob all over France to rally to the support of the Parliaments, fight the royal troops, and nullify the royal decrees.

Thus the nobles taught the mob the fatal secret of its own strength. A noble, Mirabeau, taught the people the power of the newspaper, that it could live in spite of royal prohibition, and that it could find its way to a daily audience whom no orator could reach. It was a band of nobles, led by Duport, who organized the first public political debating club, the Breton Club, which afterwards became the Jacobin Club—parent of numberless others. Finally, it was a band of young nobles, the De Lameths at their head, who organized the first committee of propaganda—a committee which, under the control of secret bosses and in touch with similar committees all over the country, became the secret spring of decisive events.

But from the day on which the Paris mob stormed Versailles and captured the royal family, the motive power of the Revolution passed out of the hands of the Assembly, the liberal nobles, and the ambitious middle class. The Paris clubs and the Paris mob became the powers that ruled. As Joseph II. of Austria wrote to his brother Leopold, "The riff-raff of Paris is become the despot of all France."

NOTE.—In a letter written by the Duke of Orleans, but not discovered till after his death, he directed a banker not to pay the money which had been agreed on as the price of the blood of the king. "The money is not gained, the marmot still lives." So it would appear that the duke was the instigator of the mob—a theory which was corroborated by details in the Memoirs of Madame Campan. The men, disguised as women, were doubtless the duke's agents.

## CHAPTER XV

A LULL; DEPUTIES MAURY, CAZALÉS, D'ESPRÉMÉNIL,  
TALLEYRAND, BARRÈRE, ROBESPIERRE, MIRABEAU

WITH the king's return to Paris in October, ends one of the clearly marked periods into which the Revolution is divided. After the storm came the lull. Satisfied with their triumph, and confident that all would now go well, the people relapsed into quietude. Order was restored, and business resumed. The old palace of the Tuileries gradually assumed an air of considerable splendour. Levees were held, forms observed, and ceremonials retained. A small army of cooks, scullions, surgeons, apothecaries, physicians, perfumers, priests, pages, and flunkeys generally had accompanied the court in its journey from Versailles to Paris. Packed hurriedly there, it now unpacked leisurely here. Royalty was an elaborate stage play at Versailles, and it continued to be so in Paris. Not one iota did etiquette abate of its demands. The monarchy might fall, but etiquette never. Even on that dread morning of October 6th, when, in the gray dawn, riot was loose in the palace, and the queen, holding her stockings in her hand, was running along the private passage to the king's room, clad only in her chemise, etiquette refused to unbend or vacate. Before La Fayette could make his way into the family room of royalty, an officer of the court, Brézé perhaps,

had to bring his chattering teeth to the courtly formula prescribed in such cases, "Monsieur, the king grants you the grand leave of entrance!" Royalty could not even have its life saved, though reduced to the bare feet and chemise basis, without having it done according to rule.

In like manner a Spanish king died from overheating, the person whose duty it was to regulate the stove not being present, and no other courtier deigning to volunteer. The monarch died, that etiquette might live. But these are fools, we say. Not at all. We laugh at the Spanish king and the hot stove, but we do not laugh at George Washington when he declines to receive a vitally important letter addressed to "*Mr.* Geo. Washington." Put the "General" there, or the letter must go back to the insolent sender to teach him manners. "Upon my word, what is all this?" cries the Emperor Napoleon, when the Count de Narbonne, one of the nobles of the old régime, fell at his feet and extended his hat in his hand with a letter lying on the hat. "What is all this?" asks Napoleon in amazement. "Sire," says the courtier, "this was the way we always did under Louis XVI." "Ah, indeed! Very well, then, very well," says Napoleon, quite flattered, and the etiquette of the old régime wins one more devotee — and dupe. At St. Helena he seemed to be less worried by the loss of his empire than because the English would not call him emperor.

Did not the courtiers of the decayed Roman empire, the smooth-tongued priest, poet, lawyer, official, and diplomat, weave round the barbarian Franks of the North the web of infinite flatteries and cajoleries? Did not the rude

Frankish warrior king gradually soften towards the courtier, bend towards the priest, listen to the lawyer, and change the free institutions brought from Germany into the despotism of "Divine Right"? Did not this system thrive until it grew into the monstrosity it became under Louis XIV., when the great Catholic priest, Bossuet, stood before the king and all his court and preached that "kings were divine; were as gods on earth"? With its roots striking deep into the pride, the weakness, and the selfishness of human nature, etiquette continues to combat the Revolution, when monarchy reels and falls. And just as the courtier, appealing to the innate vanity and selfishness of human character, bent the Frankish kings to his will, so we shall see the Revolution flattered in its chiefs, until the warrior kings of the mob shall put on the purple and the etiquette of the Bourbons they had overthrown.

While the Revolution is resting, after its victory of October 6th, it may be of interest to the reader to know something more of the leading members of the Assembly, — those who are already prominent, and those who will become so.

The leading defenders of the cause of king and Church were the Abbé Maury, Cazalés, and D'Espréménil. Maury was the son of a Protestant cobbler, who had been driven from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The boy, living near Avignon, a Catholic stronghold, attracted the notice of the parish priest, who sent him to the Jesuit College of Avignon, where he took orders. After completing his collegiate course, he boldly sought his fortune in Paris, although without money or powerful friends. He supported himself by

teaching, and he competed for literary prizes, without winning them. The bishop of Lombes at length employed him as secretary, and canon of his cathedral. His reputation for oratorical ability was sufficient in 1772 for him to be selected to preach the eulogy on St. Louis, before the Parliament of Paris. This was a great opportunity, and Maury was equal to it. By the success which he won on this occasion his future was assured. A deputation from the Parliament called upon the king and requested that the eloquent young priest be given an appointment. Louis consented, and Maury became an abbé. For some years he was the most popular preacher in Paris. In 1776 he delivered an elaborate sermon at Versailles in presence of the king and the court. It was a brilliant success — as an oration. Louis is said to have remarked that if the abbé had shown some knowledge of religion in his sermon it would have contained a little of everything. O'Connell, commenting upon the appointment of the brilliant but omniscient lawyer, Brougham, to the chancellorship, said, "If our chancellor knew a little of law, he would know a little of everything." The two jests belong to the same cradle, and if Louis really made this little joke, unaided, he was satisfied to quit at that. He never made another.

Maury wrote an essay upon oratory which is still a French classic; and his merit as an author, of this and other works, was so well established that he was elected in 1785 to the French Academy. When the States-General was summoned, in 1789, he went to the province of Artois, where he was personally a stranger, and succeeded in having himself chosen one of the deputies of the clergy. In the *cahier* (list of grievances) which he



drew up, at the request of the clergy, he demanded that the States-General be assembled every five years, that taxation should be equalized, that employments of every kind should be open to all, that *Lettres de Cachet* (arbitrary arrests by royal letters) should be abolished, and that no loan should be raised without the consent of the States-General. When the States-General met at Versailles, Maury opposed the union of the three orders, deserted the liberal principles which had gained him his election, and became an ultra-royalist. The patriots at the Palais-Royal denounced him as a renegade, and he became intensely unpopular.

In the Assembly he fought the reformers at every step. Fearless, untiring, and subtle, he did not flinch from any trial of strength, and, although constantly beaten, he was constantly renewing the struggle. He risked his life by this course, but he persevered. Time and again he narrowly missed the lamp-post. A smutty joke would set the crowd laughing, and the abbé, one of the wickedest men in the kingdom, would go his way unharmed. As a debater, he was vastly inferior to Mirabeau. "When he is right," said Mirabeau, "we argue; when he is wrong, I crush him." He escaped all the perils of the Revolution, finally fleeing from the country, and becoming a cardinal as a reward for his loyalty. In Napoleon's time, the cardinal renounced the principles he had so long professed, and became a Bonapartist. On the downfall of the Empire, the Pope brought the errant cardinal to the Way Doleful, unbottled a vial of papal wrath on the Maury head, and flung the aged sinner into the dungeons of the Castle of St. Angelo. It was a pitiful end to the stormy life of toil and brave endeavour. He

died from disease contracted in the dungeon—disease and chagrin.

Maury defended the Church, its privileges and its property, when Talleyrand, bishop though he was, attacked it. At the risk of his life, the abbé stood for his Church against all comers, defied them, fought them amid popular howls, amid all the terrors of raging mobs. Each of these two men, Talleyrand and Maury, lived long and died old. Talleyrand, the assailant of the Church in the darkest days of its peril, died with the Pope's blessing on his head. Maury, the Church's ablest and bravest defender in days when it most needed friends, died under the papal curse, withered, broken, trampled under foot.

Cazalés was a cavalry officer, son of a judge of the Parliament of Toulouse. With some difficulty, the young soldier secured his election to the States-General, as a deputy of the nobles. He opposed the union of the orders, and became a champion of royalty. He was eloquent, but lazy and dissipated. The court did not favour him, because his nobility was so recent as to be somewhat doubtful, and because he scouted the preposterous doctrine of Divine Right. Said he, in words which at that time were very bold, "I do not believe the king holds his crown from God, but from the free will of the French people."

Of D'Espréménil it is difficult to speak with patience. He seems to have been a shallow-pated, loud-mouthed humbug. As a young member of the Paris Parliament, he had seemed to be ambitious to become a demagogue. He had noisily catered to the Rohan interest during the diamond-necklace affair. He had sunk the judge into the

partisan, and had kept Rohan informed from the inside, in order that he might know better how to conduct his case. During the struggles between the Parliament and the king, D'Espréménil had posed as tribune of the people, defying tyranny. He larded his fiery, trashy harangues with copious references to Greece and Rome. He really seemed to have set the fashion among the revolutionary speakers and writers of referring everything to Greece and Rome. From the beginning to the end of the Revolution, no popular orator could speak five minutes without lugging in the Grecians and the Romans. Mirabeau did it, Robespierre did it, Billaud did it, Camille did it. "Oh that some one would deliver me from these Grecians and Romans," exclaimed a martyr to the classical affliction, when the burden had become more than mortal patience could bear.

D'Espréménil was taken by the people for a tribune, a champion of freedom, a foe to the old order. Ovations were given him, and he was borne upon the shoulders of the mob — the hero of the day. After his short imprisonment under royal warrant, he returned to Paris, was elected a deputy of the nobles to the States-General, and became a rampant royalist, to the amazement, disgust, and indignation of the people. His character was very low, the court despised him, and he was not able to do more for the old régime than make a record which provoked the Revolution to cut off his head.

Mirabeau's younger brother, called Barrel Mirabeau, was, like D'Espréménil, a deputy for the nobles, and he also combated any reforms whatsoever. Everything was exactly as it should be, and must remain so. That was his platform. He was a coarse debauchee, who had served

in the American war, and who had failed while there to imbibe the ardour for freedom which seems to have intoxicated the other young nobles who served with him. He hated his brother, envied his fame, and opposed all his measures. When reproached by his elder brother for his continual drunkenness, his answer was, " 'Tis the only vice you have left me." It would be nearer the truth to say that he added drunkenness to all the other vices of his brother, and that he had neither his brother's talent nor good traits. He made some speeches in the Assembly — at least, he supposed they were speeches. They consumed much time, and were very worthless. More frequently, he played the part of a rowdy in the hall, and disturbed the whole Assembly by horse-play and practical jokes. He emigrated at length, joined Condé's forces, and was killed by a fellow-royalist who had come to his tent with some message from Condé, at a time when Mirabeau insisted upon being left undisturbed. Indignant with the visitor for persisting in the demand to see him when he did not wish to be seen, Mirabeau seized his sword and rushed out upon the intruder. The other had no choice but to defend himself; and Mirabeau, intending to slay, was slain.

Lally-Tollendal, a nobleman of Irish descent, had as good cause as any man in France to hate the old régime. It had judicially murdered his father, the gallant but unfortunate French commander in India. The son devoted his earliest efforts to the removal of the judgment of condemnation under which his father had been led to execution with a gag in his mouth. He won his case, and his father's memory was cleared of the stain which rested upon it. Elected a deputy of the nobles, he

had favoured the union of the orders, and, after the Assembly was finally organized, he became one of its most active and efficient workers and talkers. In all the earlier scenes of the drama, his figure was conspicuous; but, after the October riots, he lost heart, and gave up the work. Withdrawing to England, he lived and died there.

Robespierre, the son of a village lawyer of Arras, in the province of Artois, had lost both parents at the age of seven, his mother having died and his father having abandoned his home and family. By the friendship of the bishop of Arras the boy was given a scholarship, in due time, in the College of Louis le Grand at Paris. There he remained ten years. As the college record of young men is supposed to be significant of future character and achievement, the following extract, from the minutes of the College of Louis le Grand, is worth reading: "Jan. 19, 1781. Upon the report rendered by the Principal, of the eminent talents of the Sieur de Robespierre, . . . who is about to terminate his course of study; of his good conduct during the past ten years, and his success in his classes, . . . the Council have unanimously accorded to the said Sieur de Robespierre a gratification of 600 livres."

Returning to Arras, he soon became esteemed as a studious and capable attorney, and as a man of amiable, honest, and independent character. We find him a member of the social-literary club of his town, the companion and legal adviser of such men as his future colleague, Carnot, and director of the Academy of Arras.

Franklin's lightning-rod had been adopted by a rich landowner of the neighbourhood, and the good folks who

see wickedness in all new things raised a clamour against these rods. "What! Shouldn't God have the right to strike a house with lightning, if he pleased? Should poor, sinful, erring mortals presume, by the putting up of preventives, to interfere with the heavenly agencies?" Such was the wail of the orthodox. The priests clamoured, the people clamoured; and the municipal authorities actually ordered Visseray, the landowner, to pull down the rods. The municipality was of the opinion that there was impiety in the erection of conductors whose avowed purpose was to make God's lightnings miss a house which they would otherwise have hit. Visseray, strange to say, was not cowed by this outcry. He employed Robespierre to defend him in his right to use the rods, and won his case. Even in France, human reason was beginning to rebel against the absurdities of orthodoxy.

Another suit which Robespierre undertook shows even more plainly his character. Some peasants who were grievously oppressed by the bishop of Arras applied to Robespierre to defend them. In doing this he drew upon himself the resentment of the clergy of that province. They charged him with base ingratitude to the bishop, under whose patronage he had obtained his education. The bishop had no one but himself to blame if, by pressing an unjust exaction on the poor of his diocese, he forced Robespierre to choose between his sense of gratitude and his sense of duty. Another case in which Robespierre was employed led him to publish a denunciation of *Lettres de Cachet*. Under this system of granting royal Letters of the Seal, fathers could imprison sons and daughters, husbands could get rid of wives, wives of husbands, debtors of hungry creditors, and cowardly

foes dispose of enemies they hated and feared. Two hundred thousand of these arbitrary letters of arrest were issued under Louis XV. and 16,000 under Louis XVI. When the Bastille was stormed by the mob, one of the prisoners found there was an illegitimate son of Pâris Duverney, the banker. As an accommodation to the father, the son had been kept in jail till he was an old man. Robespierre denounced the whole system of letters of arrest as wrong in principle and despotic in practice. The province of Artois, like all others in France, was under the control of a few nobles and higher clergy. The people had no vote, no influence. It was ring-rule in its worst form. Robespierre published a pamphlet exposing the injustice of this, and demanding a reform of the abuse.

Thus the young attorney had made himself prominent in his native province. Studious, mild, and melancholy, he loved solitude, birds, and flowers, wrote poetry for ladies and for his literary club, was not indifferent to the charms of feminine society, and was, taken altogether, a person whom the wildest fancy could not have magnified and distorted into the author of a Reign of Terror. Appointed a judge in the Criminal Court of Arras, it became the duty of Robespierre to sentence an assassin to death. This affected him so painfully that he sent in his resignation. When the States-General was summoned, the Third Estate of Artois selected Robespierre as one of its deputies; and he, like so many others, wended his way to Paris, poor in pocket, rich in hope. He was small in person and not prepossessing in manner. He had none of the usual gifts of oratory, none of the usual elements of leadership. His mild blue eyes were shaded by glasses, his face wore a smile partly

sarcastic, his gestures were stiff and awkward, his voice shrill, his manner shy and unsocial. He looked the Puritan pedant; he was, in fact, the Puritan fanatic wedded to politics. In all the Assembly there was not a member more conscientious, more intense, more inflexible, more determined to do thoroughly the work in hand, than the neatly dressed Robespierre. "He believes every word he says. He will go far." This was Mirabeau's verdict.

Talleyrand, whom Louis XVI. had appointed bishop of Autun, was also an influential member of the Constituent Assembly, being a representative of the clergy. An aristocrat by birth, manners, and life, he convinced himself that the old order was passing away, and he aligned himself with the reformers. A master of diplomacy and intrigue, false to everything but his own interests, coldly, cunningly calculating in all that he did, he was a power in the Assembly, not by reason of what he said in the sessions, but by reason of his manipulation of the leaders. He presented the motion to confiscate the property of the Church, and the Pope excommunicated him. True to his double nature, he intrigued with the king while he trained with the revolutionists. Perfectly indifferent, except as to his own advancement, he would have sold Louis to the Assembly, or the Assembly to Louis, with equal readiness.

Talleyrand possessed some mysterious gift of mind which has thus far eluded analysis and defied definition. He repelled men, yet attracted and influenced them. La Fayette hated him, yet acted with him. Mirabeau denounced him savagely, yet, dying, handed him the speech which the great orator wished to have



read to the Assembly when he himself should be dead. The strangest thing about it is that Talleyrand was strongly suspected of having poisoned Mirabeau. He read the speech, nevertheless.

Napoleon understood him like a book, hated him with a consuming hatred, yet relied on him when he overthrew the Directory, kept him in office, and promoted him from time to time, knowing that Talleyrand would sell any State secret to any nation that could pay for it, and would betray him whenever it became profitable to do so.

Louis XVIII. knew him, despised him, yet employed him ; so did Louis Philippe. This consummate and most successful rascal, after surviving all the friends and foes of the Revolution, died peacefully in 1838, after having betrayed in turn every king, every party, and every friend that had trusted him. Never in his long life of perfidy and crime was he true to anybody but himself. "A silk stocking filled with excrement," is what Napoleon called him, and that is what he was, — polished and foul, smooth and false, brilliant and corrupt.

When he died in the fulness of his infamous career, in which he had sold France, at one time or another, to every enemy she had on earth, the Pope's blessing was on his head, and a king was at his bedside.

"I am suffering the torments of the damned," cried the dying Talleyrand.

"Already?" murmured Louis Philippe.

The master-mind and spirit of the Assembly was Mirabeau, about whom a legendary mist has formed which renders it difficult to measure his exact propor-

tions, or to fix his real character. The family tree which Carlyle gives the great orator does not belong to him. His family was not so ancient nor so noble as he himself claimed it to be. His ancestors were prosperous merchants of Marseilles, and the founder of the house bought the title from the Barras family. They were robust, strenuous, strong-minded folks, rough talkers and ready fighters. The hot temper of the south was common to them all; in fact, the whole family appear to have been exceedingly fussy people.

The father of Mirabeau was a marquis who owned large estates and cultivated political economy. For theoretical philanthropy and practical hardness of heart he was not easily excelled. He wrote books telling how the nation might be made happier, and he called himself the "Friend of Man"; but he had not the slightest turn for making his own home happy and he was not the friend of any specific man whose identity is capable of proof. He belonged to that class of men who are so enraged at the mismanagement of the universe that they have no time left for good management of business of their own. He fumed and fretted about the national debt, and let mortgages devour his own property. He knew all about the king's business, and could tell him, by the volume, how the affairs of the monarchy ought to be managed; but he left his own estates to become spectacles of incapacity and mismanagement, and was eternally in a row with relations, neighbours, and tenants. He dwelt apart from the world, up in a castle, and lavished theoretical fondness upon a race of imaginary men. The actual world was almost a sealed book to him, practical affairs a puzzle, and the real man of every-day

life an abominable creature who had no reason in him, and whom it was impossible to respect.

The men of the imagination of the marquis were eminently attractive people who deserved the best of laws and the kindest of treatment; the men of actual life, as the marquis found them, were repulsive wretches who could only be managed by abuse, threats, persecutions, lawsuits, and physical force. His imaginary men were taken to Olympian heights and wooed to noble lives by the strong but benevolent promptings of reason. His actual men were dealt with in the spirit of the morosest pugilism. As a theoretical philanthropist, the marquis achieved a wide reputation and universal applause; as an actual misanthrope he maddened his neighbours, harried his tenants, broke up his family, and made his home a hell. So far as we can see, he was a tyrannical, selfish, cruel, irritable, vindictive, stingy, grasping, and inordinately vain man. Denouncing the tyranny of the king in his books, he was a despot in his own family. As-sailing *Lettres de Cachet* in voluminous pamphlets, he was constantly pestering the ministers for more of them for his own use. He jailed his own wife, and his son; he published the most abusive libels both of the wife and the son; he tried his level best to rob and disgrace the wife, and he left nothing undone in the effort to defame and to ruin the son. The very worst things that were ever said of Mirabeau were said by his father; and if Mirabeau's hatred of the old régime is excusable, it is but fair to remember that the old régime, when it tried to crush him, did so at the instance of his father.

A "Friend of Man" who befriends nobody, and who takes the public to witness that his wife and his son are

infamous, is not the kind of father to raise model boys. The Mirabeau boys were just what we might expect—rough cubs of the paternal bear. Gabriel Honoré Mirabeau, the oldest son of the marquis, was remarkable from his earliest days for his ungovernable impulses, his hot temper, his restless disposition, his ready tongue, and his generous, loving, big-hearted nature. He was a born rebel. His father beat him, the nurse beat him, his grandmother beat him—in fact, it seems to have been a sort of domestic recreation to beat Gabriel Honoré. The boy was large and strong in body, and his spirit was of the sort which does not break. He thrived on beating, and grew up despising authority. The marquis complained bitterly that the boy had no reverence, no innate tendency to bend and obey. Being a tyrant by nature, the marquis intensely disliked his son's want of the quality of reverent obedience. Another trait of the son offended the father. Gabriel was vain. The marquis was, perhaps, the vainest person in Christendom, and the son's vanity grated on his nerves. He felt it to be an intrusion, and he resented it. Another thing: as Gabriel grew to manhood he developed a lawless appetite for loose women. The marquis lived with a woman who was not his wife, and did not live with her who was; and he considered this fault of his son to be unpardonable—and in fact the boy remained unpardoned, and was driven into the life of a wandering outcast, an aristocratic Bohemian.

At the age of fifteen, Gabriel was sent off to school. At this time he was hideously ugly, his face having been seamed and pitted by smallpox. His father had grown to hate the very sight of him. In sending him to school, he even compelled the boy to renounce the use of the

family name. As a scholar, he was known as Peter Buffière. Under the tuition of the Abbé Choquard, young Mirabeau made wonderful progress, and mastered four languages besides his own, Italian, Spanish, German, and English. His education also embraced music, dancing, fencing, and riding.

His school days over, Gabriel was sent to the army, and became sub-lieutenant Peter Buffière. Stationed at Saintes, in the regiment of the Marquis of Saint-Lambert, a martinet, young Buffière had a troublous time of it. Quarrels with his colonel brought on the application of arrests and days of confinement. The seduction of the daughter of an archer, or policeman, of Saintes hastened matters to a crisis, for the Marquis of Saint-Lambert, so it is said, had also cast eyes of desire upon the girl, and resented the success of his subordinate and rival.

On complaint of Saint-Lambert, the Minister of War ordered Buffière to imprisonment in the Isle of Rhé. The old "Friend of Man" actively furthered this arrest, if indeed the order for it was not issued at his request. He took the trouble to write the governor of the Isle of Rhé that Buffière was hot-headed, utterly perverse, and a liar by nature. The marquis, whose wife had quit him because he had insisted upon her living in the same house with his concubine, honestly reached the conclusion that his son was a hopelessly bad man. The son gambled, quarrelled, resisted authority, and broke the seventh commandment; the father determined to reform him or kill him, and the father's concubine gave what help she could to the old man's designs. But Gabriel Honoré had a talent for making friends. At the Isle of Rhé he won all hearts. He was so manly, brave, eloquent of speech, and warm

of heart that he captivated people in spite of themselves. His uncle became his partisan, and after much entreaty the marquis reluctantly withdrew the *Lettre de Cachet*. Gabriel at once set out for Corsica, where Paoli was leading a forlorn hope in the attempt to keep the island independent of France. Going by way of Rochelle, Mirabeau enlivened the journey by fighting a duel with a brother officer. The brother officer having been duly wounded and humbled, Gabriel went his way rejoicing, to Toulon, where he embarked for Corsica. His father had refused to see him—although the uncle strongly urged the meeting—but wrote the uncle to advise Peter Buffière to read carefully and study well the books which the “Friend of Man” had written. “Tell your nephew” to read my “Political Economy”; and thereby learn to be good, and to let cards and women alone. Gabriel scouted this advice, expressed the utmost contempt for his father’s books, and thereby enormously widened the breach between father and son. He soldiered in Corsica, helped to subdue the patriots and put them under the yoke, a work whose most eventful result was to open to Napoleon Bonaparte the doors of the military schools of France. Afterwards, and from the tribune of the Assembly, Mirabeau expressed his regret for having served against the Corsicans in this their struggle for independence.

Returning to France in May, his father at length consented to see him. The marquis received him kindly, but the young man made his home with his uncle. It was not till the latter part of the year 1770 that the marquis allowed his son to wear the family name, assume the title of Count Mirabeau, and live at the family home. Father and mother were in the thickest of their feud at

this time, and the son, taking sides with the father, reviled the mother as indecently as the father could desire. In a short while he had made great progress in winning his father's good-will; and the old man allowed him to visit Paris and appear at court during the winter of 1771. The young Count Mirabeau, we are told, made a brilliant figure in Paris and Versailles, and plunged as madly as any rake of them all into the dissipations of that licentious time. He was presented to royalty, received as one of the family by the aristocracy, and was hail-fellow-well-met among the libertines of the court.

Not long after this, the marquis issued orders to the young count to marry. A little brown weakling of a woman, ugly but rich, was pointed out to the count as a suitable wife, and he was ordered to go straightway and marry her. After much circumlocution and delay, the marriage came off, but the marquis had fretted over something or other in the progress of the negotiations, and he was not pleased after all. He had promised his son a magnificent allowance if he would wed himself to this little imbecile of a woman, but after the son had yielded, and had thus marred his whole life, the marquis broke his pledges and kept his money.

The young count was the most extravagant man one could find. He knew nothing of the value of money, and was an ideal spendthrift. He would stake his last ducat on the turn of a card. If he had but one franc in his pocket, he would spend that franc like a king. It was a mystery to him why or how people saved. He saw no sense in it. Money was made to spend,—to cause its possessor to have a good time. Hence, he not only spent every cent of his own, but cheerfully that of

other people if they would let him. Any friend of his was welcome to whatever cash he might have on hand at the time. He would lend it, or give it, and never ask its return. On the other hand, he would borrow from any friend, and such friend was preparing to suffer needless pain if he cherished the hope of ever seeing the money any more. Mirabeau, in his checkered career, may have sometimes found himself in possession of sufficient cash for the present, but a sufficiency for both the past and the present was beyond all the possibilities. Now, the young count, having married to please his father, celebrated the marriage with royal magnificence. His father was rich, her father was rich; why should not he and his wife have a splendid wedding? They had it, —on credit. There was great enjoyment among the guests who thronged to the marriage feast; there were lamentations long and loud among the creditors afterwards. Mirabeau paid nothing, had nothing to pay with. He eloquently referred all those who wanted money to his father, and all those who applied to the marquis failed to get it. The utmost he would do was to let the young couple live at his estate of Mirabeau, rent free, upon an allowance of 6000 francs (\$1200) per year. The Marquis of Marignane, the wife's father, came up with an additional sum of 3000 francs per year. Eighteen hundred dollars per annum, a home, and no rent to pay, were not necessarily the conditions leading to purgatory; but Gabriel Honoré worked out that result, nevertheless. He ran head over heels into debt, piled up an insolvency of 200,000 francs, pawned his wife's jewels, beat the servants, defied the bailiff, sold the furniture, insulted the president of the Parliament, fell into the hands of the



Jews, began to cut down the timber on the estate, and ran amuck into prodigalities and debaucheries.

By a *Lettre de Cachet*, his father confined him to the limits of the estate, first, and then upon renewed misdoings of the son to the little town of Manosque. This royal warrant inflicted no great hardship upon Gabriel Honoré. It may even have been a benefit and favour. His creditors could not touch him while he was thus in the king's custody, and he had full freedom of movement within the town. His father went still further, however; he procured a writ from the High Court of Paris "interdicting" him as a prodigal. The effect of this was that he was not bound in law for any credit his persuasive tongue induced others to extend to him. He protested loudly against this decree, but never took any step to reverse it. He found the decree to be a convenient defence against creditors and a plausible excuse for leaving them all to their groans. At the time of his funeral the bill for his wedding suit was still unpaid.

While at Manosque occurred the ugliest episode of all—the infidelity of his wife. The paramour was a young musketeer of the town, son of the people with whom the Mirabeaus lodged. The injured husband neither slew guilty wife nor lover, but, after having written the latter a scathing letter, endeavoured to bring about a marriage between him and a lady who lived at some little distance from Manosque. To arrange the marriage, Mirabeau left Manosque, went to see the father of the young lady, and on his way back visited Madame de Chabris, his sister. While on this visit, he chanced to meet the Baron Ville-neuve-Moans, a fat, wheezy, middle-aged gentleman, who had made light remarks concerning this lightest of women,

Madame de Chabris. Snatching an umbrella out of the baron's hands, Mirabeau broke it upon the baronial back, and the two peers of the realm then ran together, tumbled over the terrace, and went scuffling and scratching down the hill, rolling over and over ludicrously. The light sister leaned against the wall for support, so convulsed was she with laughter. Mirabeau afterwards said of her that to be a wanton was her most trivial sin.

Hearing of all this racket, enraged that his son should have defied authority by leaving Manosque, the old marquis obtained another *Lettre de Cachet*, and had his turbulent son imprisoned in the Château d'If, at Marseilles. This was in 1774. In the following year, the prisoner was transferred to the fortress of Joux, near Pontarlier, in the mountains of the Jura. Being allowed some liberties here by his jailer, he availed himself of them to win the heart of another man's wife. This was Sophie Monnier, the young wife of the seventy-five-year-old Marquis of Monnier. So clear a case of January and May excited Mirabeau's liveliest sympathies, and the only remedy that occurred to him was to elope with the young countess. He did so, to the intense displeasure of another noble, Count Saint-Mauris, who had himself looked with sympathy upon the lady, and had meant to relieve her distress.

The Marquis of Monnier was the leading citizen of Pontarlier, held and deserved the respect of the community, and was basely treated in the affair which Mirabeau's partisans becloud so romantically. He was neither harsh, avaricious, jealous, nor unsympathetic. He was indulgent to his wife, and he had warmly welcomed Mirabeau

to his house. The wife herself has written, "I grossly abused my husband's confidence"; and Mirabeau admitted, "He listened with pleasure to the story of my misfortunes, and even of my faults, and was prodigal of encouragement and advice." The wild young man stole the old man's wife, broke his heart, desolated his home, brought his honoured head to shame and grief. The youthful lovers fled across the Swiss frontier, carrying with them as much of the old man's money and jewels as the fair Sophie could lay her hands on, and reached Amsterdam in safety. There the lovers lived on the old Marquis of Monnier's money, until it was gone, and then Mirabeau eked out a wretched living by his pen: "Essays on Despotism," and so forth.

Nobody in France seems to have bothered himself much about Gabriel or Sophie, until Gabriel stirred up his father by publishing a violent pamphlet against him. The lawsuit between the old Friend of Man and his wife was in the courts, and the son, who had already denounced his mother, wished now to be heard against his father. He wrote a most aggravating, scurrilous diatribe, in which the Friend of Man was exhibited as a many-sided humbug, hypocrite, tyrant, and visionary. The irreverent son held up to public ridicule a father who presumed to teach perfected agriculture, and who did not know rye from wheat; who preached benevolence and outlawed his own son; who lectured on national morals, and yet drove out his wife to make room for his harlot. Five hundred and fifty copies of this soothing document were sent by the author to his mother for distribution, in the interest of her case. The shipment was made under cover to Sartines, chief of the police, who

obligingly forwarded one copy to the old Friend of Man — confiscating the other 549.

The wrath of the Friend of Man knew no bounds. Through the French Embassy at The Hague he procured the arrest and extradition of the lovers; Sophie was led to a house of correction, and her lover was thrown in the dungeons of Vincennes. During the absence of the pair, Mirabeau had been condemned to death by the criminal judge of Pontarlier for the abduction of Sophie, and she had been sentenced to imprisonment for life.

Mirabeau's confinement was severe at first, his cell being without fireplace and only ten feet square, while only one hour per day was allowed him for exercise and fresh air. After a while he won the good-will of his jailers, was allowed more liberties and better quarters, was supplied with writing materials, books, and papers, and was allowed to correspond with his friends. Here he remained for more than three years, his father stonily deaf to every appeal.

It was in December of the year 1780 that he finally was released. His father had only withdrawn the warrant when the harshness of the punishment had created a unanimous and powerful sentiment in favour of the son which was becoming hurtful to the Friend of Man. Even then the marquis refused to see the prodigal, and, meeting him by chance in Paris, would not recognize him.

Mirabeau was free, but Sophie was not. She was in the convent of Gien. In disguise, her lover went to see her; and they met at night for the first time since they had been torn apart. Who is there but must pity Sophie Monnier? In this instance, the woman had, as usual, given all, — station, wealth, friends, honour, peace,

happiness. She had fled with her lover, suffered with him, laboured with him in poverty and disgrace, there in Holland, when Mirabeau's fortunes were so low and his future so dark. She had been his faithful slave,—as usual; his patient comforter, as usual. She now lay in prison, her fortune sequestered, her name gone, alone in her wretchedness against a world which had cast her out.

Surely Mirabeau loves her yet, and the bliss of one hour with him will make her forget the woes of the past—will blot them all out. Not so, at all. They meet coldly, they quarrel, they part in bitterness of heart. Each complains of the other. Each says the other has been false, has loved elsewhere since their cruel separation. They part, and meet no more. The woman suffers and dies, as usual. The man goes his way and forgets, as usual. In the life of Mirabeau, Sophie Monnier was but an incident, a detail. He ate its fruit and hurried on. In the life of Sophie Monnier, Mirabeau was everything, her whole existence; and, when he passed out of it, there was nothing left. She tried to cultivate a mild affection afterwards for a consumptive gentleman named Poterat. She even promised to marry him. Poterat died in her arms, and she decided to live no longer. She locked herself in her room, tied herself to the chair, set fire to a chafing-dish full of charcoal, and was found apparently dead. To make sure of her death, the village surgeon cut open the body, and ascertained, then, that she had not been dead when he got there. She was dead when he left! This was in September, 1789. The news of her death was brought to Mirabeau, while he was in the Assembly. He turned pale, but said nothing, and leaving his place, withdrew from the hall.

One of the first things Gabriel Honoré did after his release from Vincennes was to ask Maurepas, the minister, for a *Lettre de Cachet* against the light sister, Madame de Chabris, whose conduct was becoming ever more publicly and aggressively light. Maurepas was out of all patience with these Mirabeaus, and he wrote back, "It is intolerable that there should be no end to the scandals in your family. The king will hear no more of them." Failing in the attempt to jail the sister, Mirabeau turned upon his mother, took up his father's charges against her, appeared in court as his father's champion, browbeat the lawyers on the other side, doing his utmost to keep the outraged wife from obtaining a legal separation from her husband and a restoration of her property. He failed; the marchioness got both the separation and the property.

Mirabeau was free, but penniless. His father allowed him nothing. He brought legal action to reverse the sentence of rape, which had been pronounced against him, in his absence, by the Pontarlier courts for his abduction of the Countess Monnier, and which would be conclusive if not set aside in five years. In order to bring the suit, he voluntarily surrendered himself, as was necessary, and was put back in prison at Joux. As a prisoner he brought the action, and, after a heroic fight, won a great triumph. His ability in drawing up eloquent arguments on the case gave him a wide celebrity. By a compromise with the Monnier party, he secured the restoration of Sophie's dowry, and the stipulation that she should be at liberty to leave the convent at the death of Count Monnier.

Encouraged by this success, and urged thereto by his father, Mirabeau now applied to the courts for an injunction against his wife, to compel her to live with him. He

lost the case at every stage. In vain he pleaded, in writing and in person. One of his addresses to the court occupied nearly five hours in its delivery, and had a tremendous effect on the multitude. It had none whatever on the judges,—many of whom were relatives of the wife. These speeches of Mirabeau, heard by the people of Aix, laid the foundation of his fame as an orator, and led to his election to the States-General a few years later.

Upon his return from Provence, Mirabeau once more turned to his mother, became her partisan in the quarrel with his father, persuaded her to borrow 21,000 livres upon her property, wheedled her out of the greater part of the loan, spent it expeditiously in luxurious living,—husbanding all of it for present uses, and wasting none of it upon old debts. This money gone, the son went one way, the mother another—she to poverty, neglect, misery, he to the wandering life of the political, literary Bohemian. We see him pushing, striving, labouring, failing, in Paris, London, Germany, Belgium, living from hand to mouth, partly by his pen and partly on his friends. He wrote books and pamphlets of his own; he translated books and pamphlets of others. His capacity for work was enormous; his rapacity for appropriating the work of others was even greater. There was a genius and a fire about him which was born with him, and which distinguished all his work; but his literary labour was so much of a trade, so much of a making of books to sell, that none of his work, as literature, has survived.

By dint of writing, of making friends, of getting access to the purses of these friends, Mirabeau contrived to live. But it was a haggard existence. There was no real honour or usefulness in it. He became known through-

out Europe, but not favourably. His ability was admitted by all, but his character was condemned. He was considered violent, venal, unscrupulous. Even a friend like Romilly opened his eyes in a wide stare when Mirabeau regaled him with an account of the manner in which he had challenged Gibbon, rebuked him for the imperialism taught in the "Decline and Fall," and reduced the abashed historian to helpless silence. Romilly happened to know that the story was not true, that Mirabeau had not met Gibbon, and that the historian was then at Lausanne in Switzerland!

Again, the vices of Mirabeau were too openly defiant of the unwritten laws of immoral society. He did indecorously what others did with decorum. Where society prescribed a veil and wore a delicate mask, Mirabeau went barefaced, with a bell and a sign-board. His standing, even among men, was doubtful. He wanted too much, money especially. His companionship was agreeable, his conversation charming, and men of genius were fond of him; but he was the kind of man they did not care to introduce to their wives and daughters. Oblivious of his own sins, he was quick to correct those of his neighbour, and Sir Samuel Romilly, his friend, draws the funniest of pictures, when he shows us Mirabeau and John Wilkes at the same dinner-table, and Mirabeau hectoring Wilkes about *Wilkes'* immoralities.

Proud of his rank, of his title, of his talents, he bore himself royally through it all, and was a grand seigneur whether his pocket was full or not. He feared nobody, loved life and the living, and was always absolutely sure of some woman, and some man, who would devote to him everything which love and friendship could offer. Many



a time he was reduced to desperate straits, but he always managed, somehow or other, to pull through. It was usually done at the expense of his friends. At one time, he applied to Chamfort as a last resort. His need was desperate. Chamfort loved him like a brother, and had often helped him. This time Chamfort had no money. He had some choice wine, however, and the wine was put at Mirabeau's service. It was sold, and the money used.

Such was the life Mirabeau was leading when the king summoned the Notables in 1788. The count came forward, and asked to be elected secretary of the body. The nobles declined to choose him. When the States-General was summoned in 1789 he sought to be chosen as his father's proxy as a deputy of the nobles. They spurned him—to his furious resentment. Denouncing the pride of the aristocracy in a violent and eloquent proclamation, he abandoned his own order, and appealed to the people to elect him. The popular response was immediate, enthusiastic, overwhelming. He made a triumphal tour of Aix and Marseilles, had an ovation such as few kings have had, made the first stump speeches ever heard in France, and carried the election by storm. He was elected both by Aix and by Marseilles. He chose to sit for Aix. He was now forty years old. From this time the marquis began to realize the greatness of his son, and to be proud of it. He followed Gabriel's movements in the Assembly, read his speeches, did justice to his genius, admired his courage, and took him back to his heart.

To Barrel Mirabeau, once the parental favourite, came this sharp reproof, when the younger brother was trying

to make speeches against the elder, "If I were you, and had a brother among the deputies such as yours, I would hold my tongue, and let that brother speak."

After Mirabeau's election at Aix, some of the enthusiastic people went to the residence of his wife and urged her to make peace with him and return to him. She refused. She was a light, frivolous woman, devoted to the pleasures of society, and dominated by her family. In 1790, Mirabeau's sister again tried to bring them together. The death of the husband put an end to the negotiations. In the Revolution the wife lost all and emigrated. She married the Count of Rocca, a Scandinavian soldier, and returned to Paris in 1796. Her husband died in 1797, and then she sought shelter with Mirabeau's sister. Her home was the room her first husband had occupied. Her memory went back to him, and her love of him revived. She hung the walls with his busts and portraits. She sang the songs which had been his favourites, the songs she had sung to him in the early days of their marriage. On March 6th, 1800, she died in the same room, in the same bed, wherein her great husband had taken his leave of the world.

During the early part of the session, as has been heretofore stated, Mirabeau was borne down by the weight of his bad name. Motions made by him were sometimes defeated simply out of dislike to their author. "He cannot carry five votes by his personal influence," says Arthur Young; "his character is a dead weight to him." His brother, who hated him, remarked tauntingly, "Much as he talks, he is not listened to."

It was not till after the royal session that he made his position as leader good, and it was not till he moved his

address to the king to send away the troops that he became the uncrowned monarch of the debates. Even then his personal influence remained weak, and his aspirations were constantly disappointed by men whose characters were as much better than his as their talents were inferior. "Ah, what a penalty I pay for the sins of my youth," was the remorseful cry of this self-maimed giant, who had debased his own genius, and made a mockery of the ordinary virtues which made respectability. "The sins of my youth," indeed! Even now he was inviting the court with one hand, while he hammered and battered it with the other. He craved recognition, and demanded ministerial position. Necker would not hear of it, nor would the queen. So the hammering and the battering goes on. "Give him money, money till he is gorged, but Mirabeau in the ministry — never!" cried the queen, with fierce determination, and she stuck to it to the last.

## CHAPTER XVI

ROYALIST REACTION ; CAMP-LIFE AT TUILERIES ; MIXED ELEMENTS ; MAKING THE CONSTITUTION ; CHURCH PROPERTY CONFISCATED ; CLERICAL REVOLT ; MIRABEAU ; LA FAYETTE ; D'ORLEANS ; THE LABOURERS ; DANTON ; FROMENT

SO far as the facts were concerned, the throne had been rudely toppled over, and the royal family led off into captivity ; but every effort had been made by those high in nominal authority to make it appear that Louis XVI. had been stung by a sudden wish to see how Paris looked, and had come of his own accord to satisfy a natural curiosity. Had not Bailly, the polite mayor of Paris, met the royal visitor at the gate of the city ; had he not made one of his angularly courteous little speeches expressive of the very great pleasure with which Paris welcomed its master ; and had he not soberly gone through the ceremony of surrendering to the king the keys of the town, in accordance with time-honoured precedent ? Were statelier preparations ever made for a visiting sovereign than those which the municipality had arranged for the royal reception at the Town-Hall ? Had there ever been more of velvet and gold, of carpeted dais, imperial throne, and chairs of state for royal wife, brother, sister, friends, and attendant deputies of the National Assembly ? More loyal addresses had never been

made by Paris to its king ; words more gracious in response, king had not uttered. "It is always with pleasure and confidence that I find myself among my good people of Paris," said the king, with emotion ; and Bailly, amid enthusiastic yells, proclaimed the monarch's statement, leaving out by inadvertence the word "confidence." "Add with confidence," insists the queen ; and Bailly, in the politest phrase possible, yields to the correction.

The courteous fiction that the king had merely dropped in on a visit, casually and of his own free will, was kept up with consistency and skill. The municipal officers attended his Majesty on the morning of the 7th, with Bailly and La Fayette at their head, paid their respects in due form, expressed their profound gratification at the honour the monarch had done the city by his visit, and they officially gave him a pressing invitation to make his future home in the midst of his good people of Paris. The king, humouring so ingenious a fiction, and willing to be flattered even in this fantastic manner, gravely replied that he would, in the future, make Paris his most habitual residence.

After the happy municipals had feebly expressed their rapture at this gracious consent, which their suave insistence had enticed out of the king, and had had time to digest their emotions, they straightway departed to find the queen to make a like request of her. Perchance she also would consent to remain in Paris. In his courtliest manner the kind-hearted Bailly makes his little speech, tells her that Paris is most happy to awake and find royalty present in its midst, and he solicits from her Majesty a gracious boon — the promise that she will continue to rejoice the good Parisians by dwelling

among them. The ingenious fiction does not take quite so well with the queen, and her reply is cold and brief: "I will follow the king wherever he goes." The waves of indignation are yet rolling high in that haughty soul, and she cannot quite so soon forget those heads of her faithful defenders borne on pikes—bannered trophies of mob-rule, gory proofs of a crown in the mud and a king in chains.

Following Bailly and his municipals, came all the other authorities, the courts, the Parliament, the University, the Grand Council, the entire month being taken up with ceremonial visits. Thus, as far as possible, the iron gauntlet of Revolution was covered with the velvet of deferential observance. The bars of the cage were lovingly wreathed with flowers; the chains were softened with silk. As to the people of Paris, they were filled with delight by the presence of the royal family. From dawn to dusk vast crowds surrounded the Tuileries, eager to catch a glimpse of king or queen or Dauphin. The court, the terrace, the park, were all thronged, and whenever royalty was pleased to show itself on balcony, or at window, enthusiastic shouts rang loud and long, "Live the king and queen!"

Court lords and ladies resumed their functions, white lilies and white ribbons being seen everywhere. De Brézé, again mounted guard over the ceremonial department, kept vigilant eyes upon the proprieties, measuring conduct by the rigidest etiquette. When the queen, not having had time to dress in full court costume to receive the Assembly, rose as those visitors entered, De Brézé was disturbed in his mind, and he made a point of putting the deputies on notice that the queen rose only

because of her not being fully attired, and that her condescension upon this occasion must not be taken as a precedent.

The bursting forth of the lawless elements of society as evidenced by the violence done the king on October 6th, caused a reaction in his favour. Some of the strongest men of the Assembly felt that the executive must be strengthened, and that mob-rule must be discouraged. La Fayette, Mirabeau, Bailly, and others began to take warning and to feel the necessity of giving the tottering throne their support.

In the character of Marie Antoinette there was a vein of vindictiveness, and she could not practise the arts of conciliation. La Fayette's advances were coldly met. He gallantly attended her to church, and on her tours of the hospitals, but could not win her favour. One day, while he was with her on a visit to a manufacturing establishment in the St. Antoine quarter, multitudes of people followed and cheered her lustily. "See, Madame!" said La Fayette, "how good this people are when one comes to meet them." "But are they so good when they come to meet us?" bitterly asked the queen. Between herself and the people, between herself and La Fayette, she thrust the 6th of October, and she would not forgive nor could she forget.

Deputations of citizens and National Guards called upon her at the palace, and besought her to show herself at the theatres. She refused. The Bastille heroes craved an audience from her. She refused. The Dames of the Hall (fish-women) sent a visiting delegation with a loyal address. This guild was known of old for its attachment to the monarchy. Many of its members loudly con-

demned the 6th of October, and they had even organized squads of their own members to chase back to their dens the hags who were howling about the streets. The queen received these women of the Hall, but between herself and them she allowed a barricade of work-baskets, as if to keep them at a distance, and these labouring people, who as a class are the most sensitive on earth, went away hurt and resentful.

The king being in Paris, the Assembly came also, October 19th. They caused the Tuileries to be put in repair, and elegantly furnished. They requested the king to name the sum he considered sufficient for his household expenses. He named 25,000,000 francs (\$5,000,000). The Assembly promptly and unanimously voted it; and decreed that he should have also the revenues arising from the various royal parks, forests, and palaces. The queen was voted an allowance of 4,000,000 francs (\$800,000) per annum; and both herself and the king were to spend the appropriations to suit themselves. Out of this liberal allowance which debt-ridden and impoverished France made to the crown, it pleased the incorrigible king to continue to pay, to the amount of \$2,000,000 per year, the pensions and salaries of the grandees who had opposed all reasonable reforms, who had fled the kingdom, and who were now engaged at Turin or Coblenz in stirring up against France both foreign and domestic war.

We see, therefore, that neither the Assembly nor the people were disposed to treat the king disrespectfully or ungenerously. The common sentiment found expressions like this: "We have now our king restored to us. He is taken away from his bad advisers, and will now be, as he has always wished to be, our good father;" — and where-



ever they saw him they greeted him with the loyal cry of old, "Live the king." Had he possessed a spark of the magnetism of Francis I. or Henry IV., how easy it would have been for him to have drawn to his support, even now, the vast majority of his people ! But Louis had no touch of the king, the leader, and he sank back into his old self. The very night he reached the Tuileries he ate a hearty meal—and he kept on eating them. Meat and drink were just as good to him as ever. He sent for his anvil, bellows, hammers, etc., and began again to tinker on locks,—the same old Louis, the same unkingly king.

Baron Thiébault in his *Memoirs* relates the following incident, belonging to this period : One morning the king was taking the air on the Tuileries terraces. A lady came into the gardens, followed by a pretty little spaniel. The dog ran up close to the king, and the lady, making a low courtesy to the monarch, began to call the dog back. As it turned to run to its mistress, the king struck it across the loins with his cane. Then amid the tears and screams of the lady, whose little pet lay writhing in the pains of death, the king continued his walk, laughing loudly and coarsely, as if he had done something very energetic and commendable.

Madame Campan relates another incident which illustrates the character of Louis. Two soldiers of the Body-Guard, as we have seen, had saved the queen's life on October 6th, at the peril of their own. These immortals,—for they deserve eternal honour,—were Miomandre de Sainte Marie and Bernard du Repaire. They had both been severely wounded. After their recovery, they had gone into the Palais-Royal casually, but had been recognized and insulted. It was thought best

for them to leave Paris. The queen desired to bid them adieu in person, and she gave them an appointment at the palace. They came, and she spoke to them in the queenly manner which was habitual to her, telling them, in fitting words, how deeply grateful she was to them for their devotion. She made them accept a handsome gratuity in money to cover the expense of their journey into exile. The king now entered the room, but said nothing. The queen told the guards that the king had wished to see them before they left, and to tell them how sensible he was of their heroism. The king said nothing. The guards, replying to the queen's flattering words, expressed themselves appropriately. Still the king said nothing. Standing with his back against the mantle, he listened in stolid silence to what the others said, and parted from the men who had braved death in defending the queen, without offering to them a single word of acknowledgment. Madame Campan says that his eyes were full of tears, and that he could not speak because of his timidity. Perhaps so. It does seem, however, that he might at least have taken these brave men by the hand, before they left him forever. When he had slouched out of the room, the queen was so mortified that she tried to excuse his conduct upon the ground of his diffidence. "I am sorry I brought him here," said his distressed wife.

Bread continued scarce in Paris despite the fact that "we have now got the baker, the baker's wife, and the baker's boy." Two hundred thousand paupers slouched in the slums, haggard, hungry, restless, and fierce. The roving bands of vice and crime prowled about the streets. Women of the town, dressed as for a masquerade, stopped people, or entered dwellings, demanding money. Mysterious

marks appeared on houses ; and suspicion interpreted the white mark to mean pillage, the red, burning, and the black, death. According to Malet-du-Pan, moderation had become a crime ; and to De la Marck, Mirabeau said that "given up to itself, Paris will in three months probably be a hospital, and certainly a theatre of horrors."

There was at the Tuileries a captive king—a hostage held by the people against reactionary nobles.

There was at the Palais-Royal, and at all other places of general resort, a countless unwashed, unwieldy, hungry mob which had begun to believe that effective power was theirs, and upon this inflammable mass played incendiary speeches and writings. There were gilded salons in palatial dwellings where the handsomest women and the ablest men of the upper circles met to hear themselves talk—salons wherein we see the animated figures which were making history. More brilliant and more largely attended than any of these was that of Necker, a variety of causes uniting towards that result—his own wealth, reputation, ministerial position, and influence ; the admirable character and social qualities of his wife ; and the wonderful conversational power, magnetism, and virile activity of his daughter.

Lower down the social scale, came the salon of Théroigne de Mericourt, and while the ladies who frequent the elegant mansions of the Necker class are never seen at receptions of the class Théroigne, the men who visit in the upper world are seen also in the lower. Théroigne is a courtesan, but she has mental and social gifts ; she attracts to her house many of the leading men of the Revolution, and from many places of like sort revolutionary activities come forth.

"Social life was never gayer than at this period," says Madame de Staël; although many of the larger houses had been closed and the owners were in voluntary exile. La Fayette keeps open house as becomes a chief, and is closeted with all the great men of the day. Mirabeau lives like a prince, works like a dynamo, moving upward and onward in his complex designs. Danton thunders, in the lower regions as yet, an adjutant to the more loftily placed Mirabeau. Camille Desmoulins, now the most brilliant journalist in France, is still a growing man, and is not now so sure of Mirabeau's patriotism as in the days at Versailles when he ate Mirabeau's banquets, quaffed Mirabeau's wine, and slept in Mirabeau's beds.

Necker and Bailly have on their hands the hungry of Paris, whose name is Legion, and whose tigerish instincts can only be quieted by regular feeding. Necker buys flour wherever he can get it to help Bailly feed the mob—Bailly himself buying right and left, spending all his time and most of his fortune in the thankless task he has accepted. Eminent scholar, golden-hearted patriot, his happiness is gone. Marat rails at him, fiercer patriots hate him for his moderation; between the beauty of revolutionary principle and the ugliness of revolutionary men, the disillusioned scholar begins to realize the distinction.

Some of the nobles remain in France. Some are gone. Some are in quiet self-banishment, awaiting a turn of the tide. Some are forming camp on the banks of the Rhine; and, with funds wrung from the taxpayers of France, are organizing against her a movement which will cause civil war and foreign invasion. Some of the princes of the Church have retired, some have joined the traitors on the Rhine, some stay at home and

accept the situation, some stay to lay the foundation and furnish the inspiration for the White Terror,—as horrible an era of religious fanaticism as ever bloodied the annals of the Middle Ages.

There has been an exodus of revolutionists. Many of those who put the ball in motion have seen fit to arise suddenly and walk into distant lands. The Duke of Orleans has gone—gone to England at the instance of the Marquis of La Fayette, who gave him the choice of an English journey or a French duel. The marquis was not pleased with the events of October. He had been coerced by the mob, hooted by the court, and mastered by his own troops. Figuratively speaking, events over which he had no control had prostrated the marquis to the earth, put dust on his uniform, and poured sand in his ears. The secret author of the occurrences of October 6th was the Duke of Orleans. At least the marquis held that opinion, and an opinion firmly held, especially by a person like the marquis, becomes, for the time being, a fact. The marquis was thoroughly enraged at the duke, determined that for the present there should be no more such humiliations, downfalls, and sand-pourings as there had been on the 6th of October, and he politely but firmly suggested to the duke the salubrity of the English climate and the congeniality of the society of the Prince of Wales. It was as though the marquis had said, Go, and had tapped his sword with an air of courteous but emphatic intimation. The duke went, to the mortification of his friends and the grief of his parasites. He will come back by and by; he will spread bird-lime for La Fayette; he will undermine and countermine the proud marquis; he will so manage that the hoots of the

ob rise against the marquis; and he will gloat in re-vengeful glee as he sees the marquis fleeing the country escape the wrath which has set a price on his head.

The Duke of Orleans is not the only one who leaves the age. The moderate reformers depart. Disappointed and ript of his illusions, Mounier throws up his commission and quits, — washing his hands very publicly and noisily of the whole matter. Lally-Tollendaï, equally disenchanted, enounced a movement which had ceased to heed the coings of pathetic eloquence — a movement which was urning to Barnave, De Lameth, and Mirabeau for its inspiration, and which had demonstrated its intention of not aving all its work to the Assembly. It is “a cavern of annibals,” cried Lally, indicating the hall of the Assembly; and off he runs to England, washing his hands of the business. Twenty-three other deputies followed their example, and passports to the number of 300 were applied for by deputies who had either been opposed to all reforms, or who were now unwilling to countenance further changes. Happily, no one is indispensable: revolutionists may come and revolutionists may go, but the *Revolution* goes on forever. Old De Maurepas used to say, when this or that one quit his ministry, “The man who cannot be replaced has not yet been found;” and he was right.

Thus we see the king a prisoner, part of the royal family in exile fomenting hostile plans, the nobles and relatives scattered, the lower classes in want and in a state of smothered insurrection, royal ministers anxiously feeding hungry rabble, deputies of the National Assembly fleeing the country, agitators fanning passions and prejudices, seditors sowing sedition, the old order prostrate everywhere, and no new order yet established. The Assembly

has torn down the old building almost entirely. What few portions the Assembly left erect, the mob has overthrown. The Assembly is patiently at work framing a new building where the old one stood. Until this new home of government, law, and order is ready for the tenants, they are homeless. Anarchy prevails throughout France. There is nowhere in the kingdom a universal irresistible authority. 'La Fayette may rule Paris with his National Guard; his power does not extend beyond the gates. In other localities there may be established authority, but it is local. Look where we will, we see no uniform sovereign power which gives law to all and whose law is obeyed. The king is not sovereign, nor the Assembly, nor yet the people. All sovereign authority is disorganized, the nation has no supreme master, and chaotic elements are contending for dominion throughout the realm.

As already stated, the events of October 6th created a panic among the nervous. The forcible removal of a king seemed a horrible crime. The world at large believed then that the royalists had, in good faith, accepted as final the sentence of death passed upon feudalism on the night of August 4th. We know now that this belief was erroneous. We know now that the true reason why the king had delayed his sanction to the Declaration of the Rights of Man, and the decrees which fixed the foundations of the Constitution, was to gain time,—to give royalism the delay it needed in preparing plans of resistance. One hundred of the bolder deputies were to have been arrested; the king was to have thrown himself into the midst of the German mercenaries of Bouillé at Metz; the faithful were to have rallied round the king there, and organized resistance

made to the Revolution. Hence the delay of week after week, month after month, in the king's sanction of the decrees against feudalism. Not till insurrection was howling round the palace, and the lives of its inmates were in jeopardy, did Louis yield to the importunate Mounier.

All this we can now see, for time has cleared away doubts, and furnished the proof; but to the world at large these facts were not then apparent. To the looker-on of other nations, nothing was so apparent as the violence done to a pious, unresisting king. There seemed to be no excuse for it. Burke and Washington, securely housed under the protection of enlightened laws, were in no position to judge of the motives of the French—a people who knew but one thing for certain, and that was, if feudalism, which had ridden over them, booted and spurred, for a thousand years, could ride them down again, it would do it. Again, the foreign looker-on, well fed and in comfort, could not possibly know how the French felt when they were hungry, cold, and wretched.

Such allowances as these not being made in favour of the French, public opinion in Europe, England, and America began to turn against them. "Going too far," was the fear expressed. "No telling where it will stop," was the voiced apprehension. This Revolution had commenced in May. The green leaves of spring had scarcely turned to the brown of autumn before its work was done, and well done. Feudalism was overturned, and the ground was clear for the building of a new system. How many lives had been lost? Not more than three hundred, by the largest count—fewer than feudalism had devoured in any one year of its hideous reign.

"Three hundred victims of the Revolution!" cried



phariseeism all over the world,—hands up, in sanctimonious horror. According to the official report of Calonne, in 1777, the salt monopoly alone gave rise *each year* to 4000 arrests, 3400 imprisonments, and 500 sentences to whipping, exile, and the galleys. And such royalist writers as the Duke of St. Simon tell us that the old régime sacrificed more lives than 300 in the creation of that same domain of Versailles. But royalty carted away its dead by night, when few could see or hear. Revolution slew its enemies publicly, noisily,—and advertised the crime by heads borne aloft on pikes. Thus Revolution, killing its hundreds, excited a horror which the old régime, slaying its thousands, never aroused.

Bastilles not only hid criminals; they hid crime. Dungeons not only hushed the cries of sedition; they hushed the screams of victims. Darkness and mystery concealed the records of the prisons; and death-carts, driven by night, took to the potter's field the nameless hundreds who gave their wretched lives in order that pestilential flats of Versailles might be made into a parade ground for the beaux and the belles, the rakes and the courtesans, the grandees and parasites of the old régime.

It was a young woman who rushed into a squad of soldiers, snatched a drum, and began beating it through the streets of Paris, crying "Bread, bread," that opened the flood-gates of October 5th and 6th; it was a woman who, on October 21st, started the cry that François, the baker, had hoarded up a supply of bread, thus violating the law. A mob gathered, the man's shop was sacked, a few extra loaves were found, and the miserable baker, who had wronged no one, was seized, was rescued by

National Guards and carried to the Town-Hall: was seized again, torn away from his protectors, and hanged, with horrible haste and hatred. The head was cut off, stuck on the end of a pike, and paraded through the street, amid the yells of delight of the savages who had slain him. Morris notes in his Diary: "Paris is perhaps as wicked a spot as exists. Incest, murder, bestiality, fraud, rapine, oppression, baseness, cruelty; and yet this is the city which has stepped forward in the sacred cause of liberty. The pressure of despotism being removed, every bad passion exerts its peculiar energy."

The Assembly and the municipal authorities acted with vigour. La Fayette, at the head of the National Guards, marched against the mob which was bearing the head about on a pole, attacked and dispersed the rabble, seized the pole-bearer; and so swiftly did the rusty old Court of Châtelet act, this one time, that the murderer was arraigned, tried, convicted, sentenced, and put to death before sundown the next day. The Assembly was equally prompt. At the suggestion of La Fayette and Bailly it passed a Riot Act of stringent character — an act which was to bear fatal fruit to Bailly and others in the near future.

This François incident is significant of many things. It proves that the bread question is as acute as ever, that the mob is as ready to pillage and murder; but it also proves that a healthy conservative reaction prevails in the Assembly, that Bailly and La Fayette feel the importance of asserting lawful authority, and that the troops are now willing to act against the mob. The truth is, that the constituted authorities, such as they are, belong to the middle class, the substantial, wealthy

men of the business and professional world; these men are frightened at the uprising of the labourers and pauper classes, and have determined to keep them in check. The National Guard is made up of the middle class, largely, and is willing to curb the rabble.

Mirabeau had become, at this time, the adviser of the court. From the period of his first arrival in May, he had been open to offers, but he had always insisted upon ministerial office. We have seen how he had been enraged by the haughty reception he had met from Necker, and we have seen how, at the royal sitting and subsequently, he had made good his threat that Necker should hear from him.

Malouet was not the only prudent person who realized the court's danger, and had tried to win Mirabeau. Others knew his secret ambition to become minister, and had spoken of it to the queen. She had then refused to listen. Such a man as Mirabeau should not be minister. But the court had felt the weight of his blows, during these eventful months between May and October, and the court was chastened. The terrible tribune must be won, or all was lost. Negotiations were again opened, and Mirabeau was ready as ever to come to terms. He was no democrat, no republican. He never claimed to be. With fearless candour he proclaimed his faith in the monarchy as the best form of government for his country. A noble by birth, he believed in an aristocracy of birth, was proud of his nobility and vain of his title. But he was honestly a foe to tyranny, oppression he hated, legalized freedom he loved. One of the best things he ever wrote was his denunciation of the two kings, him of England and him of Hesse-Cassel — one, who had sold Hessian sol-

diers to fight against freedom in America, and the other, who had bought them. To Mirabeau this transaction seemed a diabolical example of kingly tyranny, and he thundered against it with admiring Europe for an audience.

But while the court used Mirabeau, it did not trust him. In fact, he was not the man to inspire confidence. The ministry had tried to buy him once already, had paid him, and had thought him bound, but he had laughed them to scorn. It came about in this way: Mirabeau, in the days of his deepest poverty, had been employed by the French government as a sort of diplomatic spy at the court of Berlin. His reports were secret, unofficial, were sent to Talleyrand, and by Talleyrand handed in to the ministry. After the termination of this mission to Prussia, Mirabeau, being hard up for money, decided to publish these secret letters. This was a breach of diplomatic propriety, but a man who had written and published "Love's Bible," and other obscene books, cared nothing for the shocked sensibilities of diplomatic propriety. To prevent the publication of the work, Montmorin, the minister, bought the manuscript from Mirabeau, gave him a high price for it, and exacted a promise at the same time that Mirabeau would not seek to become a member of the States-General. So says Montmorin. The money having been paid, and the manuscript delivered, Mirabeau went his way, and sold another copy of the manuscript to Le Jay, who published it to the scandal of all respectable people. Mirabeau then entered into the stump-speaking canvass of Aix and Marseilles, which bore him into the Assembly.

Evidently, with a man of this kind it was difficult to do business. However, a bargain was struck, and Mirabeau

grappled with the huge task of turning back the Revolution which he had done so much to start. Very urgently he endeavoured to win La Fayette's confidence, believing that he and the general were necessary to each other and to the monarchy. He writes to La Fayette, in terms of fulsome flattery, begging the general to become a Richelieu and accept the aid of himself, the humble Father Joseph of the great "Red Cardinal." We can fancy the smile which swept over the scarred face of Mirabeau, the vainest man living, as he wrote in this humble strain to the shallow-minded, but eminently respectable La Fayette.

The letter did not succeed. La Fayette was just moral enough to loathe Mirabeau, and just shallow enough to believe that he, alone, could save the monarchy. He wanted the work done, but he wished to do it all by himself,—as per George Washington. With almost incredible bombast La Fayette said, "I have vanquished the king of England in his power, the king of France in his authority, the people in its fury; I shall certainly not yield the place to Mirabeau."

Mirabeau would flatter La Fayette and Necker, to their faces, and ridicule them behind their backs. This double-facedness they found out, of course, and they loved him none the better for it. Nearly all the opposing leaders in the Assembly had been honoured by him with some disrespectful nickname, and the Assembly itself he called "The Wild Ass." So carried away was he with the idea of going into power through the breach he had made in the walls of privilege, that he busied himself trying to form a liberal ministry, and spoke of his plans too freely. The jealous leaders of the Assembly caused

Lanjuinais to introduce a resolution to the effect that no deputy should hold office under the king.

"No deputy named Mirabeau is what you mean," was the substance of his scornful comment. His speech was received with groans, the resolution was decreed, and thus his scheme for forming a ministry fell dead November, 1789. Lafayette, after promising support, failed to give it, — scared off, perhaps, by the remonstrances of men like Morris, who believed Mirabeau to be "an abandoned rascal." As to Necker, he threatened to leave the Cabinet if Mirabeau entered. And as the royalist members did not oppose the decree, the court itself appeared to stand to the queen's first attitude of "Give him all the money he wants, but the ministry, never!"

But the deputies had not forgotten their oath to make the Constitution. They resumed at Paris the work which had been interrupted at Versailles. Mobs might pillage, demagogues rage, editors rant, and conspirators plot, but the committees appointed to frame fundamental laws for France stuck to the task. The subtle, far-seeing Siéyès, the great lawyers, Target and Thouret, the ex-bishop of Autun, Talleyrand, who believed Marie Antoinette had kept him from getting a cardinal's hat, Grégoire the priest, who loved religion and humanity better than he did the hierarchy to which he belonged; the Lameths, who had organized secret societies to propagate radicalism; Mirabeau, who favoured the whistling on of brakes; and Robespierre, Pétion, Buzot, and Vadier, who were for signalling "more speed," were all absorbed in the great labour of making the Constitution.

The work had to be done from the ground up. There

was nothing to build on or go by. They did build from the ground up, built wisely and well, using timbers sound and strong. The storms have beaten upon the house these statesmen built,—the storms of successive revolutions, of violent dynastic changes. But the storms are gone, and the work lives. These statesmen built upon the rocks. The fundamental principles they established were true; and, while much of the superstructure perished, the foundations remain as they were laid in 1789.

France had been, till then, divided into unequal provinces cut off from each other by hostile trade regulations, tariff duties, and tolls. Differences of language, of customs, of laws, of taxes, made these provinces almost like foreign countries to each other. The Assembly, setting aside all these old distinctions, divided France into eighty-three equal departments, each of which was to be governed in precisely the same manner.

Thus the administration was centralized and unified, and the French people were drawn closely together as a nation. Interior custom-houses and custom duties were abolished. Against sweeping changes of this character, the Parliaments rebelled. They refused to register. The nobles encouraged the Parliaments in their resistance to the Assembly, and in Brittany, especially, the situation became serious. But if the Parliaments flattered themselves they could badger the Revolution as it had badgered Louis XVI., it was soon taught its mistake.

The Constituent Assembly erected new tribunals in their place, just as Louis XV. had done, and just as Louis XVI. was trying to do at the time when D'Espréménil, combating his king, clamoured for the States-General. Then De Lameth moved a decree extending indefinitely

the summer vacation of the Parliaments, and laughed at the ease with which those ancient bodies were voted into space. "We have buried them alive," he remarked; and they were in fact heard of no more.

Together with the Parliaments disappeared feudal jurisdictions, and those of royal provosts, bailiffs, and seneschals. A new system was created, based upon the election of the magistrates. In each department was to be a criminal court, with trial by jury; for each district a civil court; for each canton a justice of the peace. Consular courts were provided for the cities. Not only were the magistrates elective, but the jurors also. Jurors were elected for a certain term of service, just as the judges were. None of the elections were direct. Voters elected electors, and these elected the officials. A high court was created at Orleans, for the trial of cases of high treason. A court of appeals for the whole kingdom was also formed, called the Court of Cassation.

The Assembly abolished the old forms of taxation, but decreed that each citizen should pay toward the public expense, in proportion to his ability. A poll tax, land tax, and tax on patents were also levied. Uniform weights and measures were established, and a uniform civil code proposed.

Protestants and Jews were admitted to the enjoyment of all civil rights; and freedom of worship, of speech, of the press, and of commerce decreed. The rights of primogeniture, entails, and confiscation were abolished. Equal division of property among children was directed, and civil marriages recognized. Corporate bodies, titles, and orders of nobility were abolished. All Frenchmen were declared capable of holding any office, civil or military.



The barbarity of the penal code was lessened by reducing the number of capital offences. Heresy, magic, and witchcraft had been among these; the Assembly blotted out this disgrace from the statute-book.

The great act of the Assembly was the confiscation of the property of the Church. The mover of the resolution was Talleyrand; the effective champion of it was Mirabeau. Many of the curés voted for it. The vote stood 568 to 346; not voting, 40. Some curious facts came out during the debate on this measure. For instance, the peasants of Condom had been paying the priests a large quantity of grain every year, upon the express condition that the clergy would lift 250 souls annually out of purgatory into paradise by their prayers. Cheap enough—if the souls were delivered. That they were delivered the priests affirmed, and there was no evidence to the contrary. In some places the Church had a regular tariff on crimes. Pardon for incest could be had for five francs (one dollar); arson came higher, by one franc; parricide was absolved for one dollar. Full and free absolution could be had, for all sins in a lump, for about eighteen dollars. The moderate size of these prices gives powerful evidence of the scarcity of money among the credulous poor. Frequently the peasant could not raise the money, and the priest would take pay in butter and eggs, hens and pigs.

The confiscation of Church property had two important consequences. It enlisted permanently on the side of the Revolution every citizen who managed to get a share of the confiscated land. It arrayed against the Revolution the intense hostility of the Catholic Church. That vast and powerful organization became the active and

deadly foe of the Revolution and its principles. Church lands confiscated in France might lead to confiscations in Spain, Austria, Italy, and Germany. The Church had, of course, looked upon the Revolution with disfavour from its beginning, but from this time onward it became aggressive in its antagonism. To clerical influence must be attributed the larger part of the misfortunes which befell France and her king after 1791.

Even in the Constituent Assembly, the clergy made an adroit attempt to introduce the question of religion, hoping to put aside political reforms. A resolution was offered declaring that "The Catholic religion is and shall ever be, the religion of the nation, and its *worship the only one authorized*." One of the nobles of the court party, supporting this intolerant measure, appealed as authority to some decree of Louis XIV., and Mirabeau was on his feet directly. "And how should not every act of intolerance have been consecrated in a reign signalized by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes?" Pointing with one hand he continued: "Do you appeal to history? Forget not that from this very hall I behold the window whence a king of France, armed against his people by a hateful faction which disguised personal interest under the cloak of religion, fired his musket, and gave the signal for the massacre of the St. Bartholomew!" The effect was electrical; a storm-burst of applause followed, and the intolerant resolution was voted down.

A few days later, Roederer, one of the opposition party, after having reflected upon the matter maturely, called Mirabeau to account, and gravely alleged that the historic window alluded to by Mirabeau could not be seen from the place where Mirabeau had stood when speaking!

Mirabeau received the blow with gravity. He merely said, "I suspect that you are half right; but at the time I was speaking I certainly saw it."

The Assembly followed up its vote by electing as its president Rabaut Saint Étienne, a Protestant, whose father had for years been hunted like a wild beast by his religious persecutors. He was known as the Martyr of Cevennes, and during most of his lifetime had lived a fugitive life, hiding in caves or woods, preaching in lonely places to the faithful few who clung to him, and never daring to openly defy the fury of the Catholic clergy.

The masses of the French people joyfully accepted the work of the Assembly in proclaiming religious toleration. Catholics attended Protestant service, and Protestants joined in Catholic anthems. A reign of brotherhood seemed to be setting in which would make even the Christian sects love one another. The miracle did not materialize, but for a short time it looked possible. The higher ecclesiastics of the Church frowned upon this fraternal movement, and soon had the fires of hatred burning briskly once more. With deliberate malignity, they organized a far-reaching conspiracy against the Revolution, and to their door must be laid the butcheries which in Avignon, La Vendée, and Brittany made humanity shrink with horror from the White Terror.

Froment, in his *Memoirs*, says: "I repaired secretly to Turin (January, 1790), to the French princes, to solicit their approbation and support. In a council which was held on my arrival, I demonstrated to them that if they would arm the partisans of the altar and of the throne, and make the interests of religion go hand in hand with those of royalty, it would save both.

The real arguments of the Revolution being force, I felt that the answer must be force. Then, as at present, I was convinced of this great truth—*that religious zeal alone can stifle the Republican mania*. In consequence of this dread (of the reforms of the Revolution), they secretly set to work the most efficacious means for ruining the internal resources, and for thwarting the proposed plans” of the reformers.

This astonishing confession is made by the authorized agent of the clergy and the nobles, the man who so desperately and adroitly organized the religious riots which covered the fairest portions of France with blood, and which forever put an end to the reconciliation which the Revolution had brought about between the religious sects. Let it be borne in mind that at the time this conspiracy between the priests and the nobles was being formed, the Revolution had gone no further than it had gone in England, and not so far as in America. The throne was not overturned, the king was to have his veto, the initiative in foreign affairs, and in the making of war and peace. He was to retain larger powers than kings of England can exercise, and to maintain an establishment magnificently royal in its splendour. So little had been done of which a wise and just ruler could complain, that Mirabeau felt the victory to be on the side of monarchy. He wrote to the king: “Compare the present state of things with the old régime, and console yourself, and take hope. A part—the greater part—of the acts of the National Assembly are decidedly favourable to a monarchical government. Is it nothing to have got rid of Parliaments, separate states, the clerical body, the privileged classes, and the

nobility? Richelieu would have liked the idea of forming but one class of citizens; so level a surface assists the exercise of power. A series of absolute reigns would have done less for royal authority than this one year of Revolution."

As a matter of fact, no law had been proposed which is not a part of the jurisprudence of every civilized State. Liberty had been established, but not lawlessness. Equality had been decreed, but it was the equality of opportunity, of legal treatment. Freedom of conscience and of the press had been declared, but riotous gatherings had been forbidden. Church lands had been confiscated, but the State had assumed the burden of sustaining the Church and its ministers. The princes of the Church were to have their palaces, and were to enjoy fixed salaries drawn from the State treasury; but cardinals were no longer to luxuriate in yearly incomes of \$250,000, while the curés who did the work got but \$40. Henceforth the curate was to get \$240, and the cardinal \$10,000. The curés liked this change; the cardinals did not. Hence the cardinals conspired with the nobles, whose parks had been cleared for cultivation, and whose feudal privileges had been abolished. Even Mirabeau was enraged when they took away his title. "Scoundrel! I hope I shall still continue to be Count Mirabeau to you," thundered the indignant orator to his valet, on coming home from the session in which titles had been abolished.

To this conspiracy of the nobles and the clergy, the Pope and the kings became parties, and this is the real secret of that confederation of the nations against France. Froment, with profound penetration, had touched the right chord. Kings had to be enlisted in the cause of

feudalism by showing them that the principles of the Revolution were subversive of all kingly power. Popes had to be enlisted by showing them that the trend of the Revolution was to shatter the tyranny of the priest. The people were to be enlisted by deluding them with the belief that religion was in danger: and thus the fanatic of the one creed was to be arranged against the fanatic of the other.

If the French reformers were allowed quietly to regenerate France, other peoples might begin to clank their chains, and to think of regenerating their own governments. All depends on the point of view. The nobles and the priests determined that, if they could possibly help it, the people of Europe and England should never see their political and religious condition from the standpoint of a French revolutionist. It were better to get the people to fighting. This would keep them from thinking and would keep them divided. It were better for the old order that religious passions should be aroused and national hatreds inflamed, than that universal brotherhood should become a creed and a reality. Universal brotherhood might lead to the overthrow of political castes, privileged classes, hereditary aristocracies, and the organized superstition and ignorance upon which political and religious rulers do business.

Hence the conspirators busily wove their web of internal strife and European confederacy. France was disturbing the repose of the lords of the earth, temporal and spiritual, and France must be whipped back into line. Democracy was threatening kings, popes, nobles, and priests. Democracy therefore must be crushed. Louis XVI. listened to the tempters, and became a silent

partner in their designs. Hence the breaking forth of the storm again.

In its war upon titles and distinctions, the Revolution antagonized the natural vanity of mankind. In its confiscation of Church property it alarmed the beneficiaries of vested rights. When it changed the constitution of the clergy, made Church dignitaries elective, and required these church-elected, but state-paid, officials to take an oath of allegiance to the State, just as other state-paid officials did, the Roman Catholic hierarchy felt itself confronted with a revolt involving the issues of life and death to the papal system.

Thus the Assembly had aroused the hostility of powerful interests. No government has an easy task when it combats a Church. The priest invariably omits the difference of identity between himself and God, and, being attacked by the government, the priest wails like a martyr, and says, "Behold how they crucify Christ afresh!" A person who maintains that God is hurt every time he himself is hit, is an awkward antagonist.

The Assembly, however, made another class its bitter foe,—the labouring classes of the cities. While the elective principle was pushed to the extent of electing jurors, the franchise was not unlimited. Necker, Robespierre, Grégoire, Duport, all advocated manhood suffrage. The rich middle class (*bourgeoisie*), represented by La Fayette, Thouret, and Bailly were too strong for the democrats, and the voting privilege was limited to taxpayers who paid as much as sixty cents tax—the equivalent to "three days' labour." Citizens were not eligible to office unless they paid taxes to the amount of ten dollars. By one sweep of the pen, a million Frenchmen were shut out

from the political freedom which they had helped to win. The men who had done the most of the fighting were left outside the gate. This decree of the Assembly disfranchised thirty thousand men of St. Antoine, alone, — leaving two thousand, only, who could vote. Under the new system, Paris, a city of a million inhabitants, was to be governed by some fourteen thousand men.

Pushing to its utmost limits the idea of ousting the lower orders and of keeping the control of the Revolution in the hands of the middle class, Paris was divided into forty-eight sections, which were to supersede the sixty districts, and the Department of the Seine was created for the purpose of dominating the entire municipality. The sixty districts were no longer to be sixty breeding-places of sedition. Riot was expelled from office and put into the streets. Similar new jurisdictions were created for the entire kingdom.

The National, or Constituent Assembly, as it was now called, while laying the foundation of the future republic in France, had necessarily compassed the reform movement round about with all kinds of dangers and troubles. Sowing the seeds of progress, it scattered also the germs of temporary disorder and strife. Vested wrongs love life as dearly as do vested rights, for in its own eyes an abuse is not an evil. Stumbling-blocks in the march of the world, they are as stubborn as the Russian soldiers who, according to Napoleon, were such "obstinate dogs that it was necessary to take the trouble to knock them down after they had been shot and killed." The worst of institutions, being sternly asked by indignant modern thought, "What have you to say why sentence of death should not



now be pronounced upon you," will find words for eloquent, plausible, and passionately earnest reply. Nothing consents to death.

We see clearly the enemies the Revolution has already made. They are many and they are strong. First of all there is the Church. It is asked to retire from its position as a landed proprietor of imperial estates; to surrender its right to a tithe of the products of the property belonging to others; to become a salaried dependant upon the State which it had long ruled; and to become a sworn servant of France, rather than an obedient agent of Rome. Furthermore, the Pope is asked to yield to the Catholics of France local self-government.

However just in themselves these changes may be, it is quite evident that they will not go into effect without resistance. The Pope, as chief of a hierarchy, cannot willingly consent to its destruction; and, in his opposition to the Revolution, he will be zealously supported by every churchman whose pride, prejudice, interest, or conscience is aroused by the legislation proposed.

Again, there are the nobles. They are asked to give up everything which, from their point of view, makes life worth living. If the Revolution succeeds, they will have lost all, — monarchy, class pride, privilege, power, hereditary revenues, social supremacy, political monopoly, and the sweets of a luxurious existence which was unburdened by the primal law of labour. If the Revolution succeeds, they will have to go to work! They will have to toil and moil in the competitive fields of endeavour, along with the vulgar beings made out of common clay.

Naturally they bitterly resent these changes. No aristocracy ever did peacefully surrender its advantages, and

the French nobles are, in this respect, neither better nor worse than other aristocracies have been. They but obey the law of nature.

Again, let us remember the workman and his labour question. In the larger cities, particularly, the antagonism between employer and employee had been sharp and embittered. Little attention had been paid to the demands of the city workman at the beginning of the Revolution; the peasant of the rural districts absorbed essayists, pamphleteers, journalists, agitators, and statesmen. The labour question was something new; its ramifications were wide, its depths beyond the reach of ordinary plummets, and the leaders of the early Revolution drew back from it with instinctive fear. To arouse the middle class against the aristocracy was one thing; to arouse the workman against the middle class which employed him was quite another. Reverberant oratory thrilled all France, all Europe, in pleading the cause of peasant against feudal landlord, of wealthy bankers, manufacturers, merchants, and lawyers against a selfish upper class which had shut them out from the titles of nobility, the privileges of high birth, and the political power of hereditary, office-holding monopoly; but no Mirabeau challenged investigation of the relations existing between the men of the middle class and the employees whose labour created their wealth. Questions great and questions small agitated the National Assembly; questions of tithes and of titles, of rents and of taxes, of privilege and of exemption, of person and of property, of Church and of State; but there was one great, storm-brewing, ominously muttering question which never ruffled the serenity of its mind, and that was the question of labour.

If the statesmen overlooked the issue, the workmen did not. When they saw the agents of their employers shut the door in their faces, their resentment was deep and not without reason. They felt that they deserved better treatment. They, also, were sons of Adam, warm with the common hopes and desires of humanity. An era of fraternity and equal rights which recognized neither their kinship nor just demands was not less than a keen disappointment. They had thus far fought the battle. It was the labourer of St. Antoine who besieged and took the Bastille; it was the workman who forged pikes by the thousand and ran with them, hot from the shop, to meet the threatened attack of the king's troops. Unemployed workmen strengthened the Amazon army which had stormed the château of Versailles and brought the monarch to Paris. Such were the men to whom constitution makers, imbued with the ideas of the employers of labour, had said: "Get out and stay out! the Revolution has no room for you. This is our Revolution, not yours. We want the aristocrats to let us in; but the situation will be entirely too much crowded if we let you in." Thus the Assembly had put them out. The question now is: Will they stay out? They are not without their leaders; they have their advocates at the clubs, in the Assembly, and on the press.

On their side is Camille Desmoulins. This young man was one of the many ambitious provincials who had gone up to Paris to make a career. Classically educated at the College of Louis le Grand, he had chosen the legal profession, but he had made no headway at the bar. His talent was not of that kind, and, besides, he was hampered by a stuttering tongue. Too excitable and enthusiastic, somewhat hysterical, elated one moment

and despondent the next, too easily moved to anger or to tears, the Revolution caught up Camille as in a luminous cloud, whirled him aloft, bore him furiously on, and finally dashed the life out of him, when he would no longer go with it. His leap upon the table at the Palais-Royal on the fateful July 12th had proved to be a leap to fame. He was lionized by revolutionary leaders, petted by the mob, and slightly spoiled by the sudden popularity he had won. Turning to journalism, he had founded a paper which speedily became a power in the land. In this paper Camille now assailed with biting wit and fierce wrath the rich men of the middle class, who had misused their first opportunity at legislation to legislate themselves into the banquet-hall, leaving the poor in the outer darkness.

Against the too selfish bourgeoisie appears, also, Dr. Marat—the persecuted but the not-suppressed. Dr. Marat is made of sterner stuff than Camille. Where the one is light, gay, and classic, summoning with scholarly pen to his aid many a venerable Greek and Roman, the other screeches class-hatred, suspicion, and prejudice, and calls from the deep of human greed and passion envy of the rich, lust for place, for power, for seats at the table where life's feast is going on. No longer prescribing for the Marquise de l'Aubespine, or for the Pope's internuncio, Monsignor de Salamon,—who, by the way, in dim after years, grew ashamed of his choice of physician, and accused Marat of having tried to poison him with horse-physis,—the doctor now gives his soul and body to the cause of the lower orders of the people,—railing and ranting in the more or less sacred cause of pure democracy.

The workmen have their statesman in the Assembly, — Robespierre. He is closer to the heart of the Revolution than Mirabeau, nearer to its inmost aims and hopes. Where Mirabeau is in principle and practice the patrician, Robespierre is the Puritan. The one has the ways of a lord, — lavish, splendid, generous, masterful, disorderly, and licentious; the other has the habits of a country pedagogue and the disposition of a Roundhead. Mirabeau, although a tremendous worker, is also something of a voluptuary, can stint himself if driven to it; but expands at the first opportunity, laps himself in luxury, fills his house with music and flowers, surrounds himself with beautiful women and congenial men, and is followed by a train of retainers, high and low, good, bad, and indifferent. Even Camille Desmoulins, caught up into this epicurean atmosphere, feels himself “corrupted by Mirabeau’s table, which is too profuse and too dainty. His Bordeaux wine and maraschino have merits which I vainly try to disguise from myself; and I find it very difficult to resume my republican austerity, and to detest aristocrats whose crime is to set store by these excellent dinners.” Robespierre, on the contrary, lives like the poorest student of the Latin Quarter, dining upon thirty-cent dinners, and sleeping in a garret. Oranges, eaten by the dozen, are his only extravagance. He barely owns a change of clothing. He rarely smiles, never laughs, wears the habitual expression of the student, has the shy, awkward manners of the recluse, has a mistress who gets more of his slender salary than of his company, wraps himself in virtue and Rousseau, and instinctively distrusts such revolutionists as Mirabeau. Where the patrician would compromise with royalty, Robespierre would be

thorough—no half measures for him! Where Mirabeau trims, and serves the king, who pays, as well as the people, who applaud, Robespierre is single-minded,—every talent he possesses being absolutely devoted to the task of resurrecting from political death the proletariat of France, the workmen of the cities as well as the peasants of the farms.

With the labouring class stands, also, Danton, and whoever has Danton has a host. He denounces the wrong which the Assembly has put upon the working men, becomes the mouthpiece, the advocate, and the hero of these classes; and his voice will soon be heard as one of the tocsins of the Revolution. He will take the place of Mirabeau in the public eye, and for a season will fill it. He will become the special bugbear of the Marquis de la Fayette and the men of compromise. The time will soon come when the Revolution will seem to hesitate, to halt, to falter, and to tremble as the ship does at the bar. It is then that Danton will tower above his fellows. His voice will rally the wavering clans as Rhoderick's woke the Highlands. By main strength of mind and heart and daring he will put the ship over the bar,—all compromise with monarchy being past, and the vessel headed seaward to the Republic.

## CHAPTER XVII

EBB AND FLOW; NECKER'S TROUBLES; ASSIGNATS; THE KING VISITS THE ASSEMBLY; DE FAVRAS; FEAST OF THE FEDERATION; RELIGIOUS TROUBLES; ROYAL DUPLICITY

THE law of ebb and flow seems to apply to revolutions as well as to the movements of nature, of human emotions, of health and disease. The pendulum having swung forward, inclines naturally to swing backward. Reform movements come in waves; whatever precious freight the current bears must be landed while the surf roars upon the beach, else it will be borne backward on the turn of the tide, and must await its chance to come again.

The very intensity of revolutionary feeling dooms it to short life. The fire burns too fiercely to last long. Just as the loftiest flights of the orator, poet, or musician are the briefest, so the flames of popular passion, mounting highest, are those which burn out quickest. Inspiration, an angel's visit in brightness, is as brief as it is glorious.

The Lutheran movement itself, which promised to liberate and lift the world, did comparatively little after the first great impulse was spent. In like manner, the Cromwellian movement in England, the product of the highest religious enthusiasm wedded to political aims, carried the commonwealth upward, as with a rush, to a radically changed and bettered system. The tension was too great

to be sustained, reaction followed, then a collapse, all vantage was lost, and England ever since has been slowly, painfully, trying to recover, by struggle after struggle with forces which resist reform, the lost ground of Oliver Cromwell.

The revolutionary movement in France was no exception to the rule. It had its ups and downs, its halt as well as its march, its repulses as well as its triumphs, its light and shadow, joy and grief, action and reaction. There were critical periods when the whole movement hung as by a hair, and it seemed to be a mere toss-up as to which way it would go. At such times audacity wins; the power of initiative conquers. This audacity the court never had; this power of initiative the Revolution always had, and thus it won, but not so easily as it now seems.

All the learned doctors knew how to stand an egg on end, after Columbus had shown them the trick.

"Oh, anybody can do that," murmured the sages, who had tried it, and failed.

"Why, then, didn't you do it?" was the unanswered question of Columbus.

After the rabble had stormed the Bastille, the undertaking lost its aspect of frenzied daring. Before they succeeded all the wise men, including the revolutionary leaders, said the attempt was folly and would end in shameful defeat. After Maillard and Théroigne had led the women to Versailles, and brought back to Paris a captive king and queen, the whole movement appeared tame and simple. But before they had succeeded, the enterprise seemed rash and suicidal; and Morris recorded in his diary the opinion then current in Paris that the



women who had gone to Versailles would be routed and driven away. In like manner, after Danton had carried the Revolution through the dreadful 10th of August, it appeared that the episode might have happened of its own pleasure had it been left alone. Danton knew better, and so did the other fearless few who stood by him in organizing the movement.

This tragedy of the Revolution was not a drama of one act. The pathos and the passion of it, the virtue and the vice, the crime and the retribution, the hope, the fear, the laughter and the tears, the meanness and the glory, the lofty purpose and the grand achievement, flow on from scene to scene, from act to act, in a progress as dramatically continuous, separate yet united, as in any plot Shakespeare himself ever put together.

How was the Revolution to deal with the deficit? The public debt was as pressing as ever, and the expenses of government heavy, whereas the revenue had almost disappeared. Patriotism had quit paying taxes. The salt-depots, the detested gabelles, had been destroyed, the internal custom-houses closed or burned, the tax-collectors shot, clubbed, or chased away. Either by act of the Assembly or by act of the mobs the old tax laws had been abolished; the new ones were not yet productive of anything more than eloquence for and against. Necker was sorely perplexed. During the month of September, 1789, the government seems to have lived upon voluntary donations. Three weeks after the fall of the Bastille, a deputation of twenty-one ladies and girls went down from Paris to Versailles, the bearers of a patriotic gift of jewels and ornaments. Madame Moitte,

who headed the delegation, had written an address in which the usual reference had been made to the Romans. After the manner of the matrons who made offerings to Camillus, these French ladies appeared before the Assembly, had their address read by Boucher, laid their jewels upon the altar of the country, listened to the gallant speech of the then President of the Assembly, the bishop of Luzerne, who assured them that they would be more adorned by their virtues than by golden trinkets, and departed, well pleased with having set a patriotic fashion. Emulation of this fine example beginning to work actively, other gifts poured in; the Duke of Charost-Béthune gave 100,000 francs, a Parisian courtesan gave 12,000 francs, the king contributed the royal plate, the members of the Assembly their silver shoe-buckles, boys and girls their little savings of coin. But this purse-opening enthusiasm was too heavenly for life on earth; that source of revenue soon dried up. Thieves, especially female thieves, took advantage of the opportunity to demand from passers-by on the streets patriotic contributions, which of course went no farther than their own pockets. Sergeant states that he suppressed the nuisance by employing honest women to raid the thieves and to flog them back to their dens.

The Discount Bank which Turgot had founded had been very helpful to the State, needy ministers having appropriated its funds by the million. Necker himself was paying his way by borrowing from the bank. Its notes were circulating as money, specie having almost entirely disappeared. Not only had the emigrants carried abroad all of the coin they could lay hands on, but even that which was left in the kingdom was not to be seen.

To relieve the treasury, Necker now proposed that the Discount Bank be converted into a national bank, and that bank-notes be issued, guaranteed by the State, to the extent of 240,000,000 livres. To this it was objected, by Mirabeau and others: "If the State is to guarantee the notes, why not let the State issue them? Why take the trouble to destroy the privileges of the nobles, if you mean to establish privilege for the banks?"

The plan of Necker was rejected; and, instead, the system of assignats was adopted. Government paper notes were issued, secured upon the confiscated lands of the Church, and the deficit "ceased to trouble." Plentifully fed upon assignats, this rampant lion of national bankruptcy became as gentle as a lamb. Four hundred million francs was the total of the first issue of these notes (December, 1789), a second issue of eight hundred millions took place in August, 1790, and Mirabeau's plan was that the entire amount of outstanding assignats should never exceed twelve hundred millions.

The immediate results of the assignats were happy. The shrunk veins of commerce filled with the new life-blood, the enfeebled limbs gathered strength; hope and energy supplanted discouragement; confidence succeeded doubt. Business revived in all its branches. Agriculture, freed from its feudal and fiscal burdens, improved as by magic; manufactures were extended, and wealth increased. The exhilaration which was felt throughout the kingdom is seen in the feasts of federation which were celebrated in various places in 1790, even prior to the national celebration at Paris on the 14th of July. Material France had been at the last gasp, shivering on the verge of bankruptcy. Payment in sil-

ver and gold had become impossible. One of two things had to be done, to pay in notes or not to pay at all.

Mirabeau urged upon the Assembly the importance of putting the assignat system in the hands of a man who understood it, and who was friendly to it. He suggested Clavière, the Swiss, a man of original financial genius, who was, in truth, the author of the assignat system. But the Assembly refused to follow Mirabeau to this extent.

It is worthy of remembrance that treasury payments of two-thirds in specie and one-third in notes had been attempted by the embarrassed ministers of the king, and that each attempt had resulted in the disgrace of the minister. Noble pensioners, lay and clerical, had revolted, had risen in unappeasable wrath, and had driven the rascals out. The deficit forced the States-General, the States-General brought Revolution. "Don't abuse the deficit," said Mirabeau; "the deficit is what saves us." "Let us meet the deficit with paper money," pleaded the royal ministers to the nobles of the old régime. "Specie or death," said the old régime. It had specie awhile, then death.

In the debate on the second issue of assignats Mirabeau rose to his loftiest height. He had at first been opposed to paper money, which he had called "a walking pestilence." But Clavière, the Genevan, had brought to bear such convincing reasoning, and the necessities of the State were so pressing, that Mirabeau threw himself on that side with all his ardent strength. Closing the debate, he said, "Let us venture to be great, let us understand how to be just; to be legislators we must be both." In one masterly speech the orator had drawn back to himself the warm approval of the Revolution. The hall and the galleries

broke into a storm of applause. The Abbé Maury rose to reply.. He held in his hand two notes of the John Law issue, "stained with the tears and the blood of an earlier generation." The Assembly greeted the tattered relics of the old system with peals of laughter, and the abbé was hooted down.

Advised thereto by Necker and the queen, King Louis sent word to the Assembly, on the morning of February 4th, 1790, that at noon he would pay them an informal visit. The message gave the greatest satisfaction; the session was at once adjourned, and the Assembly made hasty preparations to receive the monarch. At the hour appointed he appeared, without pomp or ceremony, accompanied only by a few attendants and his ministers, met a warm reception, and delivered an address, which had been written by Necker, approving the reforms which had already been made, and pledging his support to the Constitution which was being framed. The Assembly heard the king with delight. In a transport of enthusiasm the delegates rose to their feet and cheered him. Members were affected even to tears; Barrère is said to have wept copiously. Louis, having set the example of swearing fidelity to the unfinished Constitution, the Assembly followed him: all tongues shouted, "We swear it!" and from the floor of the convention hall, the raptures spread to the galleries, where excited thousands cried, "We swear it!" Surely the Revolution is now complete, and all hearts may rejoice! With the king oath-bound to the Constitution, with God's Anointed leading the Revolution, who need longer doubt or fear? Once again the Assembly forms itself into an honorary escort to Louis, attends him back to the

palace; and this time there is no inquisitive old woman present to mar the occasion by asking the king, "Will you change your mind again?" The queen was radiant with the success of the king's visit. "Here is my son!" she exclaimed to the happy members of the Assembly; "I will teach him to cherish liberty, and I hope he will be its support."

Paris was seized with a delirium of joy, the streets rang with acclamations, crowds rushed to the Town-Hall and the Place de Grève to take the oath the king had taken, the city was illuminated that night. From Paris the good feeling swept into the provinces, and for more than a week there was a continuous swearing to the Constitution in the towns throughout the happy land. Children were led in procession to hear the elders take the oath in the public squares; the churches were thrown open and *Te Deums* sung. The Assembly voted the thanks of the nation to the king and to the queen.

Giving to Louis the credit of sincerity, why should not the people have been happy? They had secured, almost without the shedding of blood, and within a few months, far-reaching reforms which other nations had vainly sought in centuries of strife. And giving to the people the credit of sincerity, why should not the king and queen have been content? The royal oath had been voluntarily taken, the king had gone to meet the nation and the nation had taken him at his word. He had sworn to accept constitutional monarchy, and if he meant what he said, the Revolution was at an end. The nation demanded nothing more than constitutional monarchy. As Camille Desmoulins himself said, there were not ten republicans in France. Constitutional monarchists were in control of

the machinery of government. The ministers were devoted to the monarchy, so was the Assembly, so were the officers of the army, so were the mayors of the cities, so were the popular leaders. If Marat or Camille violently assailed the monarchy, Rivaral and Peltier as violently answered them. The monarchist, La Fayette, commanded the National Guard; the monarchist, Bailly, was mayor of Paris.

To make constitutional monarchy the stopping-place of the Revolution, what seemed to be now the only necessary condition? That the king should keep his oath. Nobles might conspire; they were powerless if the chief noble was against them. Priests might preach crusades and work miracles; they were impotent if God's Anointed resisted them. So clearly was this seen at the time that the royalists, like the revolutionists, considered that the end had come. Bouillé asked permission to resign and go abroad; Barrel Mirabeau broke his sword, and quit the service of the king. Royalism lost heart, and might have soon given up the fight — had the king adhered to his pledge. But the king did not adhere, had never intended to adhere, had only adopted that course as a ruse to gain peace and time, and had already decided, as far as he could decide anything, that he would escape from Paris, put himself at the head of armed royalism, and restore by force the prerogatives of Church and State.

Neither the king nor the queen could reconcile themselves to the Revolution. Seen from their point of view, it was a ravenous monster which threatened to devour all that was good and great and sacred. It had robbed the State and despoiled the Church, demolished the throne and profaned the altar, violated the liberty of the king and

insulted the majesty of God. "These base French," as the queen had called them on that wild morning of October 6th, had outraged royalty in a manner no royal soul could pardon. Royalty's palace had been stormed, looted from basement to attic; royalty's servants had been slain on the threshold where they stood guard; royalty's own person had been insulted, threatened, and compelled to flee for life, screaming with terror as it fled half-naked from room to room. Squalid cohorts had taught king and queen to take orders from a mob; had borne them in triumph and amid insults into hateful captivity, had set guards upon them, and were even now holding them within a girdle of steel. All France, all Europe, had been witness to these humiliations. Busy tongues in every clime under the sun were spreading the shameful story. How could Louis, how could Marie Antoinette, drink of this bitter cup and not find it bitter? Why should they alone among royalties have to endure wrongs like these? They were no worse than other rulers; their subjects were no better. What had they done to merit a fate so cruel? They had practised that which absolutism had taught; they had been true to their education, their heredity, their environment. They had not been so harsh as Catherine of Russia, nor so bigoted as the king of Spain; less rigorous than the rulers of Prussia; and quite as fond of the poor and the oppressed as the government across the British Channel. Yet they were held in bonds. While other sovereigns, serenely at ease, still rode in the good old coach of class rule, which obedient people laboriously pulled in the good old way, "these base French" had thrown off the harness, ditched the coach, and were taking an oath upon every altar that henceforth and for-



ever the stronger classes should not rob the more industrious but weaker orders by cunning adjustment of tithes and taxes. While other sovereigns were yet wearing crowns in comfort, served day and night by cheerful courtiers, supported year in and out by taxpayers whose regularity in bringing tribute promoted universal satisfaction in the upper and better world of class rule, how could Louis and his queen accept so great a loss as the Revolution had put upon them? How could they believe it was right, or in good faith obey the people, whom they had been chosen by divine right to rule? They could not and they did not; whatever they might feel it necessary to say or do in public, in heart they remained unchanged — loathing and resenting the Revolution and all its works.

According to Gouverneur Morris, he was informed by Madame de Chastellux, who had every opportunity of knowing, that the king's visit to the Assembly had been meant for effect only, that he had been led into it by Necker and the queen, and that his reluctance to adopt this advice was so great that he had sworn at the minister roundly, demanding to know if such a step would insure him peace. According to the same authority and the rumour at the palace, the king withdrew as soon as he could from the huzzaing multitude of his credulous people, retired to his private room, and gave way to a burst of tears! In public there was acceptance of Revolution; in private hostile intrigues, covert resistance, tears of impotent rage or grief. La Fayette, risking his popularity and his life in the effort to stay the Revolution, is called a brigand by ladies of the palace in the hearing of his officers. Mirabeau, eager above all things to serve

the constitutional monarchy as minister of the king, is secretly knifed, and it is by the votes of the royalists, voting under instruction of king and queen, that his enemies close to him the doors of the ministry by the decree of November, 1789. The madness which seizes hold of those whom the gods would destroy can go no farther than this.

On the 18th of February, 1790, the Court of the Châtelet, after a long trial, convicted the Marquis de Favras of treason, and sentenced him to death. He had been arrested on Christmas Day of 1789, accused of a design to raise a royalist army, to murder La Fayette, Bailly, and Necker, and to abduct the king. Placards posted in the streets of Paris arraigned as privy to the plot the king's brother, the Count of Provence. De Favras was the nobleman who had urged the courtiers, on October 5th, 1789, to mount the horses in the royal stables and make a fight for the king. He was brave, restless, poor — just the kind of man to risk his life in desperate ventures. A better tool for the wary conspirator, who wished to lurk in the rear while some rash attempt was made to control events, could not have been found.

It is possible that historians have not given due prominence to royalist intrigues against Louis XVI. The ears of the reading world have been so dinned by the cyclone theory which makes the noisy mob do all that is done in the Revolution, that we do not hear the muffled tread of the masked men who conspire. We see plainly enough the flood pouring through the dikes, but we fail to notice the stealthy work which sprung the leak. If there is any one fact which is undeniable, it is that, in the courtly circles,

Louis XVI. was almost universally despised. Absolutely, there was nothing in him to inspire love, respect, fear, or confidence. Even pity for him soured into contempt. Incapable of ruling, he would not abdicate; not competent to find his way unaided, he refused to be guided; having no will of his own, he would not wholly follow his advisers; not strong enough to stand alone, he was too weak to lean trustfully on others; to save himself, he could not; to be saved by others, he would not, — such a king was a despair to all who loved the kingship. Hence there were plans made to get rid of him. The two great conspiracies, which in the end ousted the elder branch of the Bourbon house, were formed at the beginning of the Revolution, and were, in fact, mainsprings in the events of the earlier years. The Orleans plot, which under Talleyrand and La Fayette succeeded in 1830, had been formed in 1789, and was actively favoured by Mirabeau, Talleyrand, and Duport. These were its leaders in council, and in the Assembly; in the streets it had for its agitators the turbulent Marquis Saint Huruge, Laclos, Santerre, and, perhaps, Danton.

With an army of spies, agitators, journalists, and popular leaders in his pay, the immense fortune of the Duke of Orleans was spent almost before he knew it. He was a bountiful sower of discord, — it was not in him to reap the harvest he had expected. Finding that the Duke of Orleans was without the force of character necessary to a great criminal, Mirabeau turned to the Count of Provence, whose hatred of the queen and whose ambition to succeed his brother were secrets known to many. The eulogists of Mirabeau vigorously contend that the ties which bound himself and the Count of Provence were

pure, were patriotic, and were not soiled by the mention of money. This may be true, but Mirabeau's friend, Dumont, admits that Provence took Mirabeau into his pay; and Talleyrand, Mirabeau's ally, told Lord Greville, at a London dinner-table, long after all motives for lying were gone, that he had seen a receipt from Mirabeau to Provence for 1,000,000 francs.

What the facts are with reference to De Favras will never be known. The papers connected with his trial were burned by Provence as soon as he became Louis XVIII. That the unfortunate man was engaged in some service for Provence was proven at the time by a letter found upon him. By the terms of this writing he was merely empowered to negotiate a large loan for Provence. That the transaction had any political significance was denied by the count in a speech which, at Mirabeau's instance, he hastened to make to the municipality of Paris, at the Town-Hall. Mirabeau himself confronted De Favras at his trial, denied all knowledge of him or his plots, and especially denied any remembrance of a particular conference with De Favras which that unhappy gentleman sought to make him remember. The trial of De Favras created excitement among all parties. Revolutionists were aroused with renewed suspicion of royalist plots, and the court party were alarmed lest the accused should make confessions. Great pressure was brought to bear upon the condemned to keep silent, and he did so. He was hanged by torchlight in the Place de Grève, protesting his innocence to the last.

Suspicion had a very accurate aim, at least during these earlier years of the Revolution; for there is now in existence a letter written by Provence which shows that there

was on foot at that time just such a conspiracy as that alleged against De Favras. La Fayette and Bailly were to have been put out of the way, the king abducted, then forced to resign, and then Provence was to have been made king.

Madame Campan relates an incident which occurred in March, 1790, and which corroborates the view already presented. Count d'Inisdal was selected by the nobles to arrange with Louis XVI. for his escape from Paris. He went to the palace, gained over D'Aumont, the captain of the guard, and had everything in readiness to carry off the king at midnight. The king was aware of the plan, but had said neither yea nor nay. Even his partisans did not like the idea of picking him up and bearing him off without his definite approval. Count d'Inisdal applied to Madame Campan to get the king's consent. She referred the matter to her father-in-law, who undertook the commission. He found the king playing whist with his queen, his false brother, Provence, and his sister-in-law. Campan stated the proposition of D'Inisdal. Louis played whist. Everybody waited breathlessly for the king to speak. He was silent. Then the queen broke out, "Do you hear, Sire, what Campan says?" "Yes, I hear," said the king, continuing his game. At last the queen broke in again, "But something must be said to Campan." Provence likewise urged Louis to speak. Yielding at length, he said to Campan, "Tell D'Inisdal that I cannot consent to be carried off." The queen turned to Campan and cautioned him to bear the message faithfully. "Remember," said she, "the king cannot *consent* to be carried off." Count D'Inisdal was much displeased with this reply. He went away, saying, "I understand, he wishes to throw

all the blame beforehand on those who are to devote themselves for him." With the fate of Favras warning him, Count D'Inisdal refused to risk his life to save a king who was not willing to say his friends might save him. The queen still hoped that the design was persevered in, and she made her preparations for flight. Midnight came and went, and D'Inisdal did not return. "We must fly, however," said the queen to Madame Campan, shortly afterward. "Who knows how far the factions may go? The danger increases every day."

In fact, plans of escape were under constant discussion, and the only obstacle to putting them into effect at this time was chronic indecision of the king. It was feared by the queen that, if they fled, the emigrant nobles would claim all the credit for restoring Louis to power, and that the counter-revolution would place the throne too completely under control of these emigrant nobles. This is one reason why the royal family hesitated so long in attempting flight. They were eternally talking it, but nothing was done.

Distrust had been so fully allayed by the king's acceptance, in advance, of the Constitution, that the guards had been withdrawn, and Louis was attended only by one aide-de-camp of La Fayette. The king and queen often rode out at four in the afternoon, and did not return till eight or nine. This freedom of movement offered every opportunity for escape, and the royal family intended to make use of it—only they procrastinated, dilly-dallied, and let rumours of their intentions get abroad. The inner spirit which inspired the royal counsels may be gathered from what Catherine of Russia wrote them, "Kings ought to proceed in their career, undisturbed by the cries of the

people, as the moon pursues her course unimpeded by the howling of dogs."

The people at large knew nothing positively about the designs of the court. There were suspicions, there were rumours, but as yet there were no proofs. In April, 1790, the royal family were permitted to leave Paris, and spend the summer at St. Cloud, a suburban palace. In this delightful domain they enjoyed absolute freedom, saving the nominal attendance of a few National Guards. They came and went at their own pleasure, took long rides out from St. Cloud, and were burdened usually with no larger military escort than one of La Fayette's aides.

Compromised by the Favras conspiracy, also by those of Maillebois and Augeard, and frightened by the progress of the Assembly, which was demolishing the Church, the queen determined to come to closer terms with Mirabeau. Through the Count de la Marck negotiations were opened, and a bargain made. Mirabeau was to receive a monthly pension of 6000 francs, his debts discharged, and promissory notes given him for 1,000,000 francs. The royal liberality threw Mirabeau into transports of delight, and his manner of life became more princely than ever. Believing that he could confine the Revolution within the limits of constitutional monarchy, his first efforts were directed to strengthening the executive power.

An instance of what could be done for the king when the work was in the hands of a competent man soon occurred. A dispute had sprung up between Spain and England in reference to the Nootka Sound colony, which both nations claimed. Spain, asserting the rights of first settler in Vancouver Island, denied the English title to the settlement at Nootka Sound, and mistreated some of

the English colonists. Mr. Pitt, England's minister, made threats, and prepared a fleet against Spain. By the terms of the Family Compact, concluded by Choiseul between France and Spain, the two nations were under contract to stand together in all foreign troubles. Spain now demanded help of France, and Louis felt honour-bound to give it. The Assembly scorned the Family Compact, and cared nothing in the world about Nootka Sound. As the Du Barry had naïvely asked, "Where *is* Poland?" so doubtless many of the 1200 statesmen of the Assembly inquired, "Where *is* Nootka Sound?" Mirabeau, taking the middle course, advised that, in lieu of the Family Compact, a new treaty of alliance, in the ordinary terms, be concluded with Spain, and that the French navy be strengthened by fourteen new ships. Growing out of this question came the debate on the right of declaring war and making peace. Barnave, the Lameths, and Robespierre contended that the nation should have it; Mirabeau that it was a prerogative of the king. Violent passions were aroused in the course of the discussion, and Mirabeau encountered a storm of abuse from the revolutionists. He met the danger with superb courage, and, though the Assembly adopted the compromise measure of Chapelier, the substantial victory remained with Mirabeau. The initiative of war and of peace was given to the king.

During the winter of 1789 and the spring of 1790, the Assembly continued to wrestle with the problem of the Church. To confiscate its wealth was no difficult task, for the lower clergy were tempted by the liberal salaries offered by the State, the nobles were indifferent, and the Third Estate were practically unanimous. But to give the Church a new constitution, to subjugate it



to the State, to annul its monastic vows and turn its monks and nuns adrift, to compel its ministers to swear obedience to the State, and to restore to the faithful the right to elect pastors,—all these were grave and difficult matters, and it was in dealing with them that the Revolution ran upon the reefs. Begun in October, 1789, the debates were not ended till July 12th, 1790; and by that time the Church hierarchy lay in ruins, and those whose interests or whose consciences forbade them to sanction what was done were up in revolt. Rome thundered, and Catholic France felt the coming of the storm. Pulpits resounded with clerical denunciation of the Revolution, of the assignat, of the purchaser of confiscated Church land. A crusade religious was preached against the crusade political. Careful to say nothing about the good which revolution had accomplished, the clergy exaggerated the evil. Ignorant, credulous, superstitious, the devotees of the Church greedily swallowed all that was said, all that was written, saw in the Revolution a vast conspiracy against religion and property, against the law and the prophets. Pamphlets were circulated and eagerly read, in which proof was made that the Revolution was the lineal descendant of John Calvin, and that the Protestants were paving the way to a heretical republic and the promiscuous slaughter of Catholics.

Alas!—the pity of it, that the banner of the Church should never lead the hosts of reform, that the sign of the cross should never blaze forth in the approving heavens, saying to those who would vanquish existing wrongs, "By this, conquer!" The altar and the throne are old friends; they made their treaty ages ago, a treaty so

deeply sunk and so firmly grounded in the elemental selfishness of human nature that Sinai will have to thunder anew to break it.

The priests, waging a war which was holy, were not left to fight the battle of the Church without aid from on high. Miracles increased apace, while signs and wonders grew. The statues of the Virgin, entering into the campaign actively, sweated in one town, blushed in others, and in others wept. Pious peasants, hearing the divine will so loudly spoken and seeing miracles burst forth in so many directions, were thrown into spasms. Throughout the south there was insurrection — religious madness setting itself against the fanaticism of the Revolution. At Marseilles, Montpellier, Valence, Montauban, and Nismes, bloody collisions occurred between the opposing factions, — the priest-led royalists and the revolutionists. At Nismes, Froment himself organized the revolt. After some fighting, in which several hundred lives were lost, he was routed and the revolt was suppressed at Nismes, as it was in other places. These disturbances, in which more blood was spilled than the Revolution itself had shed up to this time, were directly encouraged by the Count of Artois and by the queen.

Centralism in the government of France did not originate either with Napoleon, or with the Revolution; it had been the trend of kingly authority ever since the days of Francis I., had been the constant endeavour of Louis XI., had been the triumph of Richelieu and of Louis XIV. But while all the reins of power branched off from the central government, and the king's intendant meddled with everything, from potatoes and sick cattle,

to market and manufacturing details, the French people remained disunited, split up into all sorts of local habits, customs, prejudices, and jurisdictions. Not only was the kingdom divided into three great tariff zones for the purposes of indirect taxation, but every city had its peculiar customs, every river its especial tolls, every court its own particular method and law. Some forty tolls stretched their hungry arms across the Loire alone, bringing merchandise to the abrupt "Stand and deliver!" of fiscal spoliation; while about five hundred different sorts of courts, procedures, and jurisprudence bewildered the citizen and supported their army of officials. Everywhere contrivances existed to keep the people apart; nowhere could be found anything which drew them together. Therefore, the French as a people can hardly be said to have been known to the old order.

Camille Desmoulins relates that in the evening of July 16th, 1789, the patrol of militia and French Guards to which he was attached met a detachment of hussars coming into Paris a little before midnight, and that the soldier leading the patrol cried the challenge, "Who goes there?" The officer of hussars answered, "France! The French Nation!" All felt that the nation had just been born. The first step in this direction had been taken when the notables met to advise the king; the second when the people were invited to meet to choose delegates to the States-General, and to send, by the hands of these delegates, a written list of their grievances; the third when the Bastille was stormed, taken, and demolished by order of the revolutionary government of Paris. Announced by trumpets in the Place de Grève, this proclamation was heralded throughout France, and the Bastille had not

been reduced to rubbish before the people in all the provinces had imitated the example Paris had set. Even La Vendée felt the impulse, attacked the châteaux of the lords, and burnt feudal parchments.

Then came the work of the Paris newspapers, educating and agitating, fixing a common thought in the minds of Frenchmen of every department and class. Then came the rumour of brigands, which drew separate localities together into confederations for the purpose of resisting attacks, and which gradually spread the idea of a community of danger, of interest, and of purpose. Succeeding to these there came meetings to celebrate with song, dance, oration, and feast the glorious triumphs of the Revolution. Commencing in November, 1789, these formal confederations and festivals increased in size and frequency during the spring of 1790, until the entire kingdom worked itself into a joyous, exultant, fraternizing ferment. Altars of fatherland were seen throughout the country, and around them gathered old men and children, wives, mothers, daughters, reforming priest and noble, tradesmen from towns, and peasants from the fields, to give praise to God for the dawn of the new day of the Revolution. Caught through a sun-glass held by the priest, the fire for the altar came down from heaven itself to consume the offering; fervent chants and prayers consecrated the sacrifice; maidens robed in white and garlanded with flowers encircled the altar; and the ceremony was not ended until fitting words had been said of the regenerating work being done by the Assembly. The burdened serf of law and privilege, feeling his shackled limbs suddenly freed, looked up with ready faith, with glad recognition of the divine pity, and poured out his

soul in prayer and praise. "Let heaven and earth rejoice;" let brotherhood draw patriots together in golden links of love; let injustice, evil passion, and sordid motive die! "*Ça ira*: it will go! The law of God is now fulfilled: he that is humble shall be exalted!"

This time the provinces led and Paris followed; the festivals which were drawing the people together in outer France could not be completed until Paris should have a monster celebration which should eclipse all others, and in which all France should join. The anniversary of the taking of the Bastille was chosen as the time, the Field of Mars for the place; and from Paris to the uttermost villages of the realm preparations began to be made for the crowning festival of July 14th, 1790.

Foreigners in Paris, sympathizers with the Revolution, chose delegations which appeared before the Assembly and craved permission to take part in the national *fête*. Americans came, headed by Paul Jones, the terrible sea-captain, made their high-flown address, listened to the president's gracious response, — said response being made by the Marquis de Bonnay, ardent revolutionist, who in about one year more was to find the Revolution too hot for his comfort, and was to flee in such haste that he left behind a package of papers labelled, "Not to be opened till after my death." Patriotism has its curiosity also, and the Assembly opened this mysterious package; patriotism has likewise its sense of humour, for the Assembly broke into a general laugh when these papers proved to be nothing more than a bundle of old love-letters.

On the same day, and making the same request to be present at the celebration, came John Baptist Cloutz, Prussian baron, a man of wealth, of some culture, of ex-

tensive acquaintance, and of cracked brain. He was the hysteria of that which had Marat for its incendiary, Camille for its pæan-singer, Robespierre for its statesman, and Rousseau for its prophet! Taking a wider view of the situation, Cloutz contended that the Revolution could and would draw all nations together in bonds of brotherhood, just as it had united the discordant localities of France. Therefore, as spokesman for all oppressed peoples, Cloutz appeared at the bar of the Assembly, heading a variegated assortment of men whom he called the delegates of all nations. Many nationalities were undoubtedly represented in this deputation. There were certainly a real Spaniard, Olavide; a real Chaldean, Behenam; a Syrian, Cajadaen Chammas; an Arab, Chavis. These Orientals were professors or curators at the king's library. The various alleged Europeans may well have been present, for Paris was full of representatives of all adjoining countries. It is probable, however, that, in order to fill out his list, Cloutz may have hired Frenchmen and dressed them in costumes to suit. At any rate, Cloutz was there, and his companions were there — petitioners from the four corners of the earth. The Assembly gazed upon the group with tangled emotions. Some of the statesmen applauded, others laughed, others looked wise and were non-committal. Cloutz made his address; the president made a high-flown response, granting the request of the delegation to be present as ambassadors of all nations at the feast of the federation, and charging the envoys strictly to tell to all the nations of earth, on their return home, the great things they had seen in France. The president at this time was the Baron Menou, a man of checkered career and many imposing failures. He was second in

command at the Tuileries on August 10th, 1792, when the monarchy collapsed; he was commander-in-chief in Vendémiaire, 1795, when his back-down made Napoleon's opportunity; he failed in La Vendée against the royalists; and he surrendered Egypt and the French army to the English in 1801. Mixing politics with religion, and curiously experimental in matters matrimonial, he went from Catholicism to Deism, and from that to Mohammedanism; and, wearying of Frenchwomen, married an Arab, settling himself comfortably into the baggy trousers of the Turk and the harem habits of Mohammed.

On the same day which witnessed these delegations, the Assembly voted away hereditary nobility, titles, and coats of arms. Why should we have dukes and counts? Who hears of Duke Washington, Count Franklin, or the Marquis Jefferson? Away with such childish handles to names! So declaims a French duke, the Marquis de la Fayette applauds, and the Assembly votes Count Mirabeau down to a Monsieur Riquetti and La Fayette down to Gilbert Motier. La Fayette pretends to like it; Mirabeau is frankly disgusted. The reporters, obeying the law, begin to name him Riquetti — thus Mirabeau is no longer heard throughout Europe thundering eloquent patriotism. Modesty not being Mirabeau's weakness, he storms at the reporters: "Here you go, for the past three days, puzzling Europe with your Riquetti!" Whereupon the *Moniteur* adds to the name Riquetti the annex, "called Mirabeau," and the great orator is partly appeased.

It was this tremendous vitality of the young Revolution, this intoxication brought about by the elixir of sudden freedom, this profound satisfaction with the changes which the Assembly had made, which enabled the political move-

ment to suppress the religious—the Revolution to defy the Church. Rome might issue orders, emigrant princes might send disturbers of the peace, bishops might preach treason and rebellion, the dove might groan, and marble virgins weep glass-bead tears, but the Revolution, like a force of nature, held its way onward. Froment was crushed and cast out. Churchmen helped put him down, churchmen who realized the selfishness which was at the bottom of these revolts, and who scorned to take part in this renewed effort to put the country back beneath the yoke of the old régime.

The Field of Mars was an immense parade-ground in Paris; its length was a mile, and it was half a mile broad. To prepare it for the festival, its centre was to be dug out and made level, while, with the earth thus cut away, embankments were to be reared on the borders, so that the four sides of the plain would slope upwards, like a vast amphitheatre. Seated or standing upon these enormous embankments, tens of thousands of spectators would be enabled to see all that passed upon the plain. On the 7th of July, twelve or fifteen thousand workmen were put to this mighty task. It soon became evident that they could not complete the work within the time. Then was witnessed the spontaneous action of Paris. The people rose in mass to help the labourers get the Field of Mars ready. Carried along by one of those gusts of ardent, unselfish purpose so very characteristic of France, citizens of all ages, classes, and conditions rushed to take part in the work of digging, carting, levelling, and embanking. Mingled together in one promiscuous mass of volunteer labourers came the rich and the poor, the young and the old, males and females, boys and girls from the schools, merchants



and artisans from the shops, doctors, lawyers, and bankers from the office, priests, soldiers, and statesmen, journalists, butchers, and bakers, peasantry, bourgeoisie, aristocracy—even unto royalty itself. Savant worked side by side with porter, servant with master, grisettes with ladies, flower girls with countesses, the lowest with the highest. One inspiring sentiment equalized all conditions, and for one short week hands which were soft and white eagerly sought to become brown and hard. Madame du Barry may not have met and smiled upon St. Just, a duchess may not have removed her glove to shake hands with a coal-heaver, but legend says they did, and thus shows how completely the barriers of caste had been levelled. *Ça ira*: it will go!—indeed it will; the time is short, but the workers are legion; the hand is that of a myriad, the soul is the soul of one. It is a jubilee of toil, of good-will, good feeling, patriotic zeal. From day to day the vast plain hums like the busiest of hives. Labour is become an honour, the spade and the barrow more to be desired than stars and garters of nobility. Mornings see the workers marching forth from the city under flying banners, drums beating, bands playing. All day they toil amid jests and laughter, songs and dancing, relieving each other at every task, vying with each other in generous word and deed. It is an epic of love and labour—the poetry of action of a people who believe they are on their way to realize the fabled glories of the Golden Age. The day's work done, the workers again range themselves in bands, three abreast, and under lit torches march back into Paris, singing as they go.

The fervour of Paris was the feeling of all France. A new era had come, the old order had passed away; the

world had been born again. "Ah, but we are going to be happy!" was the one intoxicating thought of the French. Henceforth rulers were to be wise and good, laws just, men honest, kind, and brotherly, homes prosperous and happy. The war-drum should beat no more, chains of servitude were broken, hatred should no longer be cultivated as a system, love was to soften all the relations of life and to draw men together as with garlands. From each of the eighty-three departments of France came rousing delegations. Dressed as for the grandest of holidays, bearing banners whose silken folds and radiant colours gleamed afar in the summer sun, these delegations left their several departments and marched upon Paris in martial array, keeping step to the beat of drums, thrilling every town through which they passed with patriotic songs and enthusiastic shouts, and carrying with them as they went the ardent hope and faith and joy of a great people. There was joy because so much had already been done; there was faith that the good work would go on; there was hope that the gains of patriotism would not be lost, nor be sullied with error, nor be stained with blood. Brotherhood and Equality and Liberty, watchwords sneered at now, created no mockery then. More in earnest no people ever were. More exalted, more enthusiastic, more rapturously confident that the Passover had at length drawn near, and that the sorely oppressed Israel of France was about to escape the bondage of ages, and to be guided into a fairer and a better life, no people could possibly have been. From every quarter of France, from the English Channel to the Mediterranean, from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, came the monster delegations, converging upon Paris; and when all the departmental flags had come

there were 20,000 men of the provinces in line with the teeming multitudes of the capital.

They did not slight the king. Every deputation as it arrived paid its respects at the palace, quickened the pulse of even the sluggish Louis by their hearty shouts of loyalty, nor omitted to bring a gleam of sunshine to the now wintry face of Marie Antoinette by repeated cheers of: "Live the queen! Live the dauphin! Live the royal family." By a king who had a spark of the leader in him, a king who could have spoken the fitting word, done the appropriate thing, how easily this loyalty of the visiting deputations might have been turned to a good purpose for the monarchy. Revolutionary leaders realized it and had their needless fears; needless because Louis was the one king in distress who knew neither what to say nor what to do, who could neither draw weapon and fight, nor catch up his hat and run.

The Festival of the Federation is one of those days which history cannot ignore nor mankind afford to forget. The king was there, still a king, and his throne was next the sacred altar of the fatherland. The Assembly was there, representative of the nation. And the people were there to witness the inauguration of a new order, to see humbled monarch and exalted nation swear to God, upon the Altar and the Book, that what had been done should abide!

The day was the worst of days for such a celebration. The heavens were dark, and down poured the rain in torrents. Uniforms were soaked, plumes bedraggled, finery of all sorts splashed and spoiled, and banners turned to dripping rags. Nevertheless, the *fête* went on; nevertheless, the ardent crowds continued to march and cheer, to dance and to sing.

The great man of the occasion, however, was La Fayette, commander-in-chief of everything. His white horse ranged over the vast space as if the rider owned the kingdom, and as the name of the marquis rolled in thunderous acclamations from centre to circumference of that immense multitude, he looked the conquering hero, and, perhaps, felt as he looked. Envious courtiers and fellow-saviours of mankind were heard to say to one another, "See La Fayette, galloping through the ages to come." At length the rain ceased, the sun shone out, and the glory of a perfect day fell upon the half million of human beings who crowded the amphitheatre.

In the centre of the plain had been erected an altar, surrounded by a large platform reached by steps from the level below. On this raised platform were grouped royalty and its chief functionaries, lay and clerical. Three hundred priests in vestments were there, one hundred choristers, clad in white and swinging censers, and about the space next the platform were National Guards, one hundred thousand strong.

Between the inner and the outer circles of the Revolution how great the difference! The half a million of men, women, and children who thronged the Field of Mars might be affected to tears by all they saw, heard, and felt, the grand mass which the Church was about to celebrate might fill the multitude with awe, but at the altar itself was neither reverence, nor faith, nor hope. "Don't make me laugh," whispered Talleyrand to La Fayette, as this precious bishop of Autun rose to lead off in the sacred ceremonies which were to invoke upon the Revolution the blessing of the Almighty. "Don't make me laugh," urged the bishop; and in this spirit

he went through the Catholic rites at the altar, blessed the banners, and gave the signal for the anthem of praise, the *Te Deum*, which was chanted by 1200 voices. La Fayette, as representative of the military power, approached the altar, bared his sword, and swore obedience to the nation, the law, and the king. When La Fayette had sworn, every banner waved, every sabre gleamed, and a hundred thousand National Guards thundered from below, "We swear it!" The president of the Assembly repeated the oath, the deputies followed, and the half a million spectators sent up the shout, "We swear it!" Then came the king. In a loud, distinct voice he swore to use all the power given him by law in maintaining the Constitution which the Assembly should decree. The queen, as if sharing the enthusiasm, caught up her son, raised him in her arms, and exclaimed, "See my son! he joins as I do in the same oath!"

What more could patriotism ask? Its cup of joy was full. The people were in raptures. As one man, the multitude rose and rent the sky with prolonged shouts of "Live the king, the queen, the dauphin!" A hundred cannon thundered; a thousand drums and a score of military bands gave martial music; while patriots embraced, threw hats in the air, waved handkerchiefs, and danced, or laughed, or wept,—so hysterical was the delight of the people. Surely the salvation of France was at hand! How could it fail when all had united to swear to it, to work for it, to live by it? "Peace to the nation, and praise to the Lord!" Twelve hundred choristers chanted it; half a million spectators echoed it,—*"Peace to the nation, and praise to the Lord!"* And so, as people sung, and cannon boomed, the great Festival of the Federation ended.

That night Paris was illuminated, and gave itself to festivities. Crowds were so great no vehicles could move. No harsh word, no ungentle deed is recorded of this day — this golden day in the stained records of the human race. For miles, along the avenues, lanterns hung upon the trees, the heavens blazed with fireworks, thousands of revellers feasted, sung, danced in gardens and parks. The Bastille itself had become a playground, and the gloom of all the past was lost in the ecstasy of a present, the burden of whose song was “France is free! We swear it!”

Let this *bê* said of France, let this be remembered of France, — she gave one day of her life to Brotherly Love! What Paris did on July 14th, 1790, the provinces did; in all departments stood the altar, came the people, rose the hymn, flashed swords and banners, blazed the same enthusiasm, laughed the same joy, glowed the same hope, resounded the same loudly taken oath. And the anthem which tear-dimmed the eyes of patriots in Paris, which rolled far outward from Paris, rolled till it reached the Pyrenees, till it greeted the Northern Channel, till its warmth was lost in the waves of the southern summer sea, was ever the same, on this brightest of all the days of “beautiful France”: —

“Peace to the nation, and praise to the Lord!”

## CHAPTER XVIII

ROYAL DUPLICITY; MIRABEAU AND THE QUEEN; THE  
RADICALS CAMILLE, MARAT, ROBESPIERRE; MASSACRE  
AT NANCY; DANTON; CIVIL CONSTITUTION OF THE  
CLERGY

WHY could not the truce of July 14th become a lasting peace; why could not the Revolution find rest in constitutional monarchy? Simply because the builders of the Constitution had no foundation upon which to base their work, no king willing to support their system. Radicals they might have resisted. The republic as yet had no considerable number of advocates, and the authorities could easily have continued to keep the Marat class in subjection. To do this, however, it was necessary that they should be able to rely upon the king, the queen, the royalists as a party, — and here was the fatal weakness of the constitutionals. The royalists remained royalists, the radicals remained radicals; absolutism demanded the old order, democracy the republic, and thus the constitutionals were caught between two fires.

We have already seen that the king's visit to the Assembly on February 4th, 1790, was one of policy, made by him reluctantly, and regretted by him immediately afterwards as a humiliation. So much, however, did royalty appear to gain by this friendly advance towards reconciliation with the Revolution, that on February 20th, 1790,

Cazalès, the royalist leader, moved in the Assembly that Louis be invested with the dictatorship for three months, for the purpose of establishing order in the rural districts. This awkward effort to restore absolute power to the crown went entirely too far, even for the monarchists, and the Assembly voted down the proposition.

The king all this while not only kept in touch with the emigrant princes at Turin and Trêves, but continued to send to them the pensions which they had been drawing in former years, although he had stopped payments to the smaller pensioners within the kingdom. These remittances to the emigrant princes were forbidden by the Assembly, but the king continued to make them!

Vexed by the king's contempt of their decree, and also by his effort to make the Revolution unpopular by the stoppage of the smaller pensions, the Assembly published the Red Book (April 1st, 1790), exposing to the world financial secrets of the old order which Necker had not revealed in his "Account Rendered." For the first time Frenchmen learned how the public funds had been squandered upon the personal pleasures of the court, how in the years when famine had destroyed so many human beings, the money wrung from these unprivileged had been lavished to the extent of 100,000,000 francs per year upon libertines and courtesans, upon place-holders, who rendered no service to the State, and whose only claim upon the treasury was that they had made themselves personally agreeable to the sovereign.

The Count Mercy-d'Argenteau, who was Austria's representative at Paris, and who was the confidential adviser of the queen, became convinced that the surest plan for



the salvation of royalty in France was the employment of Mirabeau, and the placing of him at the head of a ministry. He had, perhaps, been struck with the truth, so often illustrated in the political history of England, that a revolutionary aristocrat is easily won by royal favours into a staunch supporter of the system he had assailed — so much does the holding of office and the weight of responsibility change one's point of view.

In March, 1790, as we have seen, Mirabeau entered into salaried relations with the king; in April and May he rendered valuable service to the royal cause and on July 3rd he was granted a personal interview by the queen. The meeting took place in the park of St. Cloud, and was so brief and secret that it resembled the guilty conference of two conspirators rather than a sovereign's reception of a peer. Taking his nephew with him in his carriage to St. Cloud, Mirabeau had shown his distrust of the court by telling his nephew to haste to Paris and give the alarm, if within a certain time he, Mirabeau, did not return from within the park. The queen forced herself to greet the count flatteringly, and he, greatly exalted, 'kissed the royal hand and said, "Madame, the monarchy is saved!"' Returning to Paris in a glow of satisfaction, he spoke in raptures of the queen, and expressed anew his determination to save her. As to the queen she rather boasted to Madame Campan of the ease with which she had turned Mirabeau's head with one flattering phrase, and she mentioned him with aversion. In fact, she complained that the interview had inspired her with horror and made her sick! Almost at the same moment that Mirabeau was confiding to his intimates his resolution to imperil popularity and life for the salvation of the queen, she, the

relentless and insincere, was writing to her confidential agents that the court had consented to use Mirabeau, but that nothing serious was meant in connection with him.

And La Fayette—how fared that chivalrous knight of the snow-white horse and golden spur? Even as badly as did Mirabeau. The king might give to La Fayette his written declaration of confidence and esteem, but in secret letters Louis told his brother, the Count of Artois, that he knew La Fayette to be a “villain, a factious fanatic in whom no confidence can be placed.” Needing every friend it could make, royalism would neither conciliate nor be conciliated; would neither learn nor forget. For instance, the Duke of Orleans, returning from England July 9th, 1790, made overtures to the court, and Mirabeau strongly urged the king and queen to make friends with him. They agreed, and the duke, presenting himself at the palace, had a lengthy interview with his cousin, the king, in which all past differences were blotted out. They parted good friends. In appearance only, for when the duke came back to the Tuileries on the following Sunday to attend the king’s levée, the courtiers stared at him angrily, crowded upon him, hustled him, trod upon his toes, and fairly shouldered him out of the room. The duke, turning towards the queen’s rooms where the tables were laid, was followed by courtiers who cried, “Keep him away from the dishes!”—as though there was danger of his poisoning the food. Failing to see king or queen, the duke made his way to the staircase, followed by hoots and hisses. As he descended, elegant ladies and gentlemen above spat upon him! Wild with rage, the duke plunged once more into the Revolution, gave his open purse, his powerful resources, to the Jacobin

clubs, and hounded his cousin to the death without mercy or remorse. It is very characteristic of the witless king, the tactless queen, that the courtiers had not been notified of the reconciliation which had been effected; it is equally so that they made no effort to disabuse Orleans of the impression that he had been duped by them — decoyed into the palace in order that vindictive courtiers might inflict upon him a long-nursed craving for revenge.

Thus when Fortune, strangely partial to things established, was giving royalism one more opportunity, one last chance to pluck safety out of danger, there were no royalists to help her. Experience could not teach, nor peril warn, these infatuated people. The same old feuds among themselves were kept alive as religiously as though the fire was sacred and vestals had been sworn to watch it. Hatred of Necker, of La Fayette, of Bailly; distrust of Mirabeau; half-way confidence given to-day and withheld to-morrow, pitiful plots, feeble intrigues, insane assurance in the miraculous return of the old orders, — such was royalism in 1790, in spite of pledge and solemn oath, in spite of losses, sufferings, warnings. Royal money had subsidized newspapers, supported clubs, bribed leaders; royal plots had been formed with prince and priest, — in this manner revolution was to be checked and absolutism restored.

Immediately after the Festival of the Federation, Mirabeau urged the king to withdraw openly to Fontainebleau, as he had gone to St. Cloud, and to issue from Fontainebleau a charter granting the principal reforms demanded by the nation, summon around him the adherents of law, order, and moderate reform, dissolve the Assembly, and defy the radicals. This plan was rejected. It would have

left the king at the mercy of the constitutionals, and if there is any one thing which is clear in all the murk and obscurity of the Revolution it is that Louis and Marie Antoinette were bent on losing all or winning all. At heart they never were for any length of time submissive to reform, and they hated Mirabeau, the Lameths, La Fayette, Bailly, and Rochefoucauld quite as bitterly in 1790 as they hated Robespierre, Pétion, and Danton at a later date. To Mirabeau's plan La Marck made the objection that it led to civil war. "What of it?" answered Mirabeau, in substance. "Why should we fear civil war? It means the saving of the king, who will be lost if he remains in Paris."

During this same month of July the king granted leave to the emperor of Austria to pass his troops through France on their way to put down the revolt in Belgium. It was on July 27th, 1790, that England, Prussia, Holland, and Austria signed the Treaty of Reichenbach, by which revolutionary Belgium was abandoned to the vengeance of Austria. During the same month Mr. Pitt, in the British Parliament, gave his sanction to the furious pamphlet which Edmund Burke had published against the Revolution in France. It was on August 1st, 1790, that the Catholic royalists met at the château of Bannes to summon the Catholic communes to the first Confederation of Jalès—whose purpose was resistance to the Revolution.

If extreme royalists were not content with the Revolution, neither were extreme reformers. Marat, Camille Desmoulins, Loustallot, Duport, the Lameths, the Duke of Orleans, Robespierre, Danton,—all were for marching on. They wrote and they spoke, intrigued and agitated, to check the growing strength of the monarchists,—terribly afraid lest the king should recover the ground he **had** lost.

Marat, a typical fanatic, dealt his blows with frenzied impartiality on royalists and moderates alike, sparing La Fayette, Bailly, and Mirabeau as little as he spared the king and queen. Camille, too rash, too enthusiastic, wanting to leap the whole distance in one day, and believing that there could be a republic when, in fact, there were no republicans, carried his fire in all directions, abusing all sorts of people, from Sanson, the executioner, who afterwards chopped off Camille's head, to the judges of the courts, the ministers, the leaders in the Assembly,—in short, everybody who was not a radical.

In August Malouet denounced Camille to the Assembly, demanding his prosecution. Camille was in the gallery at the time. In the course of his speech, Malouet, after enumerating his charges against the editor, exclaimed, "Let him justify himself if he dares!" The passionate Camille shouted from the gallery, "Yes, I do dare!" The Assembly was in an uproar at once, and, in face of the continuous cries of "Arrest him!" Camille had the good sense to slip away. It was Robespierre who came to the rescue of his former schoolmate. Ascending the tribune, he defended Camille to such good purpose that no warrant was issued. The motion to prosecute Marat was likewise dropped. The constitutionals, at this time, had no serious fear of the republicans. Under the laws of 1789, power had been lodged with the middle class, the rabble had no voice or vote, the right to assemble and to agitate had been restricted within the narrowest limits. Bailly had been almost unanimously reelected mayor of Paris, carrying Danton's own district by a vote of 478 out of 580. Danton himself had been defeated for office in the city government by a vote which gave him 193 out of 3000;

hence the leaders of the constitutionals, feeling safe on that side, paid little attention to Camille or to Marat. The new municipal machinery being in their control, the military in the hands of La Fayette, a Riot Act ready for emergencies, and the lower orders disfranchised and forbidden to assemble without official permit, the constitutionals might well suppose that they had dammed the revolutionary current, and that across these strong dikes it would never break. Such was the situation of parties when the "Affair of Nancy" occurred.

Feeling between officers and men in the army had long been bad. The soldiers of the line were of the people, and sympathized with the Revolution. The officers were of the nobility, and the large majority sided with the king. Political agitators, devoted to the Revolution, made every effort to win over the army by the circulation of revolutionary documents, and by the formation of clubs within reach of the soldier. The officers, on the other hand, resisted this proselyting zeal, cut off the supplies of revolutionary literature wherever they could, and forbade the soldiers to attend revolutionary clubs. With this question of sentiment was mixed one of business. The men of the line demanded to see the regimental accounts, insisting that they had become weary of being cheated. They were especially dissatisfied because an increase of pay, granted by the Assembly in February, 1790, had not reached the privates so late as May.

At Nancy were stationed several regiments, some French, some Swiss. The soldiers of the French regiments demanded of their officers a statement of the regimental accounts, and succeeded in compelling the payment of a large sum which had been in arrears. The Swiss saw no

good reason why this rule would not work as well for them. Consequently they deputed two of their number to go to the French regiment and inquire how the thing was done. Being foreigners, they did not know the French method of compelling a settlement between officers and privates. But the Swiss, unfortunately, were not under French jurisdiction. Being mercenaries hired out by the year to shoot and kill as occasion might demand, they belonged to their own Swiss officers, life, liberty, and all. The Swiss officers, learning that two of their men had been guilty of asking how an honest settlement might be enforced between officers and privates, were filled with angry surprise, and were swift with their punishment. The offenders were cruelly scourged, not in barracks but on parade, where all the town could hear the blows, could see the stripes. The officers of the French regiments highly approved of this procedure, and loudly expressed their pleasure while the lash was being laid on. Not so the French soldiers. They, in their turn, were filled with wrath. Taking the poor Swiss under their protection, they gave them a march of honour through the town, brought them face to face with the Swiss officers, and compelled these officers to pay the men damages for the whipping. What was the name of this Swiss regiment, by the way? Château-Vieux — the same, which, being ordered by its officers on July 14th, 1790, to march from the Field of Mars to quell the riot in Paris, had declared that it would not fire upon the people. Is it strange that the royalist officers should hate this regiment, or that the Swiss officers should be so ready with drastic measures?

Upon the rumour that the French officers were about to emigrate and take the military chest across the frontiers

the French soldiers seized upon it, sending a delegation to Paris to explain matters to the Assembly. The Swiss followed the example set them and seized their chest also. Not only did the soldiers send a deputation to the Assembly, they sent an address in which they set forth their grievances and appealed to the law for justice. Their deputies were arrested by La Fayette as soon as they reached Paris, thrown into prison, and their address was intercepted. To the Assembly, therefore, the troops appeared to be nothing more than mutineers. A decree was passed declaring that the soldiers had violated the law, were guilty of treason, that the ringleaders should be brought to punishment, and that those who had been misled by the authors of the mutiny should have twenty-four hours in which to repent and to furnish their officers with a written submission. The Assembly had been deceived into the belief that the soldiers had wilfully violated the law of August 6th, in which provision was made for the legal settlement of disputes between officers and men; whereas the law in question, sanctioned by the king on August 7th, was not known in Nancy until after the alleged mutinous acts had been committed (August 5th and 6th).

To carry into effect the harsh decree of the Assembly, was chosen the Chevalier Guiot de Malseigne, a fearless, impetuous royalist officer. Rushing to Nancy with a general idea that La Fayette, the Assembly, and the king wanted a blow struck, an example made, he soon had the town in a flame of passion. "Judge us!" cried the Swiss, but Malseigne would listen to nothing. He had come to enforce a harsh decree, and he was bent upon doing it harshly. Surrounded by soldiers whom he considered per-



sistent mutineers, the chevalier drew his sword, cut his way out, rode off to his quarters at Lunéville, was pursued by the mutineers, was taken back to Nancy, and was thrown into prison. With him was imprisoned the Commander de Noue.

At Metz was stationed Bouillé, as stanch a royalist as could be found and as gallant an officer. He had long refused to take the oath to the Constitution, he had wished to throw up his command when the king accepted the Constitution, and he had nursed much resentment against his reforming cousin, the Marquis de la Fayette. But the king had sent him word there would be need of his services, and La Fayette had written him to be patient, all things would work out well in the end. Particularly had La Fayette been writing to Bouillé of late that mutinous conduct in the army must be put down. A blow must be struck.

Marching upon Nancy with 700 National Guards and with 3600 German mercenaries, Bouillé ordered the mutineers to surrender Malseigne and De Noue, and to evacuate the town. On August 31st, as he neared Nancy, commissioners from the mutineers delivered to him the two prisoners, and declared that the soldiers were leaving the place. The Swiss seem not to have understood that they were to march out, and Bouillé found them drawn up before one of the gates prepared to defend it. Between the Swiss and the mercenaries of Bouillé taunts and jeers were exchanged, and shots followed. Bouillé's column advanced; the Swiss made ready their cannon, a heroic young French officer, Désills, threw himself before the gun to keep the Swiss from firing, the Swiss shot him out of the way, opened upon the advancing

column of Bouillé's, and killed some fifty men. The fight was on then, in desperate earnest, and when it ended, three hours later, Bouillé had lost 300 men, and the Swiss had lost all—in killed or wounded or prisoners. After the battle came the judgment of the mutineer prisoners. Twenty-one of the Swiss were hanged; one was broken on the wheel; the others were sent to the galleys. Besides the Swiss were killed some of the French soldiers who had sided with them, and many citizens of Nancy, men, women, and even children. Indeed, the loss of life was frightful, and many a tale of horror flew from these blood-stained streets to arouse murderous passions throughout France.

Upon motion of Mirabeau, the Assembly honoured Bouillé with a vote of thanks. The king expressed his "extreme satisfaction" with what had been done, and recommended to Bouillé "to continue." Robespierre, wishing to oppose Mirabeau's motion, could not obtain a hearing. Marat, furious, wildly declared that the 800 deputies who had voted for Mirabeau's motion should be hanged upon 800 gallows, and "the infamous Riquetti" (Mirabeau) upon one higher than the others. An immense mob collected in the streets, marched upon the palace, shouting, "Dismiss the ministers! Hang the ministers!" Even Necker's sacred name was hooted—the entire ministry being held responsible for what the radicals called the "Massacre of Nancy." The crowd, failing in an attack on the house of the Minister of War, soon dispersed, having done no damage nor gained any concessions. Royalty remained triumphant. A national funeral was decreed for the dead of Bouillé's army, the royalist journals were full of jubilation, courtiers talked as impudently as possible,

and many a patriot believed the Revolution was about to be put down at last by force. In despair at the reaction which had set in, Loustallot, the editor of the *Revolution of Paris*, died of a broken heart. The National Guard at Nancy was suppressed, the white cockade took the place of the tricolor, and at Belfort the royal troops paraded the streets shouting, "Live the king! To the devil with the nation!"

The mob which had shouted, "Hang the ministers!" laid one straw too much upon the oppressed spine of Necker. On September 4th, 1790, two days after the hoots, came a letter from the minister to the Assembly offering to resign. He had long ceased to count for anything in the whirl of events; royalists were his foes and revolutionists were not his friends. He felt that it was high time he was gone. A second issue of assignats, which Mirabeau had favoured, Necker opposed, and the Assembly decreed, gave the minister the finishing stroke. He woke to the full reality that the Revolution had passed him by, that he was stranded, that his name had lost its charm, that his glory was a reminiscence, that the one word which fitted him like a new skin was Ichabod. Down to three had dwindled the worshippers who burnt incense before this abandoned shrine, — his daughter, his wife, and himself. Even these three came to the conclusion that he had better go. The Assembly made no effort to keep him, and on September 8th, 1790, he departed, almost unnoticed. No rapturous crowds followed his route this time, no garlands were thrown into his carriage. As a conquering hero he had returned from Switzerland to France; almost as a fugitive from justice he returned from France to Switzerland. Fortune gave him the benefit of experience which

embraced the whole gamut, from the highest note to the lowest; and he who had almost worn the crown as he entered France a few months before, came dangerously near wearing a rope halter as he went out again. Stopped at Arcis-sur-Aube by suspicious and threatening patriots, his release was contemptuously ordered by the Assembly, and the fallen statesman reached Switzerland in safety, to devote the balance of his life to the dreary task of explaining to the inattentive universe how easily he could have saved France from all her troubles had he but been let alone. Whatever he has left unsaid to prove that he was a neglected saviour, an unappreciated apostle of sweetness and light, has been supplied by his talented daughter, Madame de Staël.

Almost at the same moment that Necker goes out from the Revolution by one door, Danton comes in by another. The father of Danton was a man of the middle class, in good circumstances, who lived at Arcis-sur-Aube, and who died while the son was yet a child of two and a half years. The mother was able to educate the boy, sending him first to the village school, then to the seminary at Troyes, then to the college of the Oratorians. In 1780, his twenty-first year, he began his study of law in the office of Vinot, a solicitor of Paris. For four years he remained there, doing the work of a clerk, to pay his way as law student. In 1785 he was admitted to the bar at Rheims. Returning at once to Paris, he entered upon the practice, confining himself to the common law cases before the Parliament. In 1787 he purchased a place in the privileged order of king's councillors, which enjoyed the lucrative monopoly of practice before the highest chancery court, the court of the royal councils. When this institu-

tion was abolished some years later, Danton was indemnified by the government for the office he had lost, as the other councillors were, and thus arose the accusation that he had accepted a bribe. His position in the profession ranked him among the highest, his practice appears to have been good, and his income estimated at some 25,000 francs per year. Such men as De Barentin, a minister of justice, and De Brienne, the comptroller-general, were his clients, and among his cases were several which involved the largest estates, and the most intricate questions, and his written opinions, still in existence, are those of a competent, industrious lawyer. De Barentin is said to have had so good an opinion of Danton as to offer him an official secretaryship. What is more certain is that Hérault de Séchelles, the nobly born, high-spirited, brilliant, and universally courted advocate-general of the Parliament became his devoted friend, and remained so till the day when they stepped down from the same cart to mount the same scaffold.

Danton knew some Latin, and he could read Italian and English. His library contained, and he read in the original, the works of Adam Smith, Dr. Sam Johnson, and Dr. Robertson. With the French classics he was acquainted, and he was familiar with the Diderot Encyclopædia—itself a vast storehouse of learning and of revolutionary thought. In person Danton was tall and stout, large of head and limb. His face had been scarred by smallpox, his nose crushed and his lip disfigured by a bull; the eyes were small, the brows wide, the mouth large, the neck thick. In dress negligent, in manner frank, bold, animated, in voice loud and rough, Danton was just the man to use the language of an incendiary, to

take the lead of a revolt, and to create the hasty impression that he was all turbulence, all agitator, all demagogue. Ugly as Mirabeau, there was in him the same passionate power, the same imperious force and energy, the same fondness for congenial companionship, for comradeship in labour and in enjoyment, the same love of the good things of life, the same contempt for money, for strict propriety, and for petty moralities. In one respect he was a loftier man than Mirabeau: he loved no woman but his wife, and he loved her with the passion of a lover. In another respect he was greater than Mirabeau: he lived on no monthly allowance made him by any De la Marck, he took no bribes from the king whose throne he overturned, and no Spanish ambassador paid him in gold for speeches in the Assembly of France. No man was truer to his friends, no man more dangerous to his foes. While the passion was in him he stopped at nothing. He warred like a colossus, — he meant to demolish, to destroy. But he was easy to conciliate, bore no malice, and nobly said: "I can find no use for hate."

Little is known of Danton during the early years of the Revolution. Royalists claim to have seen him in the first riots. What is more certain is that he was a familiar figure in the daily crowds which thronged the Palais-Royal. In the thick of the Bastille days, however, he may be seen, for on July 16th, 1789, he was about to enter the court of the Bastille at the head of a patrol when he was stopped by Soulés, the new governor of the fortress. Danton recognized no such authority, called Soulés' commission a rag, arrested Soulés, and threw him into the guard-room of the Cordeliers. After this he marched his prisoner to the Town-Hall and submitted

the case to the authorities there; whereupon those authorities censured Danton severely, La Fayette being especially bitter.

After the banquet given at Versailles to the Flanders regiment, Danton was heard at the Palais-Royal trumpeting insurrection. A placard signed by his name was posted in the streets; it was the demand of the Cordeliers for a revolt. This was on Sunday; on Monday the tocsin of their district was rung, their battalion drawn up under arms, and while the commandant prevented the men from marching in a body, many of them broke away and joined in the march on Versailles. After this, Danton became president repeatedly of the Cordelier Club, leader of the district, and, as such, soon collided with La Fayette.

Dr. Marat had been denouncing Necker, Bailly, and La Fayette ever since July, 1789; accusing them of all sorts of crimes of omission and commission, and arraigning them for all kinds of sinful deeds, done and intended. In Dr. Marat's opinion the youthful and tender Revolution was about to be devoured by the three hobgoblins, Necker, Bailly, and La Fayette. The income tax, especially, was a horrible snare; it was going to produce nearly 5,000,000,000 francs (\$1,000,000,000) and with this snug sum of money Necker was going to raise and equip 500,000 soldiers for the subjugation of France! This colossal lie Marat harped on day after day with all the force of insane conviction. Not only was Necker laying deep plots against the people, but Bailly was stealing the people's money, La Fayette was pocketing incalculable sums, and the new municipality of Paris had embezzled more than 200,000,000 since the fall of the Bastille. Now each and every one of these

accusations was outrageously false, born of a morbidly irritable, suspicious, and active temperament. The income tax had produced next to nothing, La Fayette had come in reach of no funds to steal, and Necker and Bailly were creditors of the State to amounts sufficient to impair their fortunes. Even the municipality was innocent of theft; it was so new to its opportunities that, however much disposed to loot the city it governed, it had not yet learned how.

The authorities growing restive under the ravings of Marat, he was called to the bar of the commune, September 28th, 1789, to answer for himself. A warrant for his arrest followed, October 6th, but the insurrection of the women and the consequent tumults caused the matter to lag until the 8th, at which time the warrant, seeking to find the troublesome doctor, failed to do so. He had fled. On December 12th he was captured, taken before a lower court, and for some reason discharged. The prosecution was dropped. Encouraged and refreshed by this experience, Marat went at it again, belabouring with all his might Necker, Bailly, and La Fayette. This time Marat and his printing-office were located in Danton's district, the Cordeliers. The authorities, deciding to put a stop to the nuisance, took the old warrant of October 8th, 1789, and on January 22nd, 1790, an army of 3000 National Guards, with two cannon, moved upon Marat's establishment. Such a force and such an occasion roused the district, of course, and La Fayette, perhaps, would have been glad for an excuse to use some violence, for both Marat and Danton were very hateful men to him. But, while there was some wild talk, no clash occurred. Danton was afterwards accused of



having threatened to raise the faubourg of St. Antoine and to "make the jaws of the National Guards grow white," but he took no step in that direction. On the contrary, he baffled La Fayette by disturbing the minds of the officers with a technical point of law, — claiming that the arrest could not be made under the old warrant because of a later decree of the Assembly. While the puzzled officers were deliberating and were searching for what the law might really be, Dr. Marat had evacuated his domicile, bidden farewell to Paris, and was on his way to merry England. When the officers had finished their judicial researches, and had ascertained that the law was comfortably on their side, they were much hurt to find that Dr. Marat was no longer in their midst, and they wreaked their vengeance upon his printing-office.

Danton's part in this episode identified him, in the eyes of all parties, with Marat; and it is convincing proof of the unpopularity of the radicals at this time that for nearly two years Danton was almost without following or influence. For two years he walked in the shadow of a great mistake. It was only by a narrow margin that he escaped Marat's fate, for the Court of the Châtelet in March, 1790, issued a warrant for his arrest, and the prosecution was not defeated without difficulty. It was not till November, 1790, that Danton was heard of by the nation at large, and then as spokesman of a delegation from the sections of Paris to the Assembly demanding the dismissal of the minister. In this capacity he read a conservative address, kept his temper in spite of the rude interruptions of the royalists, and put himself in the line of promotion. The Assembly

refused the demand of the sections of Paris, but the ministry resigned soon afterwards. For some time the king had wished a change, and Mirabeau had advised it, hoping to fill the vacancies with men favourable to his own designs. La Fayette, however, was still supreme, and the new ministry was such as he wanted; neither the king, nor Mirabeau, nor the radicals derived any benefit from the change.

During 1790 there was much dissatisfaction created by the manner in which the confiscated lands of the Church fell into the clutches of speculators, syndicates, and favoured individuals. An impression prevails that the small farms of France are the legacy of the Revolution. This is an error. What the nobles lost, the middle class gained; the poorer classes got almost none of the confiscated land, except at second hand and at a higher price. Instead of cutting it up into small tracts and selling it by retail, the hurried Assembly, anxious to shirk the worry and the labour such a plan involved, turned the lands over to the city governments, leaving the sale to municipal officers. What a chance for spoil was here! The city governments were in the hands of the bourgeoisie, the rich middle class. Hence their opportunity for speculation was without parallel. From half a billion to a billion dollars' worth of the fairest realty in the kingdom was at their mercy. The property included abbeys, convents, priories, seminaries, farms, vineyards, meadows, parks, and forests. The terms of sale were luscious. Only twelve per cent of the price had to be paid down, the balance ran for a term of years. The property was sold in large lots—to exclude the rabble. No finer field

for commercial methods ever stretched in golden undulations before the ravished eyes of the speculator. The famous Field of the Cloth of Gold lost lustre by comparison. It was a rare illustration of the carcass and eagles, the carcass being the largest on record, and the eagles the most numerous and greedy.

A mania for speculation swept over the kingdom in the summer of 1790, and by the time the absorption of the Church property was completed it was found that the Trust Fund of the Poor was farther beyond the reach of the poor than ever. Many of the richest families in France laid the foundations of their opulence in 1790. They paid the twelve per cent, got magnificent realty, excused themselves from making further payments because of the continued disturbances; and, finally, either kept the lands and paid for them in worthless paper, or abandoned them, after selling off the timber, the houses, and everything else which could be converted into money.

We find Mirabeau so eager to lay his lion paw on one of the beautiful suburban places of the Church, the "Minims," in the wood of Vincennes, that he condescends to write to Beaumarchais, beseeching that versatile money-maker not to bid against him. The letter in which this request is made bears date September 17th, 1790; and the entire transaction illustrates Mirabeau better than an essay would. There had been a feud between the two men. It had its beginning in Mirabeau's attempt to levy a contribution on Beaumarchais. As was the current opinion among noblemen by birth, Count Mirabeau believed that a commoner was being honoured if a nobleman consented to receive a loan from said commoner. If such loan was

never repaid, the honour conferred upon the lender became an equitable set-off to the debt. On this theory, Mirabeau did a large practice and enjoyed a considerable income. Not wishing to slight so prosperous and prominent a commoner as Beaumarchais, Mirabeau, just before the Revolution, called upon Beaumarchais, whom he only knew by reputation; and, after charming the commoner with much brilliant conversation, requested the loan of 12,000 francs. If the nobleman knew the reputation of the commoner, the commoner also knew the reputation of the nobleman. Beaumarchais, in the pleasantest manner in the world, declined to make the loan!

"But you could easily spare me that sum," insisted Mirabeau.

"Without doubt," said Beaumarchais, "but Monsieur the Count, when pay-day came we should have a row, and I prefer to have the row now, — I save 12,000 francs by it."

Not long after this, Mirabeau furiously assailed Beaumarchais in a pamphlet, holding him up to the public as a man whose life shocked Mirabeau's ideas of morality. Beaumarchais replied; Mirabeau retorted; and there the warfare ended. Mirabeau coolly reopened communications with Beaumarchais, the bad, by asking him not to bid for the beautiful slice of Church property which he, Mirabeau, had mentally appropriated to himself. In high-flown terms, exquisitely courteous, Beaumarchais gave the desired promise, and Mirabeau got the property.

The Breton deputies, who used to meet at night for the purpose of consultation and concert of action, were gradually utilized by Duport, Barnave, and the Lameths as a political ring. In this Breton Club, as it began to be called, plans of action were discussed and agreed on.

Then the plan was communicated to ten men, who were in touch with the various local leaders, civil and military, of Paris. Each of these ten communicated with ten others who held important positions in the National Guards, in the city clubs, and in the municipal government. By this method public opinion was created and popular passions directed and mob violence systematized. When the Assembly followed the king to Paris, in October, 1789, the Breton Club rapidly expanded into the Jacobins, — the name being taken from the convent in which the meetings were held.

Into the hands of this club, where all the leaders of the reform government met for debate, and where noisy crowds attended to listen, gradually fell the real power of the revolutionary movement. The Cordeliers Club more especially represented the workmen, and its power was only second to the Jacobins. In all the patriotic meetings, and in all the revolutionary journals, the Nancy Massacre was hotly discussed, and the action of Bouillé denounced. The jubilations of the court did not weaken the impression the agitators tried to make. Bouillé had shot down, in three hours, more men than the entire Revolution had sacrificed five times over, and yet no royalist hands were lifted in holy horror, either in France or out of it.

In addition to noisy rejoicings over the Nancy affair, the royalists were injured by the violence of their newspapers. The coarsest abuse of revolutionists was the gospel of royalist journalism. With indiscriminate violence they attacked them all. Upon everybody, from Siéyès and Talleyrand, down to Théroigne de Mericourt and Anacharsis Clootz, poured a perpetual torrent of abuse, ridicule, and promiscuous vituperation. Marat was

not more ferocious than Rivarol or Royou; and Hébert not more obscene than Souleau and Peltier.

At the theatres these infatuated people were equally misguided and intemperate. They would not absent themselves when objectionable plays were on the boards, nor would they behave quietly after going. They persisted in attending, and raised rows when the play didn't suit. "Charles IX.," a play of Chénier's, was not a drama in which royalists could find comfort, for it represented the St. Bartholomew Massacre, — the plot of a pope, a king, and a queen. Consequently the audience, composed of turbulent Parisians, who were divided between revolutionists who enjoyed the play and royalists who did not, frequently adjourned the proceedings into a free fight. It was at this period that royalist swordsmen began to besiege individual deputies of the Assembly with challenges to fight. In this way it was hoped that the most offensive leaders could be picked off.

Mirabeau had quite a list of importunate gentlemen who urged him to fight. Too brave to fear the charge of cowardice, he excused himself good-humouredly to his eager petitioners, and promised to attend to them, one at a time, in regular order, after he had finished his work in the Assembly. One of the Lameth brothers was not so prudent. He fought the Duke de Castries, and was slashed in the arm. Patriot editors saw a regular conspiracy on foot to kill off patriot deputies. Journalistic thunder rolled, editorial lightnings flashed, popular passions rose into a storm. A well-dressed mob went to the palace De Castries, forced an entrance, and wrecked it from basement to garret. Nothing was stolen, nor was the house itself damaged, but the furniture was smashed and thrown out

of the windows, — beds, bedding, mirrors, paintings, chairs, sofas, tables, art treasures, and all. La Fayette and Bailly were on hand, and so were the National Guards, but nothing was done to stop the riot. The Duchess de Castries afterwards politely returned thanks to La Fayette and Bailly for honouring with their presence the wrecking of her house. The riot had the desired effect: there were no more duels.

In November, 1790, Rabaut St. Étienne proposed in the Assembly that the National Guard should be composed of active citizens only — taxpayers. Mirabeau favoured, Robespierre opposed, the decree. At the night meeting at the Jacobins on the 21st of November, 1790, Mirabeau being then president of the club, Robespierre continued his opposition to the proposed law in a violent speech, which was making a strong impression on the club. Mirabeau called the speaker to order, hoping to cut off discussion. An uproar followed; the club rallied to Robespierre. “Continue! Go on!” was shouted from all parts of the house. Robespierre held his ground, and Mirabeau, thinking to beat down opposition in his usual imperious style, rang the bell, sprang upon the chair, and cried out, “To me, friends! Let my friends surround me!” Only a few responded, the club was dead against him; Robespierre came out of the encounter victorious, and with Mirabeau was left the shame and the silence of an utter defeat. Not long after this the Englishman, William Augustus Miles, says in a letter to Mr. J. H. Pye: “The court is said to have purchased Mirabeau. I would rather buy Robespierre.”

The civil constitution of the clergy still occupied the Assembly, the establishment of a State Church being found

to be the most perplexing work yet attempted. By the decree of December 22nd, 1789, provisions had been made for the election of bishops and curés; on June 14th, 1790, it was decreed that before the consecration took place the curés and bishops who had been elected should in public take an oath to be faithful to the nation, the law, and the king; to watch over the flock, and to support the Constitution. There was to be one bishop for each department, one curé for each commune; thus the priesthood was to be brought to a working basis and harmonized with the State. The salary of the bishops varied from 12,000 francs to 50,000; that of the curés from 6000 to 12,000, — “not counting house and garden.” The bishops and curés elected by the people were not to apply to the Pope for confirmation, and they were to be under the control of the civil authorities. Here indeed was far-reaching reform. Mocked and defied as he had not been since the days of Luther, the Pope was roused to battle; despoiled of its wealth and deprived of its independence as it had not been since Henry VIII. of England seized upon its possessions and created a new church after his own pleasure, the higher clergy answered to the call of Rome, and were eager for the contest with the sacrilegious Revolution.

As for the king, he was as deeply stirred as his nature allowed. One cannot say he was aroused, because there was not enough in him to amount to that, but he did show as much concern as it was possible for him to exhibit. Orthodox to his finger-tips, the Church to him was God. Had the Host passed him in the streets, he would have fallen upon his knees in the mud, as Louis XV. had been known to do, humbly bent and bareheaded, until the consecrated wafer, the “Good God,” was gone. In his dis-



tress, fearing for his soul on the one hand, and for his crown upon the other, the king wrote to Pope Pius VI. for instructions. The reply was that which might have been expected; the king was told that he might yield to reforms in the State, but no earthly power had a right to touch the Church. It was God's, and must, of course, be guarded from profane legislation. Before the Pope could be heard from, the Assembly had pressed the king into confirming its decrees (August 24th, 1790), which established the civil constitution of the clergy. On July 24th, 1790, the Assembly had declared that no bishop or curé should remain in office without taking the oath; and, as the clergy failed to obey, it was further decreed on November 27th, 1790, that all bishops and curés who did not take the oath within a week should be dismissed from office. Not until December 26th, 1790, could the king be brought to sanction this law; and even then he had determined never to obey it, never to allow it to become a law if he could prevent. On December 3rd, 1790, Louis had written to the Baron Bréteuil, authorizing him to act as agent for the court of France, and had appealed to the kings of Prussia, Spain, and Sweden, as well as to the empress of Russia, and to the emperor of Austria, to convene an armed congress of the nations, as the best means of checking the Revolution in France and of preventing its spreading abroad.

There is pathos in the spectacle of this hapless king, devoting himself to danger in behalf of his Church, perjuring himself, risking the perils of duplicity and of treason, in the effort to save from reformation a hierarchy which sadly needed reform. What debt of gratitude did Louis owe to Rome? What had the Church done for him or his people? Nothing. Had not the Church scourged

from office one minister after another, from Turgot and Necker to Calonne and Brienne, the moment they began to apply remedial measures to a government which was sick unto death? Had not the Church, in bitter terms, denounced the king because he had not gone forward to complete the glorious work of Louis XIV. in stamping out heresy? Had not the queen received her first great wound from a cardinal who had sought to seduce her, and had not the Pope actively intervened, at the trial, to shield the guilty priest from punishment? Had not the Church angrily resented all attempts to tax its property, all attempts to lessen privileges, reform abuses, or to retrench expenses? Convoked in formal assembly and besought to aid the king in his need, had not the Church refused to lend or to give a single franc? All this was true; but the king's orthodoxy was of that kind which held that the Church was ever right, no matter how many popes and priests might do wrong.

Hence it was that in the winter of 1790-91 there was unrest. Nothing was yet settled. In certain provinces feudal lords still claimed their ancient dues, forgetful of August 4th, 1789, and the peasantry flew into violent resistance. In the province of Quercy some thirty châteaux were burned, some 4500 men were up in arms. There was a mutiny in the fleet at Brest, there was the Confederation of Jalès, cowed by a decree of the Assembly, but still in existence. There were Jacobin clubs, coming into affiliation with the mother club in Paris until there were 2400 societies scattered over the kingdom, propagating radicalism. Above all there was this religious struggle, this wrangle between the adherents of the Pope and of the Revolution, between the priests who would obey the

law and those who would not, between the flocks which followed the shepherds who took the oath, and those who adhered to the shepherds who refused.

About two-thirds of the clergy, some 46,000, obey the orders from Rome, defy the Assembly, hold on to their offices, and will not take the oath. The Assembly deals with them as rebels, as disturbers of the peace, declares them ousted from office, and orders new elections to fill their places. The rebels decline to get out, preach sedition to the people, voters are intimidated, elections disturbed, and there is bloodshed. The priest who obeys the Pope wages war upon the priest who obeys the State. The parish is divided. Some good Christians follow the old priest, some the new. According to the old priest the new one is a Judas, a friend of the devil, an Antichrist. To listen to him is disgrace here and damnation hereafter. Marriages solemnized by the constitutional priests are not valid; at best, they can only amount to fornication without malice. Absolutions granted by such priests are not worth the money paid for them. They but add another sin to the record, an additional push hellwards.

All France is torn by the feud, and demoralized by the scandal. The shepherds fight, the flocks scatter, true religion suffers, infidelity looks on with many a scoff, and D'Espréménil might now say with truth to the warring disciples of Christ, "Ye have crucified Him afresh!"

## CHAPTER XIX

PARIS IN JANUARY, 1791; THE KING'S AUNTS DEPART  
FOR ROME; THE VINCENNES AFFAIR; DISTURBANCES  
IN JALÈS

WE are taught that there are three forms of government, and only three, — monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, — others being variations or derivatives. In principle, it is said, the monarchy is the rule of the one; aristocracy, of the few; democracy, of all. It might be well if we were also taught that the form of the government has little or nothing to do with the welfare of the governed; and that the body of a monarchy may have a soul which is democratic, while the form of a republic may enclose the evil spirit of aristocracy. A monarchy may range from the despotism of a sultan of Morocco to the mild figureheadism of a king of Holland; a republic may exhibit the simplicity of a Swiss canton or the fierce class rule of Florence and Venice. The form is nothing, the spirit is everything. To find what the one is we have only to look at what is shown us, and to listen to what is said; to know the other we must penetrate the secrets of laws and of administration. It is not every monarchy that ministers only to a king, forgetful of the people; it is not every republic where all rule and all obey. In the same government the spirit of the one system may drive out that of the others, or all three may abide, struggling for a mastery, which is held first by

one and then by another. Thus in England the form has constantly been monarchical, yet the monarchy of the Tudors was unable to repulse the aristocratic spirit which ruled under the Brunswicks, and under Queen Victoria the aristocracy is powerless to resist the steady advance of democracy. The spirit of the laws of Henry or Elizabeth and of those of the present reign—Factory Acts, Employers' Liability Acts, Gladstone Land Acts, etc.—are as antagonistic as liberty and despotism, yet the form of government remains practically the same.

The year 1791 gave every indication from the beginning of being one of struggle, politically, for the three principles of government stood face to face, each saying to the other two, "I am better than you, and stronger!" Monarchy, as represented by extreme royalists; aristocracy, as supported by the constitutionals; democracy, championed by the radicals,—these were the opposing forces, and the battle was to be henceforth one of ideas. Abuses had already been destroyed, feudalism abolished, power given to the many, political despotism laid low, the bonds of priest rule broken, a State currency created, a State charter practically completed. Judged from the standpoint of the grievances complained of in 1789, the Revolution had done its work. "What do you complain of, Jacques?" was the question of 1789. "Of monks, pigeons, and taxes," answered Jacques. Well, the taxes of 1789 had been abolished, and the feudal burdens too; the monks no longer claimed tithes; and the pigeons could be shot. Everything which had been asked of the States-General of 1789 had been granted, and more besides. There was no longer an excuse for revolution. The franchise had been restricted to taxpayers, it is true, but the restriction was not

so great as in constitutional England, nor so great as in several of the states of the North American Republic. Syndicates had gobbled the confiscated lands, but syndicates have been known to gobble ten times as much in other countries, and nobody went to war about it. The Church was seditious, but with time and good management that cloud would disappear, for the State had assumed all the debts of the Church, nearly 150,000,000 francs, and had provided fixed salaries for clericals to the extent of 125,000,000 francs. The curé was the numerical strength of the Church, and the curé was as yet for the Revolution. Mirabeau had angled for him skilfully when Church lands were confiscated, and had hooked him — with that salary lifted from one or two thousand francs to five or twelve thousand, “not inclusive of house and garden.” Marvelously well pleased with this new arrangement was the curé and his housekeeper. So far, good; they could be relied on to defend the Revolution, even though mother Church had been despoiled of her wealth.

Then why is it that the reform movement, having accomplished what was demanded of it, does not quit work, securely harvest the results, and wend its way homeward from the harvest-field, thanking God as it goes? For the reason that three antagonistic ideas of government have met in a death-grapple, and that nothing can keep them from fighting it out. The king will not support the constitutionals, but clings to the hope of restoring absolute monarchy; the constitutionals are as stubbornly bent upon establishing the rule of the rich; and the democrats clamorously contend for the alleged rights of the many, — the proletariat, the hosts of the regions of poverty and of toil. Between principles the warfare, in some form or

other, is eternal, and decisive victories are rare. That question which can be counted as finally settled is difficult to name. Even in purely physical matters victories are seldom victorious. By the time Waterloo had been neatly catalogued as one of the decisive battles of the world, Napoleon's name was again all-powerful in France, and a man who had not a drop of Bonaparte blood in him was on the throne *because* his name was Bonaparte. Good and evil have been campaigning against each other these thousands of years, and, according even to the bulletins of the pious, Satan wins oftener than one could wish.

Now, while it is true that antagonistic ideas are in constant conflict, they have never had such a free field and such a fair fight as they were preparing to have in France. Monarchy continued to say, "God chose me, the Church anointed me, my will is as that of God on earth; I can prove this by the priest, and I shall rule even as my fathers did." Constitutionalism declared that wealth should have its weight; that those who owned the kingdom should govern it; that the king should be the well-regulated organ of aristocracy, as in the England of that period. Radicalism said: "A plague on both your houses! All the world is God's gift to all mankind. Broadly, all belongs to all. At the cradle all are equal, at the grave equal. No man should be born the master of another, no one the serf. Neither by laws nor by customs should the human family be divided into rigid layers, into frozen castes, into strata hard and heavy. Do not say that movement shall be confined to the class, ambition restricted to the class, hope bounded by the class. Do not say, as they said before Christ came, once a priest always a priest, once a noble always a noble, once a slave ever a slave, once

poor eternally poor. Let the common heritage remain common—to the extent that merit shall win its share. Throw around the wealth of the world no wall of monopoly; before the Eden of its honours and its happiness set no jealous guardians with flashing swords. Keep the road clear, the way open, the opportunity free. Out of the higher ranks let bad men fall if they are bad; into the upper sphere let the good men rise if they are good. Thus the great currents of thought, action, hope, ambition, will inspire the world and bear it onward, never letting it sink into the rigidity of the living death of caste, never letting it become a waveless sea.” Between these three creeds the year 1791 saw the issues joined, the struggle begun.

There were at Paris during this period two men whose accounts of passing events are worthy of particular notice: Mr. Morris, the American, and Mr. Miles, the confidential agent of the English government. The descriptions they gave to correspondents in America and England respectively corroborate each other, and are very vivid. Mr. Miles, writing to Sir Edward Newenham February 16th, 1791, says: “You have desired me to send you an account of the police of Paris. . . . The police of Paris! Good heavens! there is no such thing. The unfortunate object whom they have decorated with the title of mayor is without credit, authority, or respect. Tumults happen daily; the metropolis abounds with libels of the most diabolical tendency; whoever happens to fall under the suspicion of the mob is menaced with death; and handbills are publicly distributed inviting the rabble to pillage and disorder. The civil power calls in the aid of the military; and Monsieur de la Fayette and his aides-de-camp are



kept trotting about like so many penny postmen. Battalions, horse and foot, are called out for the purpose of dispersing the people, but, not daring to fire, they are reduced to the humiliating necessity of becoming passive spectators of license and injustice." "At Bayonne," Mr. Miles writes to Mr. Pye, January 5th, 1791, "the national cockade has been thrown into the canal. Navarre has no deputies in the Assembly, and peremptorily refuses to pay any taxes; a spirit of disaffection prevails, but, being equalled by a spirit of distrust, ever vigilant and vindictive, it remains disaffected." Mr. Miles sends Lord Buckingham a sample of the French gazettes, and writes that the distracted country is inundated with others similar. "Its object is not so much to justify the principles of the Revolution as to encourage that spirit of licentiousness so favourable to the designs of profligate adventurers who live but in a tempest, and to whom a state of anarchy is a state of glory and prosperity." Again he writes, "The drum beat to arms last night throughout Paris, and, from the incendiary harangues of the Lameths and Barnave for this month past, to a senseless rabble in love with blood," etc. "Reports of a counter-revolution, equally devoid of humanity and truth, have been in constant circulation since the commencement of the year." No art is spared to give plausibility to these reports. Jacobins of Paris correspond with Jacobins throughout the country; the alarms of the capital are communicated to the provinces, and thus the people are kept in a state of frenzy. Thus in substance writes Mr. Miles to England.

In the diary of Mr. Morris there is not so much of the monotony of revolutionary movement, not so much of drum-beat and war-horse, not so much of the rat-

tle and bang of riot. We saunter with a cool-headed man of the world into the varieties of Parisian existence; we lounge in salons, boudoirs, cafés, theatres, cabinets, as well as in the streets and at the Palais-Royal. As in a looking-glass, we see men and events pass before us, the great and the small, the heroic and the commonplace. The riot and the demagogue are there, true enough, but the scene is not all riot and demagogue. There is sunshine as well as shadow, quiet currents of life as well as turbid revolution. Gouverneur Morris is a man of wealth, culture, high standing. His brother is a general in the British army. He has knowledge of what is socially best in England and in France. He is trusted by Washington, and is soon to be Jefferson's successor as American minister to France. A man of sense as well as of pleasure, a diplomat and a speculator, the intimate of bankers, ministers, social leaders, and revolutionary chiefs, Morris sees all sides of the picture. He is a typical specimen of the aristocratic democrat, of the republican whose sympathies are royalist.

Moving about Paris with Mr. Morris, we breathe the air of the aristocrats, and meet some very grand people indeed. Dukes make us welcome, countesses smile upon us, and we break bread with princesses of the royal house. We are courted by financiers and by politicians; we advise, confidentially, the confidential advisers of the king; and we measure out medicine for a monarchy diseased — medicine which is not taken, but which is good physic, nevertheless. We discuss money-making ventures with Talleyrand, ministerial changes with Montmorin, political topics with Madame de Staël, scandal with Madame de Chastellux. We come in contact with Siéyès, with

Necker, with Maury, with Paul Jones, with Tom Paine. We breakfast with the Duke of Rochefoucauld, dine with La Fayette, sup at Necker's or with the Abbé Maury. We go often to the Palais-Royal, where we dine with the Duchess of Orleans, — who tells us, by the way, that she will no longer be able to give good dinners since her income has been cut down to \$40,000 per year. We go frequently to visit Madame de Flahaut, Talleyrand's mistress. One day we find her ill, and, while the servant bathes her feet, we see the bishop of Autun warm her bed with the warming-pan. Another day this lady is in tears. Her pensions from the Counts of Provence and Artois have been stopped, and henceforth she must live on the 3000 francs allowed her by the king. Still another day we will call to see Madame de Flahaut, and she will be in despair. Her bishop, her Talleyrand, has abandoned her. On yet another day, visiting the same lady, we find her ill in bed, and we look on in some astonishment as we see Morris play sixpenny whist with her. On February 3rd, 1791, Morris writes: "I dress and go to M. Mory's to dinner," — where it would seem he was to meet a friend named Chaumont. "There has been a mistake, and instead of finding Chaumont I meet two kept mistresses." Whose mistresses — Mory's? Presumably, but Morris does not say. "Chaumont and his wife come in presently after. It is ridiculous enough." Evidently, — but where is Mory all this while? Morris does not say. The diary continues, "However, she goes home." She, who, — Chaumont's wife? We hope so, but Morris does not say. "We stay and dine late," adds Morris. Who are the "we" that stay and dine? Chaumont, Morris, and the two mistresses, apparently, but Morris does not say.

So far as the record speaks, Mory does not show up at all. Impliedly, however, he was present, and three gentlemen of honour sat down to meat with two indecent women after the only decent member of the party had retired in haste and disorder. Great was the old régime!

While the diary of Morris deals with a larger variety of matters than is covered by the Miles reports, the one states nothing which the other contradicts. In Morris as in Miles we find the progress of revolution. In the one as in the other appears the distress of Bailly and La Fayette, the weakness of the king, the battle of the clubs, the jangle of warring gazettes, the raving of demagogues, the roar of mobs. We may take it all coolly with Morris, and make tea for duchesses while the hags of hate are brewing hell-broth in the gardens of the Palais-Royal, but Morris does not fail to show us the approach of anarchy, the constant movement of plots, intrigues, royalist against radical, radical against moderate, leader against leader, class against class, creed against creed. Under date of February 23rd, 1791, comes this entry in Morris's diary: "The Marquis de Favernay tells me that there is the devil to pay in Languedoc. A kind of religious war is there kindling between the Catholics and Protestants."

There was, indeed, disorder throughout the country. The nobles continued to emigrate, the Jacobin clubs grew louder and more violent, the royalist newspapers were of the kind to madden one audience, the radical journals of the sort to madden the other, hate and suspicion were preached as gospels, officers continued to desert their colours, and priests to stir up religious passions, sowing the distracted land with the seeds of civil war. It

was in January, 1791, that the Church troubles reached the acute stage, the final week in which the oath could be taken having expired. There was a dramatic scene in the Assembly in which the prelates threw themselves behind the holy barriers of conscience and refused obedience to the State. Professing the utmost humility in their defiance of law, the clergy posed as martyrs to a sacrilegious revolution. Even the curés thought that reform was now going too far. Like the man of the middle class, the curé had got what he wanted, therefore it was time to stop.

The emigrant nobles, settled now at Coblenz, were kindling war on the German frontier, and Louis, at Paris, heeded what was said in the emigrant camp with far more docility than he listened to Mirabeau or La Fayette. Out of the allowance made him by the Assembly, he continued to pay the pensions of the nobles who had deserted him. The money of the French thus aided the plots of traitors to France. The uniforms, the cavalry horses, the arms and equipment bought by these emigrants for the purpose of invading France, were paid for with funds sent from Paris by the king. In public, Louis was the advance courier of the Revolution, sanctioning all decrees and swearing to uphold a constitution not yet finished; in private he was the chief of the malcontents, had filed his secret protests against the laws he had sanctioned, and had pledged himself to the priests never to submit to the civil constitution of the clergy. In official proclamations, Louis was the good constitutional king, the restorer of French liberty, and he rebuked his brother, the Count of Artois, for the hostile attitude of the emigrant princes, reminded them that their sovereign had accepted the Constitution,

and exhorted them to return to France. In private letters, the king encouraged the *émigrés*, invited foreign invasion, and plotted with traitors the restoration of the old order. In February, 1791, at the very time when Paris was beside itself on account of reports that the king meant to escape from the capital, throw himself into the provinces, and precipitate a civil war, it is a fact that De la Marck, the confidential agent of Louis and of Mirabeau, was in conference with Bouillé at Metz, for the purpose of securing his aid to the attempt to withdraw the king from Paris to Montmédy.

Duplicity is doubtless a fine game when played well. Experts win astounding gains out of it, and history, admiring the talent displayed, allows the success to atone for the method. Henry the Fourth or Napoleon, or even Catherine de' Medici, might have balanced against each other the opposing forces of the Revolution, and, by secretly manipulating each, have directed the course of events. But such a policy is perilous, and along its route shame lurks — shame, crime, defeat, and sudden death. Catherine did not close her dim eyes any too soon; a little longer, and she would have seen her sole surviving son die of sudden dagger-thrust. Henry, the gay, clever, coolly self-seeking hero of Navarre, laughed at all the moralities, tricked all the parties, sported with both the creeds, forgetful of the fanatic who will die for a creed. And Napoleon, having hugely enjoyed the triumph of teaching the veteran deceivers of Europe entirely new lessons in the art of deception, learned that a subtle intriguer, though a giant, can be pulled down if the other intriguers all unite to do the work.

Novices more awkward than Louis XVI. and Marie

Antoinette never attempted to play the perilous game of deception at a time more unfavourable. Excitement was running high, suspicion had become a disease, and the people were watching every movement of the court, of the Assembly, and of the leaders. Nothing escaped the lynx-eyed vigilance of servants, soldiers, surly workmen, and restless editors. If Mirabeau found the swimming so difficult that he had to buffet the waves for his very life, how could Louis XVI. hope to make any progress? Listen to Madame Campan, the confidential friend of royalty: "The correspondence between the queen and the foreign powers was carried on in cipher. That cipher to which she gave the preference can never be detected, but the greatest patience is necessary to its use. Each correspondent must have a copy of the same edition of some book. The queen selected 'Paul and Virginia.' The page and line in which the required letters are to be found are pointed out in ciphers agreed upon. I assisted her in finding the letters, and very frequently I made an exact copy for her of all that she had ciphered, *without knowing a single word of its meaning.*"

France was haunted by the fear of counter-revolution; by the spectre of restored Bourbonism. The revolutionists dreaded the coming of the day of wrath—the day of reaction, of retaliation, of the bloody return of the old order.

Agitated and morbidly suspicious, the French saw trouble coming from all sides. They looked towards Germany, and saw the emigrants organizing armed invasion; they saw European princes leaguering themselves to restore the old abuses, and England preaching a crusade against them in the passionate ravings of Burke. They looked to

the Tuileries and caught glimpses of mysterious figures moving to and fro along the dim corridors; of cipher despatches prepared in closest secrecy; of suspicious couriers riding away in the night, speeding to foreign lands. They heard much and suspected more. They saw many things and imagined many others. They heard of the bargain with Mirabeau and imagined he had sold out the entire achievements of the Revolution. They heard of La Fayette's altered views, and fancied that he no longer stood for any reforms at all. The royalists and clericals were showing a bolder front in the Assembly. Reactionary leaders of the Revolution had formed clubs of their own and were using against the Jacobins the Jacobin methods—fighting the devil with fire. The monarchists, likewise, had organized clubs, subsidized newspapers, and hired pamphleteers. Therefore patriotism was racked with doubt, and wildly sounded its alarms. Fréron, in his *Friend of the People*, wrote, "More honesty and less cleverness, Mirabeau, or beware of the lantern." The report that the king was to leave Paris bore with it the idea that civil war was to commence, revolutionary leaders to be punished, and the Revolution itself cruelly crushed.

Living at Bellevue, near Paris, at this time were Mesdames Adelaide and Victoire, ancient maiden ladies, daughters of Louis XV. and aunts of the king. They had long ceased to have any influence or to meddle with affairs of State. The world had well-nigh forgotten them, when they suddenly became objects of interest because of their announced intention of leaving the kingdom. The Revolution had upset all their habits of life, created a world which was new and strange to them, and they



wished to be gone from France, particularly as the recent religious changes threatened to make less straight and more narrow the straight and narrow way to heaven. The orthodoxy of the princesses was very dear to them, and their orthodoxy was now in jeopardy. Priests who had taken the oath they would not have; priests who had not taken the oath they could not have. Here was a dilemma. To disobey the law might lose them their pensions and their lives. To obey the law might lose them their religious consolations and their souls. These good ladies were too old and too feeble to grapple with such problems. Life was nearing its end with them: they could not afford to take any chances. Without religion, they were eternally lost, and in France it was becoming a knotty question to determine what the true religion was. They came to the conclusion that the Pope was certainly the centre of all true religion, the authority which was immaculate and final. The closer they could get to the Pope, the nearer they would be to heaven when they died. The princesses made no secret of their intention to leave France. Under date of February 1st, 1791, Mr. Morris's diary shows this entry. "The two old ladies, Mesdames Adelaide and Victoire, are about to start for Rome." In the usual manner they applied for passports. Not only were they refused, but the municipal government besought the king to forbid his aunts to leave the country. Upon his resisting this demand, a general outcry was made. Agitators were set to work, revolutionary machinery put in motion, and a mob of fishwomen mustered to make a march upon Bellevue. The king sent warning to his aunts, and they, disguised as servants, hastily came to Paris for protection. Their preparations for departure

were continued, and the clamours of the radicals grew more violent. The people were made to believe that the flight of the princesses was but the prelude to the escape of the king. There being no law which authorized their detention, the radicals resorted to violence. They sent another mob to Bellevue to seize the ladies and bring them to Paris. This was on February 19th, 1791. At the time the princesses received warning of this intended outrage, they were at supper. Without finishing the meal, they ordered carriages and drove away, ten minutes before the mob arrived.

Mirabeau and others had advised the king to prevent his aunts from making this journey, the effect of which would be to rouse the people, excite suspicion, and render more difficult the king's own departure to Metz. But Louis would not listen. It was a habit of his not to listen till too late. When the two princesses had gone there was a riot in Paris, as Mirabeau had foreseen. Lashed into a fury of distrust, fear, and anger by Camille and hundreds of others, the people massed in a mob of 40,000 and whirled wildly around the Tuileries and the Luxembourg—the palaces of Louis and of his brother, Provence. Théroigne de Mericourt appeared again as mob leader, and it was with extreme difficulty that the rioters could be kept out of the Tuileries. La Fayette displayed coolness and nerve, and the crowd was baffled. Cannon were planted at the entrance, and beside the guns stood soldiers with lighted matches ready to fire.

What the mob wanted was that the king should despatch an order to his aunts to return. Mr. Miles is authority for the statement that certain deputies of

the Assembly gathered up the nucleus of the mob from among the prostitutes of the Palais-Royal, and that these women, dressed for the occasion, were escorted by all that was vile and infamous in Paris. Mr. Miles recognized in the crowd several members of the Assembly, who were abetting the tumult. After they were dispersed from the palace by Bailly, La Fayette, and the National Guards, the rioters returned to the Palais-Royal, where male and female agitators made the most incendiary speeches. The Tuileries gates had been shut just in time; in five minutes more the mob would have been inside the palace, and the Revolution might have reached, in 1791, the high-water mark it made a year later.

Meanwhile the carriages of the Princesses Adelaide and Victoire have been stopped at Moret, four leagues from Fontainebleau, by the municipals. One hundred chasseurs of Lorraine, ready to fight, insist that the ladies be allowed to go on, and the magistrates yield. Onward they ride, until Arnay-le-duc is reached, and the municipals stop them again. The Assembly, appealed to for decision in the matter, must put all other business aside and debate it. Fiery speeches are made on both sides, and for some time the result seems doubtful. "Is there any law against travelling?" blandly inquired Mirabeau of the radicals. "The safety of the people," answered his opponents. "Obedience to the law is the true safety of the people," retorted Mirabeau. Robespierre and many others clamoured for the return of the princesses, but Menou laughed the case out of court by exclaiming: "Europe will be amazed to learn that this great Assembly attaches such importance to the question as to whether two old ladies shall hear mass in Paris or

in Rome." The Assembly voted to let the princesses go, and they went. With them went Berthier, who, under Napoleon, was to become Prince of Wagram, and who was to desert the fortunes of the man who had made his own.

These ladies are worthy of some pity, as they ride over the frontier, into the horizon, and fade out of sight. Their girlhood had been passed in the splendour of the grandest monarchy in Europe. A nation lay at their feet — bound to their service by inexorable laws which time had sanctioned and religion blessed. If they wanted a new toy, a rare box of sweetmeats, State couriers galloped, royal letters flew, ministers hustled, and the thing was done. They had made and unmade administrations in their time. They had exhausted the resources of royalty. They were now waifs, estrays, homeless old women gone upon distant travels.

Madame Adelaide, one of the princesses, had a turn for music. Beaumarchais had given her lessons on the harp many, many years ago, and she also played the violin. The last glimpse we get of her is pleasant. She is on her travels in Italy. A crowd of young people are gathered together, and they wish to dance. The musician expected for the occasion is not at hand. The musician of the occasion is a provoking knave, and he often fails to be at hand. The young folks are keenly disappointed, and the aged Princess Adelaide sees it, and feels for them. Once she was young herself. "Give me the fiddle!" says her Royal Highness — God bless her good old soul! Wonderingly they bring her the fiddle. Up roll her two ample sleeves, out goes the foot, the head bends down to press the board, and swift runs the bow upon the ringing chords. Deftly she tunes, and tunes, till all is correct — then, with skirt

tucked up, she stands and plays for the dance. The Bourbon princess fiddles, the Italian children dance.

“The night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares that infest the day—”

On this picture God laid the colours, and they are fresh even till now! But etiquette is shocked — cannot keep her rigid hands off. Etiquette says this will never do. The Duchess of Something-or-other comes up to the princess, speaks stern words of stately reproof, stops the flying bow, stops the rippling music, stops the merry dance. “This is not proper,” says the Duchess of Etiquette. “It’s beneath your dignity. What will the world say? What would your royal father have said? You owe something to your rank. Remember who you are,” etc. And thus the princess fades from our view — led away into dreary propriety and featureless vacuity by the inexorable Duchess of Etiquette.

The ancient fortress-prison of Vincennes being under repair, in February, 1791, a rumour spread that supplies of arms and ammunition were being stored there, and that it was to be made a second Bastille. Another report was that an underground passage connected the Tuileries with Vincennes, two leagues away, and that the preparations being made had the king’s escape in view. The mob of Paris assembled, from St. Antoine especially, and marched out to Vincennes, led by Santerre the brewer. La Fayette rallied 11,000 National Guards, and, making a resolute movement, arrived in time to prevent mischief. The mob was not very much in earnest, and Santerre himself aided in turning it from its purpose. One ragged ruffian caught

La Fayette by the leg and attempted to pull him off his horse, but even this pleasantry was not pushed too far. Some of the rioters were thrown into prison, and the triumph of law and order was practically complete.

At the Tuileries, the movement of the mob upon Vincennes had created a scare. A number of nobles who happened to be in Paris rushed to the palace to defend the king in case he should be attacked. Nobody had thought of attacking the king, and there was no need of the services of these nobles. They simply compromised the king and got into trouble themselves. The National Guards at the palace resented the effusive demonstration of these royalists, were enraged by the boastful talk of the younger intruders, and the upshot of it was that the nobles were seized and searched. On their persons were found a varied assortment of pistols, swords, daggers, and knives. To the suspicious eyes of patriotism this looked like a plot — perhaps a plot to carry off the king.

La Fayette, returning in bad temper from Vincennes, called in at the palace, saw what was going on, and flew into a rage against the officious nobles, and vented upon them the wrath he had been compelled to bottle up at Vincennes. Under his immediate supervision the nobles were all disarmed, were rudely hustled, and were ignominiously kicked downstairs. La Fayette was never forgiven for this by the king, or by the nobility. He was rather ashamed of it afterwards, and excused himself to Gouverneur Morris by saying that the Guards were drunk. He also claimed that he had been promised that nobody but the regular attendants should be admitted to the king, and that among the nobles kicked out were some very objectionable persons.

Baron Thiébault says in his *Memoirs*: "This period was quaint from its very contrasts. Serious as the state of affairs was, the national character retained its gaiety. People were conspiring amid laughter, staking their heads with a song, cutting each other's throats to a dance. Thus on the evening of February 28th, I was charging with the bayonet in the king's own house, and on the evening of the 29th I was at a ball at the Foreigners' Club. I was dancing with a young lady whose charming face I remember well, and whose name I do not remember at all. Mr. De Sombreuil, the younger, passed near her. She stopped him, and asked him sharply, 'Is it possible that you were struck yesterday evening?' 'More than possible, madam,' he answered, laughing. 'That you were kicked?' 'Yes, madam, kicked; and I may also inform you, that had I not turned round pretty smartly, I should have got it in the stomach.'"

Brief mention has already been made of the first Confederation of Jalès, the Catholic League against the Revolution. Under the lead of the Abbé Bastide de la Molette and Bastide de Malbos, one hundred and eighty Catholic parishes had (August, 1790), sent detachments of National Guards to an assembly on the Plain of Jalès, where they mustered to the number of about 35,000. After mass was heard, the feast was spread, and while this was going on the chiefs held a council in the château of Jalès. The more violent of the leaders were for immediate action, a march upon Nîmes, an assault upon the Protestant camp at Boucoiran, the release of the Catholic prisoners held because of the late riots, and the overthrow of the Protestant authori-

ties. The moderate counsels of more conservative chiefs prevailed, however, and it was decided to petition the Assembly for redress of grievances. This tame result of the great confederation caused as much disgust among extreme Catholics as the confederation itself created excitement among revolutionists throughout France. The Assembly pronounced the confederation unlawful and ordered that the leaders be prosecuted. Nothing was done, however, and the Catholic Committee of Federation continued to meet in secret.

When the Assembly decreed that the clergy must take the oath or be ousted from office, forty of the Catholic chiefs met at the château of Bastide de Malbos to arrange a new confederation. In this treasonable design they were encouraged by messages delivered to them by Charles de Polignac and the Marquis de Castelnau in behalf of the king and queen: "Their Majesties thanked the Fédérés for their zeal, and warned them that events would soon occur when perhaps their aid would be needed." This message was sent in October, 1790; the second confederation was formed in February, 1791. On the very day the forty Catholic chiefs were in conference at the Château de Malbos (February 13th, 1791) a riot broke out at Uzès, a small town twenty miles from Nîmes. In this place the Revolution had borne its ordinary fruits; there had been organized a popular club, National Guard, and town government, in which Protestants and Catholics appeared side by side. A disturbing element was introduced when the Abbé Bastide de la Molette founded a monarchical club which met at the bishop's palace. This club patronized the rabidest of the royalist journals published in Paris, and it noisily discussed plans of counter-revolution. The little



town of Uzès found itself wholly unable to keep the peace, with two clubs of such opposite purposes dividing the place into two hostile camps. Each suspected the other of lawless designs, each feared the other, each wanted the upper hand. Each called aloud for help; the Catholics appealed to the Federates of Jalès, the Protestants sent runners out to the villages from which had come the volunteers who quelled the revolt of Froment at Nismes. Such was the heated state of the air at Uzès when, on February 13th, 1791, a tavern brawl occurred. After this, a soldier paraded the streets, crying, "Down with the nation! To the devil with the nation!" This was the match which lit the blaze; riot immediately threw the town into convulsions; the Catholics fired at the Protestants; the tocsin was rung; each party fortified itself against the other, and loudly clamoured for outside help. The Protestants got there first with the largest force, and the Catholics, returning to the village of Valabrix, murdered a Protestant farmer, named Pellier, and despatched messengers to rally Catholic villages to their support. On February 14th, 1791, the Catholic conference adopted the proposals of Bastide de Malbos, which were that common cause was to be made with the Catholics of Uzès, that the National Guards of the Catholic villages should march against the Protestants, that the Protestants should be disarmed, and that a permanent Catholic camp should be founded at St. Ambroix. The 20th of February, 1791, was named as the day for an assembly at Jalès.

It so happened that the Revolution had the right man at the right place, for this crisis at least, — the Maréchal-de-Camp d'Albignac. Seeing the necessity of prompt measures, he got ready the National Guards, formed his plans

to march on Jalès from three different points, and did, in fact, advance upon Jalès at the time appointed. The Catholic chiefs had been unable to hold their forces. Rallying at the call of their leaders, the Catholic National Guards had dispersed as soon as they learned that they were expected to begin a civil war. When D'Albignac, on February 27th, reached Jalès, he found no enemy there. Bastide de Malbos was arrested, thrown in prison, and his dead body was soon afterward found on the rocks below the citadel of Port Saint-Esprit, where he had been confined. How he died, nobody ever knew.

And the story we have just briefly sketched explains the entry in Morris's diary, that "the devil is to pay in Languedoc."

## CHAPTER XX

### “THE LONG DAY’S TASK IS DONE”

“**H**OW weary and tired I am!” wrote Mirabeau in December, 1790. Worn by work and by wild dissipation, crushed by the task of serving two such masters as royalty and revolution, he reeled under the weight and fell. Coming out of his last fight in the Assembly, on the evening of March 27th, 1791, knowing that the hand of death was upon him, he said on reaching his friend, La Marck, “Your cause is won, but as for me, I am a dead man.” He had dragged himself to the Assembly with difficulty, almost fainting on the way; had thrown himself into the debate on the question of the mines in which the fortune of his friend, La Marck, was involved; he had spoken five times and had won the day; he had staggered from the hall exhausted. A great crowd in the garden of the Tuileries pressed round him, applauding, presenting petitions, asking questions, or gazing upon him with the insatiable interest of the common people in one of those born monarchs who walk through life on a higher ledge than themselves. The press was great; the praise fell on ears growing too dull to hear. “Take me out of this; I need rest,” said Mirabeau to Lachèze, on whose arm he hung; and the great statesman was carried home.

After all, we love the men who are large and strong and brave, no matter what their faults may be. Their im-

mentsy swallows up their blemishes. Gazing upon the distant mountain, we see nothing but its grandeur; and so, when we look back upon Mirabeau, as upon Frederick and Napoleon, we forget that he was bad in remembering that he was great. "I am very lonely," says old Frederick, sadly, and we linger over the picture with sympathy, — the picture of the greatest, wickedest, and loneliest man of his time, clad in a dirty old uniform, breathing as hard as a spent horse, and loved by no living creature but his dog. We do not see the shrivelled, decrepit, lean-faced dotard at all; we see the iron-nerved monster of organized force, who shatters France at Rossbach, beats Russia back at Leuthen, and humbles Austria all along the line. We see the fierce-eyed young war-lord who stops his flying troopers, drives them back to battle and to death, with his savage "Damn you! Would you live forever?" Drawn by the same fascination, we love Napoleon, in spite of reason, keen analysis, and sober justice. We forget all his lies and treacheries, as we forget Frederick's; we forget all his robberies and murders, as we forget Frederick's; we forget the bleaching bones on battle-fields, and the broken hearts in darkened homesteads. We remember only the man of the Italian Campaign, of Egypt, of Austerlitz and Waterloo. We forget the Revolution which he wooed, won, and betrayed. We remember only the homeless Italian boy who wandered about Paris, poor and despondent; we remember the student officer bending over his books and maps till the gray dawn warns him of day; we remember only the strong swimmer who dares and outlives the storm, wins France to his service, drags kings to his feet, tumbles thrones and dynasties into the dust, pulls

popes around as though they were made of common mud, rearranges maps of the world to suit his own notions, decorates sisters, brothers, and generals with coronets and crowns, and falls at last because he cannot put limit to ambition, restraint upon ingratitude, and a death sentence upon treachery. We see always Napoleon the Great, not Napoleon the Bad. We lose sight of the man who starved Toussaint, who massacred the prisoners in Syria, shot D'Enghien, devoted Frenchmen to wars of selfish ambition, and swindled them out of the "Principles of the Revolution." We see always Napoleon the Great. And all history presents no figure upon which we gaze with more interest than that of Napoleon, on the bleak rock at St. Helena, looking back towards Europe—silent, motionless—across the boundless sea.

And it is the same with Mirabeau. A bad man? Yes. A dangerous man? Yes. Do we hate him for it? No. We can hate Count Charles Lameth, even when he is on our side. We can despise Marat, even when we agree with him. We can become so envenomed against Talleyrand, or Fouché, or Metternich, that we do not like to hear their names mentioned. But we cannot hate Mirabeau. He was too human. His faults are too nearly our own faults. His sins are the sins of a warm-blooded humanity, lusty natural passion, whole-souled defiance of conventional proprieties. And we almost feel that Napoleon was right, anyhow, when he said, "I am not to be judged by ordinary rules." The doctrine is impudent, but has reason in it,—perhaps. At any rate, the world gives its heroes the benefit of it, in spite of all the moralities. It was a sin for Mirabeau to steal another man's wife? Yes. It was a shame for him to write an obscene book about their

love, and to sell the filthy thing for money? Yes. It was an outrage for him to publish the Berlin Correspondence and cheat the minister who bought it? Yes. It was inhuman for him to vilify by turns his sister, his father, his mother? Yes. It was a degradation for him to live at the expense of others, receive a weekly pension from La Marck, take bribes from the court, and play double with all parties? Yes. Then why do we not adjudge him vile, and cast him out of our sympathy? Why do we not hate him? He cheats, he gambles, he drinks, he carouses with bad men, he revels with bad women. He shocks decency, and fetches grunts out of every one of the proprieties. But we like him, nevertheless. The man is magnetic, warm-hearted, open-handed, brilliant as Indian summer, brave as bannered chivalry. Bad things he will do by the score. Mean, petty things he will not do at all. He has manly hatred for a foe, and will take his revenge savagely; but spitefulness he leaves to others. He despises La Fayette, but defends him in the Assembly from unjust attack. He scorns Necker, and wreaks vengeance upon him for provocations given, but comes to his support in the hour of need. He has much cause to hate his brother, but rushes to his defence and fights for him when the Assembly accuses him and would condemn him. He bears no malice, and deliberate cruelty is to him an impossibility. In private he is lovable, gay, genial, generous, confiding. No man has warmer friends. He will share his last franc with them, and his house is a home for them all if they will come. In public he is the superb actor, the peerless tribune, the haughty leader of oppressed France.

A born dramatist, a star-performer on the stage of

political life, he studied every gesture, every pose, every word. But this one thing must be said: in all his writing, in all his voluble talk, not a syllable was ever uttered against the liberties of the people. Always and everywhere he combated tyranny.

The slave of ungovernable appetites and passions, Mirabeau was also the slave of intense restlessness and craving for work. He not only quivered with electrical power himself, but he charged with the current every wire that touched him. He was the centre of a vast activity. His newspaper, his secret organizations, his committee work, his elaborated arguments, his secret correspondence, his military duties, his municipal functions, his labours at the club, all went forward together. That one man should do all this was not possible. He called in the aid of secretaries, sub-editors, colabourers, and specialists. Others wrote his editorials, his letters, his reports. As his task became heavier, and his time more burdened, he availed himself of speeches written entirely by others. One of these, at least, he had never read till he opened it in the tribune. As he thundered along, following this manuscript, prepared for him by Pellenc, the worthlessness of the speech became apparent, and he hovered on the brink of a tremendous failure. He sweated like water, skipped great stretches of paper territory, and got to the end at last without disaster.

In size herculean, in deportment royal, in manner imperious, in gesture commanding; having a voice which vibrated with passion and roared with deepened volume, an eye which blazed with fire, an immense head crowned with wild luxuriance of hair, Mirabeau was, in every respect, physically, mentally, emotionally, Nature's fin-

ished orator. By the very fulness of his equipment he fell upon the right side, --- enlisted in the right cause. The people, --- the cause of the people, the wrongs of the people, the hopes of the people, the rights and liberties of the people, the future of the people! Here was the field for oratory. Here were need and inspiration for every weapon, every resource, every gift of oratory. Pity, wrath, persuasion, invective, wit, humour, pathos, argument, apostrophe, appeal, every chord on the vast Eolian harp of oratory was here --- in the cause of the people. What orator ever felt the touch of inspiration in the cause of kings? Who was ever eloquent against Freedom and Right? What champion of absolutism ever thrilled the heart of nations? Call into venerated assembly all the good and the great of the dusty past, all of the inspired teachers, and among them all will not be found a single exception to the rule that the genius of eloquence pleads always and everywhere the cause of peoples against kings --- of human progress and happiness against tyrannical oppressions, selfish privilege, and petrified castes.

Misled by the conspicuous appearance of Mirabeau at various dramatic turns in the Revolution, historians have shown a tendency to exaggerate his influence. A recent writer goes so far as to say that for three years the history of Mirabeau is that of the Revolution. This statement will not bear investigation. Mounier, and not he, suggested the Oath of the Tennis Court, which bound the members with the first unbreakable tie. Siéyès, and not he, suggested the name of the National Assembly, which was, in effect, the Revolution. Talleyrand, and not he, originated the policy of confiscating the Church property. Siéyès, again, and not Mirabeau, originated the



uniform division of France into departments, districts, and municipalities. Necker, and not he, planned the national bank, the treasury notes, and the income tax. The leaders of the Breton Club, and not he, swept feudalism away on the night of the 4th of August. Great in debate, tireless and potential in all the work of the Assembly, no member of it suffered a greater number of defeats. It was only when he went with the current that he was followed. When he sought to stem the tide he was either carried off his feet, or the question was left compromised, unsettled, and open to future wrangles.

During the year 1790 Mirabeau's strength began to fail. Rheumatic pains, temporary swelling of the limbs, colic, and ophthalmia, accompanied with fever, warned him of danger ahead. He paid no attention; he took no rest and no exercise. His enormous labours, his sedentary habits, his continuous dissipation, his sexual debaucheries, cut off all hope of improvement. The last six months of his life was one long riot of labour and of revelry. Entire days were crowded with exhausting work, entire nights given to wine and women. A bacchanal and Hercules combined could not have brought lustier worship to Pleasure and to Toil. His long confinement in the dungeons of Vincennes had planted the seeds of disease in his stalwart frame, and his mode of living had developed them. In 1790, though but forty-one years of age, he had become corpulent and unwieldy, his face was flabby, his complexion colourless and unwholesome, his eyes almost blinded by inflammation. "He was frightful," writes Malouet, "but never more active, more eloquent."

There is no doubt that his employment by the court had filled him with the keenest pleasure. Elated as he was at

having the royal purse opened to him, he was yet more so at the idea of gaining, through the trustful coöperation of the king and queen, the necessary support for achieving his great work—the creation of a constitutional monarchy. More of a statesman than of a tribune, he wished to build, in the place of those demolished, new institutions, better than those he had assailed. As he said to the queen, "I should regret to have been instrumental only in effecting a vast destruction." To uphold the throne, yet fix responsibility on the ministers, while to the people was given power over supplies and over legislation,—this was his controlling thought. In this programme Mirabeau was not inconsistent. Before he had ever taken his seat in the Assembly he had written to a friend at Strasburg: "*We must not demand too much.* War to privilege and upon privileges shall be my motto. We should be satisfied, for the present, with periodical States-General, voting the supplies, fixing the taxes, a responsible ministry, and liberating the king from feudal burdens and privileges. I shall be very monarchic."

But, while willing to help the king put down disorders, and to control democratic factions, he remained absolutely true to the Revolution as he had first conceived it; willing to serve the king, but a constitutional king; willing to restore order, "but not the old order." The Mirabeau programme was not that of king and queen. They could not endure it that the royal hands should be tied by constitutional cords; they meant to have order, and the old order. Hence, from the outset, royalty and Mirabeau worked at cross-purposes. Against his advice was weighed the counsels of courtiers or of clericals, and his was found wanting. Even such a man as Bergasse, whom Mirabeau called "a

mesmeric idiot," had more influence with the queen. From the very day the royal hand was kissed at St. Cloud there was distrust on both sides, and an utter failure of concert of action. In one lengthy paper after another Mirabeau poured forth advice, warnings, suggestions, remonstrances, and plans for a counter-revolution. It was so much labour thrown away. His notes were perhaps read, were certainly not understood, and no efforts made to profit by them. His plans were set aside or only half adopted. Whether adopted or not, they were never put into practice. The great physician, called in to prescribe for the dying monarchy, was not pleased to see his medicines flung out of the window. "What is the use of employing me unless my advice is followed?" wrote Mirabeau, in substance, impatiently and repeatedly.

Feeling that the court was looking out for itself in its own way, Mirabeau felt justified in looking out for himself in his own way. To stop the howling of the revolutionary mob he renewed his assaults upon the old order. Naturally the queen thought that Mirabeau was playing her false—not pausing to consider that perhaps Mirabeau knew that she was playing him false. Their go-between, La Marck, was in despair; and yet the attitude of Mirabeau is not strange. The court would not give him its confidence, therefore, — "Each for himself!"

A more tangled maze is not to be seen than this of Mirabeau's speeches and votes after he became the adviser of the king. First he is against the revolutionary trend, and the court rejoices while the mob hoots; then he is against the court, and the mob rejoices while the court sulks. He favours the king on the question of peace and war, and the radicals shout "Treason!" while the queen

extends her hand to be kissed. He defends the mob which sacked the De Castries palace, praising the rioters especially for having been so tenderly considerate in their treatment of the aged Duchess de Castries; and radicalism jubilates, while royalism blasphemes, for the mob had wrecked a house which did not belong to the man they were after, and the pretty picture of the tenderness shown the aged duchess was a fancy sketch,—she having been in Switzerland when her palace was sacked.

Endorsing Bouillé's action at Nancy, and declaring that the army needed reorganization from top to bottom, radicalism howled at Mirabeau and journalists devoted him to the gallows,—royalism warming him meanwhile with approving smiles. Then came the debate on the assignats, Mirabeau's dashing attack upon Necker, his victory,—and radical ecstasies again, the court not joining in the chorus. And so it went from month to month, a blow for the court and a blow for the Revolution, and neither the court nor the Revolution knew exactly what to make of him.

In February, 1791, he had stood with royalism on the question of the two princesses. Following this came the debate on the proposition to legislate against the *émigrés*. His position had been daringly royalist. He had denied the right of the nation to forbid a citizen to leave the country in time of peace. "If you pass such a law," he thundered, "I swear that I will not obey it." The Assembly had not voted upon the issue, adjournment having been moved and carried. It was on this occasion that Mirabeau, who had already spoken twice, rose again without permission from the president, and launched himself into another passionate harangue. Murmurs broke

forth, and the extreme radical group, Duport, the Lameths, Robespierre, Vadier, etc., beset him with constant interruptions. Exasperated beyond control, he imperiously turned upon them and hushed them by the famous "Silence the thirty voices!" This was a contemptuous defiance of vindictive foes, and, when he told his sister of the incident the same evening, he added, "I have signed my death-warrant. They will kill me."

That night his pursuers fell upon him at the Jacobin Club. Duport arraigned him for being an accomplice in a plot to carry the king away from Paris. To this Mirabeau made a brief reply, and then De Lameth assailed him furiously in a tirade which reviewed him at length, and which was followed by the wildest applause of the club. According to Camille Desmoulins, who sat near him, Mirabeau paled under the attack, and great beads of sweat rolled from his face. An Englishman who was present, A. W. Miles, tells the same story, speaks of Mirabeau's miserable reply, and of his beating a retreat before his assailants and winning pardon by making protestations of his loyalty to the club. He speaks of Mirabeau, pale and trembling, defending himself in the tribune, while Lameth interrupts from time to time to cry out, "Oh, the traitor!" and while the Marquis Saint Hurege bellows, "Oh, the rascal! He has betrayed us! Let us hang him!" According to a German (Oelrichs) who was present, we have another version altogether. He speaks of Lameth's savage assault, of the applause and the tumult it created, and the danger which evidently confronted Mirabeau; but he says the great orator rose to the occasion and replied with triumphant power. He says that the applause for Lameth was changed into

applause for Mirabeau, and that he descended from the tribune completely victorious. But Mirabeau wanted no more of such Pyrrhic victories, and the Jacobin Club never saw him again.

The chief obstacle to the plans of Mirabeau was La Fayette. Time and again he endeavoured to make a combination which would weld together the divided forces of the adherents of constitutional monarchy. The necessary man to such a fusion was La Fayette, and La Fayette would not yield. Mirabeau tried every persuasive, — personal interview, urgent letters, fulsome flatteries, effusive cajoleries, — all without effect. Necker and La Fayette were two men whom Mirabeau could never for an instant magnetize. Failing in his own effort, he sought to win La Fayette through the king and queen. The queen was advised that she must summon the general to a private interview, and that she must make the general a little speech about Mirabeau. For fear that she might not know what to say, Mirabeau drafted the speech. In this she was made to describe Mirabeau as "the only statesman in the country," the one man preëminent in ability, courage, and strength of character, a man to be won only by the prospect of great dangers to be encountered for the attainment of a great object and a great glory. The queen must say further to the general, "We are resolved to trust Mirabeau with the confidence of despair, and we feel that we can only secure his help by placing ourselves unreservedly in his hands." The king was to be present when the queen thus addressed La Fayette, and Mirabeau advised that Louis be tutored and trained beforehand to play his part while the queen was urging the general to unite forces with "the only statesman in the country." No

stronger proof than this can be had of Mirabeau's monumental vanity, or of his contempt for king and queen, — "the royal cattle," as he insultingly called them, when speaking to La Marck. The queen did see La Fayette, and pressed him to act with Mirabeau. The general refused.

Foiled by La Fayette in the king's cabinet, and in the Assembly, Mirabeau exerted himself to get hold of the machinery of government. He became a candidate for a position in the administration of the Department of the Seine, and was elected. He then sought to win the presidency of it. He failed; La Fayette's candidate beat him. He then ran for the office of procureur-general-syndic, the most important post in the department. He failed again. La Fayette's man beat him. Not discouraged, Mirabeau competed for the command of the National Guard of his section. This would put him under La Fayette's orders, but also put him in the line of promotion for La Fayette's place as commander-in-chief. Here the two men met in a tug of war; and La Fayette spent money freely to head his rival off. He failed. Mirabeau was elected. This triumph was followed by another. On January 29th, 1791, Mirabeau at last made his combination in the Assembly, and was chosen President in spite of La Fayette. Carefully weighing all these things, one feels that Mirabeau had some reason to say to the queen, with his grand flourish, "Madame, the monarchy is saved."

The strength of the chain, though, is that of the weakest link, and the faulty point in Mirabeau's combination was the incorrigible treachery of the court. With a king and queen to aid him, or with a king and queen who would simply sit steady in the boat while he steered, the

salvation of constitutional monarchy was possible, but with a king and queen who ignored his counsels, and at heart meant to defeat him, there was no hope. With the king against him, a paralysis smote all his schemes, and before he died he had lost confidence. Within his own plan that Louis should withdraw openly towards Metz and summon the moderate reformers to his support, Mirabeau became aware that there was forming the Bréteuil plan of secret flight. "If he runs off in that manner," said Mirabeau to Cabanis, "I am for the Republic."

What Mirabeau could have done is a subject upon which one cannot dogmatize. He had in the highest degree the audacity which wins, the resource which never fails, the magnetic confidence which gains converts. He knew mankind, knew how to form public opinion, knew the force of bribery and intimidation, and could wield the power of conciliation. "Impossible! Never name to me that fool word any more!" He was resolute, self-confident, unscrupulous, conscienceless, a master of finesse, intrigue, double-dealing,—these are qualities which go far. With such tools empires are built; and Mirabeau would perhaps have created his constitutional monarchy had the court given him a place whereon to rest his lever. But he was dying. The wheels of his vast work stop; large wheels, small wheels, and wheels within wheels. Wondrous was the web he was weaving, but the loom stands motionless, the shuttle flies no more. "It is Death embracing Spring," said Mirabeau, as he bent over his little niece and kissed her one day on leaving the house of his sister, Madame de Saillant. "If I believed in slow poisons, I should think I was poisoned," said he to Dumont. "Fire consumes me, and my strength fails."



No man in France had fiercer enemies, none warmer friends. He was warned time and again to avoid certain men and certain houses. Strange pains seized him after dining at certain places; and a cup of coffee which passed on to Pellenc one day at a party made Pellenc violently sick. It was at a restaurant banquet, given to him by thirty odd members of the Assembly, at the suggestion of Talleyrand, that he is believed to have been poisoned. Prince George of Hesse-Cassel, a warm friend of Mirabeau, saw and heard something which aroused his suspicions, and he hurried to the place to give warning. He was not allowed to enter, nor even to send in a note. Waiting till the banquet was over, Prince George spoke to Mirabeau, and told him of his fears. "It is too late," said Mirabeau. "They are quite capable of it, however." Instead of going to a doctor, he sauntered off to a house where dwelt a woman of the town. Next day his fatal illness set in.

When the news spread over Paris that Mirabeau was believed to be dying, a great hush fell upon the city. People could not fully realize it; they wondered, they doubted, yet were filled with vague disquiet. In silent multitudes they thronged the street where he lived, stood about his door, spoke in low tones, moved quietly as at a tomb. At each end of the street they stretched a barrier; no vehicle could pass. Passers-by in the street took off their hats. His sister, coming to see him, stops her carriage at the barrier and walks to the door, the crowd reverently parting to make way. Another carriage we notice there also, and it is stopped. It bears Gouverneur Morris, the successor of Jefferson as American minister to France. Morris is no democrat. He moves among

dukes and duchesses, gives advice to troubled aristocrats, speculates in American wheat and the American debt to France; and is altogether too eminently respectable to sympathize with such a man as Mirabeau. Hear what he says: "I dine, April 1st, with the Duchess of Orleans. After dinner go to the opera, and go to take Madame de Flahaut" (Talleyrand's mistress) "to Madame de Laborde's. On the way we call to inquire about Mirabeau's health. Guards stop us, lest the carriage should disturb his repose. I am shocked at such honours paid to such a wretch!" Shocked, or not shocked, the carriage must stop; and Mr. Morris must leave the wretch to die in the repose demanded by a grief-stricken people.

Faithful friends minister to the dying man, but the disease makes rapid progress. The Assembly, the clubs, the public bodies, all watch his sick-chamber with absorbed interest, and send delegations to convey assurances of esteem and sympathy. Barnave heads the committee of Jacobins; De Lameth refuses to come. The king sends twice a day to inquire about him, and the revolutionists quake for fear the king will have the tact to come in person to see the sick man. "Such a step," cries Camille, "would make the people idolize him." There is nothing to fear; King Louis has not the tact to make the most of this or any other occasion. He does not come. The disease rages, carries one defence after another; and as April 2nd draws near no further resistance to it is made. "Come and shave me," said Mirabeau to his valet. "Come and shave me and bathe me, and dress me carefully and completely. Open the window and let me gaze once more on the flowers, and see the sun." They tell him of the concourse of people which fills the street. He is pleased, and

exclaims, "Oh, it is well to devote one's life to the people. It is well that I should have given them my whole life."

Self-conscious and vain to the last, he said to La Marck: "Hold this head—the greatest in France. I wish I could bequeath it to you." Dramatizing his death, as Louis XIV. had done, his every word and gesture seemed studied, and he died as actors die on the stage. Incredible as it may seem, he asked La Marck, who had been accustomed to speak of "beautiful death-bed scenes": "Well, my connoisseur in the art of dying, are you satisfied with me?" He handed to Talleyrand, who had come to make peace with him, a manuscript speech to be read in the Assembly after his death. "It will be rather a joke to have a speech against wills by a man who is dead and who has made his own." He did make a will, and the legacies were paid by his friend La Marck, to whom he bequeathed his library, which sold for 140,000 francs.

Mirabeau died with the grandeur of a hero of ancient paganism. Death to him was sleep; the grave, oblivion. The hereafter was a closed door; beyond it he could see nothing. Reason failed him where it has failed all who try to think it out. He made no war on those who followed faith. He respected their honesty, and did not grudge them the comforts of believing things which cannot be proved. Turning to his doctor, who was mortified at the failure of his medicines to take effect, he said: "Thou art a great physician, but the Author of the wind which overthrows all things, of the water which penetrates and fructifies all things, of the fire which vivifies or decomposes all things, He is a greater physician still than thou!" He declined the last offices of the

Church, saying, with a covert smile one supposes, that he had already seen Talleyrand, bishop of Autun.

April 2nd came. "My friend," said he to Cabanis, his physician, "I shall die to-day. When one is in that situation, there remains but one thing more to do; and that is to steep one's self in perfumes, surround one's self with music, crown one's self with flowers, so that one may enter sweetly into that sleep from which there is no waking." Later in the day he said, "I carry in my heart the dirge of the monarchy, whose ruins will now become the prey of factions." Sinking into stupor, he was long silent. The boom of cannon in the distance roused him, and, opening his eyes dreamily, he murmured, "Have we already the funeral of Achilles?" "I must now sleep," were the last words of Byron; and, according to some accounts, the last of Mirabeau. "Dormir," to sleep, he wrote, when past speaking, wishing his physician to give him an opiate. Water was given instead; he sank to sleep with a smile on his face.

It is one of the grewsome shadows which follow the light of this strange career, that Mirabeau's venerable mother, according to her published statement, came to visit her son during his last illness, and was driven from his door. Those who did it believed she had come, not as a sorrowing parent, but as a hungry creditor. With a king's purse open to him, the son had found no cash to spare to the mother, whose squalor was as great as his splendour, and whose debt was as honest as any the king paid.

No such funeral had ever been seen in France as was given to Mirabeau. Paris went into mourning. A great wave of feeling swept over the city, and all were cast down. Theatres were shut, places of public amusement

closed, private balls and parties were broken up, and business suspended throughout the city. The Assembly in a body went into mourning and attended the funeral. So did the Jacobin Club. The National Guard turned out in full force, and La Fayette led the procession on foot. One hundred thousand people are said to have been in line. The low roll of hundreds of drums, the wailing music of military bands, the measured tread of armed battalions, the silence and the grief of so vast a multitude, make up a tribute few heroes have received. France had never seen the like before. She was not to see the like again till Napoleon returned from St. Helena — returned upon his shield, with folded hands and frozen heart.

After a funeral sermon, and the impressive ceremonial of the Catholic Church, twenty thousand muskets fired the final salute, and the body, midnight having come, was at length laid to rest in the Church of St. Genevieve. Three years later, Mirabeau's connection with the court having been discovered, the Convention decreed that his coffin should give place to that of Marat. At dead of night the law was executed, and the body of the greatest statesman and orator of olden France was taken up and buried in some unknown spot in the convict graveyard of Paris.

La Fayette, as we have seen, was no friend of Mirabeau, and declined to become his ally, yet the judgment which La Fayette passed upon Mirabeau lifts his character from under the weight which others, less generous, have put upon it. "He was not inaccessible to money, but for no sum would he have sustained an opinion destructive to liberty or dishonourable to his mind."

## CHAPTER XXI

### THE FLIGHT TO VARENNES

THE death of Mirabeau wrung a screech of joy from Marat, and a chuckle of satisfaction from Robespierre. There was another prominent actor in the Revolution who was glad. It was Marie Antoinette. The king, with all his dulness, was wiser. According to Madame de Tóurzel, governess of the dauphin, Louis said to the queen, "Do not rejoice over the death of Mirabeau; we have suffered a greater loss than you imagine."

We can understand the joy of Marat. The squalid democrat of the cellars and sewers had become a different being from the prosperous court physician of the Count d'Artois and of the rakes of the aristocracy. La Fayette's persecutions had ruined him financially, and had forced him to live the life of a hunted wolf. Inevitably, the outcast had come to hate the existing order with virulent passion. An aristocrat like Mirabeau, luxuriating in the advantages of his position and violently suspected of receiving bribes from the king, was the man of all others to excite Marat to a madness of opposition which respected no bounds of decency.

In like manner we can understand Robespierre. Mirabeau had kept him down. There was a dash, a splendour, a magnetic force about Mirabeau which completely ob-

scured the spectacled and angular pedant from Arras. The moment Mirabeau disappeared there was room for Robespierre and he promptly stood forward, challenging the Duport-Lameth-Barnave faction to a contest for the radical leadership. Besides the purely personal feeling, Robespierre felt relieved, as a conscientious revolutionist, at the removal of the most formidable antagonist to the radical faction. With Mirabeau out of the way, the Revolution was almost an assured success. This was what Robespierre meant when he said "Achilles is dead? Then Troy will not be taken." Mirabeau being dead, the Revolution would not be turned back.

But if we can understand Marat and Robespierre, can we understand the queen? Her royal lips had smiled upon the dead man and her hand had warmed under his kiss. She had stooped to flatter him; she had pretended to trust him. He had taken upon his broad shoulders the vast burden of her unpopularity, and was working colossus-like for her deliverance at the moment when death called him away.

In vain did the court attempt to find a substitute for Mirabeau. The threads of his far-reaching web were known to him alone. His secretary was employed, but could do nothing. His confidential friends were retained, but their knowledge of the plans was so slight that their aid was worthless.

The minister who had been most intimate with Mirabeau, Montmorin, sought at once to establish the same relations with the Lameths. From this time forward, the faction headed by themselves and by Duport and Barnave feebly attempted to do what Mirabeau had been powerfully doing — check the radical tendencies of the Revolution.

They failed wretchedly. They but enraged the torrent, without checking it for a moment. They but vacated the radical leadership, and made the opportunity of Robespierre, Pétion, Danton, and Marat. As to wearing the mantle of Mirabeau, they could never do it. They were smothered in it.

The summer of 1790 had been spent, as we have seen, by the royal family at the palace of St. Cloud, some eight miles from Paris. There the gardens were large, and the parks stretched away towards the country, affording excellent opportunities for the escape of the king from the respectful but vigilant custody of La Fayette. Now that Mirabeau was dead, the king was more than ever bent upon secret flight. St. Cloud offered him better advantages for such an attempt than Paris, and he expressed his intention in April, 1791, of going there to perform his Easter devotions. At St. Cloud he could conspire with nobles who were loyal, and pray with priests who were orthodox.

Louis XVI., who had publicly taken the oath of allegiance to the Constitution, despised the priests who had done so. He rejected their ministrations with horror. Madame de la Fayette, by the way, did the same thing. Consolations of religion were consoling to Louis only when they were administered by priests who refused the oath their king had taken. At the Tuileries it was becoming every day more difficult to make use of such priests. The people hated them, the guards watched for them, and they had to be smuggled in and out with stealthy precautions. Religion was received like stolen goods—in secrecy and in the dark. Louis found his situation intolerable. He could neither obey the law nor defy it.



From his point of view it seemed almost impossible to save his soul without losing his crown, or to save his crown without losing his soul. Naturally doing his utmost to save them both, it may be said, without levity and with truth, that he added immensely to the dangers of losing both. If it was clear to Louis that St. Cloud gave him better chances for evading the law and for leaving the kingdom, it was no less clear to the leaders of the Revolution. They determined that he should not go. Their risk would be too great. The Constitution was not complete, nothing was yet settled, and they were resolved that the king should stay where he was until the liberties of the people had been established. Mirabeau's plans for taking the king away had been rumoured abroad, and patriotism was on the alert.

The king made no secret of his intention of removing to St. Cloud. With his usual blindness he had not seen the growth of suspicion and of public excitement. If he knew that Danton was making harangues upon the subject at his Cordeliers Club, he attached too little importance to the news. La Fayette was willing that the journey should be taken, and the king made the mistake of taking La Fayette's influence at La Fayette's own estimate. Danton, who had been steadily gaining ground among the workmen of Paris, was now one of the most important legal officers of the city, and, backed by a good case, was prepared to make a trial of strength with La Fayette himself. He thundered away at the club, arousing the passions and suspicions of the radicals, denouncing the king's intended flight from the kingdom and his violation of the law in regard to the priests. He very naturally made the point that the king could not be at heart a

friend to the Constitution, since he persisted in the violation of so essential a part of it. The Revolution could never be safe while the king countenanced and encouraged rebellion to its laws. If his only purpose in going to St. Cloud was to say his prayers, there was no real use for the journey. The prayers would reach heaven as soon by way of Paris as by way of St. Cloud. Let the king remain at the Tuileries and perform his devotions with the aid of priests who had taken the same oath their king had taken. Thus spoke Danton amid increasing applause.

The king had fixed upon the morning of April 18th for his departure. All Paris knew it, and all Paris was more or less agitated, but no forcible resistance was expected. Neither the king or La Fayette had taken any precautions. Quite as a matter of course, therefore, the king ordered his carriages to be brought round, and his party, consisting of wife, children, sister, governess, attendant nobles, some bishops, and many servants, made ready to leave. The horses were harnessed and hitched, the carriages drew up in the courtyard, and the royal party came forth from the palace and took their seats. That was as far as they got. No horse could move, no wheel turn. A mob had gathered which grew denser every minute. They filled the courtyard, surrounded the carriages, seized the horses, and vetoed the journey. "The king shall not leave Paris!" bellowed hundreds of voices. In vain were all remonstrances and supplications. Not a step could the horses move. The National Guards, especially those of Danton's section, sided with the mob. The king was powerless; the queen wept with vexation and humiliation. Bailly was sent for — Bailly, the mayor. He came, and he argued, urged, and implored that the king be allowed to go

on. The crowd only pressed forward more violently and hemmed in the party more closely. La Fayette was sent for, La Fayette, who had told Gouverneur Morris confidentially that he had too much power. La Fayette came, but even La Fayette could do nothing. In vain he protested, pleaded, and threatened. La Fayette's own soldiers were against him. They refused to charge the mob. In fact, some of the guards were the noisiest of the rioters. To the eloquent expostulations of their beloved chief they replied irrelevantly but emphatically, "Hush your mouth." Stung to fury, La Fayette galloped off to the Town-Hall and demanded the red flag of the riot law.

Danton was at the Town-Hall, and he opposed La Fayette's demand. The municipals hearkened to Danton, and La Fayette went away disappointed. When he came back to the Tuileries he found that Danton was there at the head of the Cordeliers battalion of the National Guards, ready to fight.

After sitting in the carriages two hours, subjected to words of insult and to angry demonstrations from the more violent, the royal party alighted and went back into the palace.

On the next day the king went to the Assembly and complained of the outrage to which he had been subjected. The Assembly sympathized, and put the sympathy in writing; but the situation remained as Danton had left it. King Louis said his prayers in Paris, and began to concert with Bouillé arrangements for secret flight.

La Fayette, deeply mortified by the conduct of his Guards, threw up his command in disgust. Not until a week had passed and each company of the force had

sent a representative to express sorrow, and to promise better behaviour for the future, did he consent to resume his apparent command. He swore them all over again, to obey laws and orders, and he disbanded a company of grenadiers who had set the example of mutiny.

A religious war was keeping step all this while with the Revolution. The Assembly had passed laws against the inviolability of monastic vows, convents were discouraged, and every legislative effort made to free the people from the shackles of organized priestcraft. In the south, Catholics inflicted wrongs upon Protestants; in other parts of France, Catholics suffered wrongs from Protestants, atheists, and the non-sectarians. Nuns who wished to quit the convents were often maltreated by the nuns who wished to stay; and the nuns who wished to stay were often flogged by vile women of the town. Outrages were frequent, murders not uncommon, and feverish excitement universal. About fifty thousand rebellious priests were ever at work stirring up strife and aiding the hostile plans of the emigrant princes.

Avignon had been bought, land, people, cattle, and all, by a pope, from a female feudatory who owned it,—Jeanne, Countess of Provence,—back in the fourteenth century. The lady was never paid, but the Pope took possession and had a vast palace built there. In this palace there was every convenience for goodly living, including elaborate kitchens, wine-cellars, ballrooms, banquet halls, private boudoirs for ladies of levity, and a lofty, vaulted chamber wherein heretics could be slowly roasted until the quivering flesh of their sinful bodies changed into heavy, loathsome smoke and soot. The

Revolution reached even Avignon; and there, of course, the clash between the factions was intensely fierce. Those who devoutly declared their purpose to remain faithful to the good old system, and to take all the wisdom they felt the need of from king and noble and priest, made one party,—a violent, aggressive party. Those to whom the entire clerical establishment was but one preposterous imposition and fraud, based upon the ignorant superstition of credulous people, and which was associated with all the sufferings of the ages gone by, made another party, rancorously violent and aggressive. These two parties came to blows, and Avignon was reddened with murders. One party killed in the name of revolution and liberty; the other in the name of Church and brotherly love.

The Assembly, after too much delay, boldly annulled the Pope's warranty deed to all these people, and declared that the Avignonais had as much right as any other people to self-government and the blessings of civil liberty. The Pope, in his rage, issued a proclamation damning the Revolution and all its adherents. Paris answered by a counter-motion, equally foolish. It condemned the papal manifesto, and burnt the Pope in effigy at the Palais-Royal.

The Count of Provence, eldest brother of Louis XVI., had lingered along in Paris waiting for the king to escape. Knowing that the night of June 20th was the date fixed upon by the king, the count made his preparations to leave on the same evening. Sensible enough to realize his own helplessness in any affair which required practical sense, the count put himself in the hands of a young Gascon gentleman, D'Averay, and trusted all the arrange-

ments to him. After pretending to go to bed, the count slipped out of the room, put on a disguise, and quietly left his palace. When he was about to get into the carriage, he remembered his cane and his snuff-box. He turned to go back after them. "A pest on these princes," muttered D'Averay, impatiently; and he stopped the count and made him get into the carriage. The vehicle was a common cabriolet which attracted no attention, and the count made his way to Brussels, under the protection of D'Averay, without any difficulty whatever.

The king and queen, in their efforts to flee, did not manage so well. They would trust nobody entirely. They must intermingle with Bouillé's plans just enough of their own obstinate notions as to foredoom all to failure. Count Fersen, the gallant young Swede who was so devotedly attached to the queen, was intrusted with the details of the programme which the king had at length determined upon. Through two friends of his, Mr. Quentin Crawford and a Mrs. Sullivan, he arranged for the construction of a large travelling-carriage, called a *Berline*, capable of containing six persons. Bouillé had advised that the royal family separate, and travel in two ordinary English travelling-carriages. The queen refused to listen to this. The whole family must go together, in the same coach. The Baroness de Korff, a Russian and a friend of Fersen, obtained the necessary passports. These were issued to cover the departure from France of the baroness, her valet, her two children, their governess, a maid-servant, and three men-servants. In making her preparations for flight, the queen had been most imprudent. She had insisted on having an elaborate portmanteau and wardrobe; and her maids had been kept busy

for months on travelling-dresses, changes of linen, etc., until their suspicions were aroused, and at least two betrayed the fatal secret. One of them wrote to Bailly, and another told her lover, who told La Fayette. It seems that another woman warned Fréron, the editor of one of the revolutionary journals. He, of course, aired the matter in his paper, and called upon the authorities to be vigilant. Bailly and La Fayette bestirred themselves, and the king was asked about it. He denied solemnly that any such purpose was entertained, and although the guards at the palace were doubled, the person of the king was not subjected to closer surveillance.

Bouillé, who was to receive the royal fugitives on the frontier, at Montmédy, and protect them, had been notified that they would leave Paris on the 19th of June. To escape the espionage of a suspected lady attendant at the palace, the day of departure was changed to the 20th. This was unfortunate. It disconcerted Bouillé and disarranged his plans. Besides, it rendered more probable the report of a further postponement, which report, as we shall see, was carried along the road by Léonard, the hair-dresser. The advice of Bouillé on two other matters had been rejected. He had advised the king to take with him an experienced travelling companion, D'Agoult, who would attend to all the details of the journey, the changing of horses, the necessary presentation of passports, payment of expenses, and answering of all questions which might be asked. The king chose, instead, to be accompanied by three bulky body-guards, neither of whom knew the roads, bore arms, or had any practical sense. Gorgeously dressed in yellow, they did much to advertise the travellers, and to focus public curiosity. Again, Bouillé

advised the king against the posting of small cavalry detachments in the towns along the route of travel. Such a display of troops, he predicted, would be strong enough to arouse excitement, and too weak to afford protection. The king was obstinate, and the squads were told off to their stations — to the immense disquiet of the natives of the regions round about.

At length all is ready. The Berline is delivered; the travelling-case, lined with ivory and silver, is packed with every article the queen could need if she were about to sail on a distant voyage; the troops are ordered to their stations, and the anxious Bouillé waits at one end of the line for the coming of the king from the other. Bouillé, like the king, has staked all on this cast. If it fails, he is a homeless wanderer on the earth. If it succeeds, he will be created a marshal of France, and will end his days of laborious service in the honours of the highest military office. The 20th of June had been spent by the royal family in the usual manner. In the evening the Count of Provence had called in to see the king, and had bidden him good-by. The two brothers never saw each other again. Supper, and the ordinary routine afterwards, was had. The royal children were put to bed early in the night. At eleven they were awakened and dressed — the dauphin as a girl. "Is it a play, then?" asked the child, as he saw them deck him out in girl's raiment. The governess, Madame de Tourzel, took them through the deserted corridors of the palace to the abandoned rooms of the emigrant Duke of Villequier, and from these rooms passed into the unused courtyard, whose door was unfastened and not guarded. Near this door was Fersen, disguised as a coachman and sitting on the box of a hackney-coach. The



governess and the children entered the carriage, and Fersen drove them to the Petit Carrousel, where the king and queen and sister Elizabeth were to join them. While Fersen sat there on the box, waiting, La Fayette's carriage drove by, and the general entered the palace, to be present at the king's "going to bed." Even in these rickety times of tottering monarchism, the "going to bed" of Louis XVI. was a tremendous formality, accompanied by imposing ceremonial. The function safely accomplished, La Fayette drove away.

The queen, it seems, was already in the streets, for the carriage of La Fayette is said to have passed close to her, its lights flaring and its escort clattering, as the general sped onward. Michelet, however, says that all the royal family was out of the palace when La Fayette arrived, and that he "missed the *coucher* (going to bed) of the king." At any rate, the king and the queen left the Tuileries about midnight, and the king soon joined Fersen. His Majesty was dressed as a valet, and his name for this occasion was Durand.

The queen had been delayed. Some say that she lost herself in the streets near the palace, got on the wrong side of the river, and hid under an arch of the bridge as La Fayette's carriage passed. Others say that her loss of time was caused by the presence of a sentinel on a stair where she had not expected one. In the one manner or the other she lost half an hour, where every minute was vitally important. At length the queen reached the carriage, Fersen gives the word, and away the horses go. Not by the shortest route, but by a circuitous drive, Fersen reached the barrier, where the travelling-carriage was waiting. Passing the city gates without difficulty, the royal

party entered the Berline, Fersen on the box. One of the Body-Guards galloped forward to see to the relays of horses; another took his place inside the carriage, the third sat beside Fersen. The hackney-coach was overturned in a ditch and left there. It was now two o'clock in the morning, and they were still at the gates of Paris.

As rapidly as he could drive so heavy a vehicle and its heavy load, Fersen drove away—the first light of dawn already beginning to break. In less than an hour he was at Bondy, seven and a half miles from Paris. The relays were ready, the change was made, and the party pushed on. Fersen was left behind. He begged the king to permit him to continue with them, but Louis refused. He already felt himself a different man. He was free. He felt strong and brave, and spoke of how differently he would act for the future. “La Fayette is sadly troubled in his mind about this time,” said the king, with a touch of amusement, as he looked at his watch. Count Fersen bade the royal family farewell, and rode off “into unknown space,” according to Carlyle. As a matter of fact the gallant and devoted Swede rode back to Paris, and from thence to Brussels, which he reached in safety. He appeared time and again during the further progress of the Revolution, and always as the generous and daring friend of the queen. Even during her last imprisonment in the loathsome dungeons, Fersen made desperate effort to save her. Had she been able to aid him ever so little with practical sense and good judgment he might have succeeded, but she was incurably deficient in the qualities needed, and the plan failed. One of the jailers had been bribed, and the queen, of course, spoke to the other, and thus gave her secret away.

We see Count Fersen once more at Campo-Formio, where he appeared as representative of Sweden. Napoleon was then posing as the ardent revolutionist, and Fersen was too fair a target for him to miss. The insolent young republican general grossly insulted the heroic nobleman who had made himself famous throughout Europe as the fearless friend of the unfortunate queen of France,—whose grandniece Napoleon was afterwards to marry. One more time we see Count Fersen before he vanishes “into unknown space.” We see him in the streets of Stockholm, furiously assailed by the maddest of mobs. We see him struggle for his life—one man against a thousand. They beat him down, they trample him under foot, they tear him limb from limb, and the warm heart grows cold at last.

From Bondy to Claye the Berline sped on, and from Claye to Meaux. At Montmirail a trace broke. An hour was fiddled away in mending it—a positive proof that no practical driver was along. Is it true, as Carlyle states, that the king got out of the carriage and walked up-hill, for exercise and to “enjoy the blessed sunlight”? Many authorities say not. It is pretended by these objectors that the day was cloudy and dark, and that the blessed sunlight is a part of Mr. Carlyle’s prose poetry. The objectors admit that the king did leave the Berline once, but not for the purpose of breathing ozone or enjoying the blessed sunlight. The objectors themselves admit, however, that the children got out and walked up-hill, but lost no time to the fugitives. Baron Thiébault in his *Memoirs* makes the king get out of the carriage, go into a hotel for breakfast, and spend an hour over the meal. This statement we are inclined to classify under the head of “Im-

portant if true." Miss Miles, writing to her father, W. A. Miles, from Paris, a few days later, does say, however, "Had not the king stopped to eat cutlets, he would have escaped."

The king, growing bolder as they journeyed farther from Paris, began to poke his head out of the window when they stopped in the towns for relays of horses. At Châlons, the next stage after Meaux, the postmaster is said to have recognized him. But the postmaster was a royalist; he said nothing; he helped to put in the fresh horses, and hurried the party off. As they drove out of Châlons, the fugitives breathed freely. "Now we are safe," they exclaimed, with a sigh of relief.

It was between four and five o'clock in the afternoon. The large Berline is followed by a small carriage containing two lady attendants whom the queen insisted on taking, and who had joined the party at Bondy. Behind them the fugitives had left a trail of suspicion, of subdued excitement. The two carriages, the three bodyguards, the lavish way in which the courier spent money, and the face which Louis showed at the window, had attracted attention and aroused discussion. It is even said that a certain patriot reported to the mayor of Meaux that the carriage contained the king, but the mayor, a royalist, scouted the idea, invited the patriot to take wine, and soothed his suspicions, while the carriages rolled onwards.

The next station out of Châlons was Pont-Sommeville, where the first of the cavalry detachments was to meet the fugitives. The king reached the bridge, but the troops were not there. They had been there, but had gone. Bouillé's prediction had come true. The movement of the troops had aroused suspicion. Excited groups had

gathered and had asked for explanations. "We are expecting a treasure and are to guard it," answered the officers. The people suspected that this treasure was the royal family. The alarm-bell began to ring in the villages. The Duke of Choiseul, the young and hasty commander of the squadrons, became impatient at the delay of the royal carriages, which were five or six hours late, and, alarmed at the growing excitement of the people, he drew off the Lauzun hussars who had been stationed at Pont-Sommeville. In leading them away from their post, he did not follow the highway, but went tearing through the fields, tramping down the crops, so that if the king should arrive he would find the farmers in a fervid royalist frame of mind, and ready to rally to his support.

Not only did the young Duke of Choiseul leave Pont-Sommeville bereft of its military detachment, but he told Léonard, the fugitive hair-dresser of the queen, to convey to all the other detachments along the route the word that the king had probably postponed his journey. Thus, one after another, the cavalry squadrons withdrew, after having remained long enough to put everybody in notice that something unusual was going to happen.

Choiseul was not long gone from Pont-Sommeville before the royal carriages arrived. The king had expected the armed escort of forty hussars to surround him here, and block the way of any one who might be coming in pursuit. He looked out; there were no troops to be seen. A sudden chill smote him; he "saw an open abyss." The same shiver which passed over Napoleon and staff at Waterloo, when the courier brought the news which revealed the presence of Blücher where Grouchy should have been, crept upon the royal fugitives when they passed

station after station where Bouillé's dragoons should have been, and found no dragoons there. From Pont-Sommevelle the fugitives pushed on to Oberval, where another military detachment was to have been in waiting. It was not there. The hair-dresser had been faithful in spreading his bad tidings, and the troops had retreated.

On went the carriages towards the next stage, Sainte-Menehould. It was not yet dark when the fugitives drove into the town. They found it in a ferment. The passage of the troops who had gone on, early in the day, to meet the king, had set the people talking; and when thirty-three dragoons, under Captain d'Andoins, arrived and took up their position in the great square of their own town, the excitement became violent. D'Andoins was a weak creature, and dreaded a collision with the people. When the faithful hair-dresser came along and told him what Choiseul had said, D'Andoins ordered his troopers to dismount and unsaddle. In less than an hour after the hair-dresser had brought things to this pass the king arrived.

The weak D'Andoins went up to the carriage and whispered that the plans had been badly arranged, and that to avoid suspicion he would leave. As the fresh horses were being put to the carriages it pleased Providence that Drouet, ex-dragon, and now postmaster of the town, should come out of the field, where he had been at work, and receive pay for the horses in a new fifty-franc assignat, upon which was engraved the portrait of the king. Drouet caught a glimpse of the traveller's face at the window, and thought he recognized a resemblance between the portrait and the traveller. During his service as dragon, Drouet had done duty at Versailles, and he had seen the

queen. He thought he recognized her also. The carriages whirled onwards. Drouet was either not quite sure it was the king, or he had not quite decided what to do. The fugitives were allowed to go on, but Drouet mounted a swift horse and set out after them,— he and another ex-dragoon named Guillaume.

Sainte-Menehould was wild with excitement. Drouet had spread the news that the carriage contained the king and queen. The town buzzed with the gathering of armed men. Of course the bells rang. During the entire course of the Revolution we find that whatever else was neglected the bell-ringing never was; whenever the excited citizen did not know what else to do, he invariably ran and rang the bell. Sainte-Menehould rang all her bells and beat all her drums. Her National Guards turned out, and gave their attention to D'Andoins and his dragoons. By this time the horses of these had been resaddled, but the men wanted to eat and drink awhile before taking the road. Patriots plied the troopers with meat and drink and revolutionary gospel,—so much so that D'Andoins lost his grip upon his men entirely. The National Guard of the town took him into custody, compelled him to disarm his men, and flung him into prison, as an accomplice in the king's flight.

Only one of the royal dragoons exhibited any pluck. This was the quartermaster, Lagache, who afterward rose to distinction under the name of General Henry, and became a baron of the Empire of Napoleon. His name was inscribed on the imperial Arch of Triumph erected by Napoleon in Paris. This man determined to fight his way out of the town. Mounting his horse, he held his bridle-reins between his teeth, and, with a pistol in each hand,

he dashed through the crowd, firing one pistol, and receiving several slight wounds. The other pistol frightened the man who tried to stop him on the bridge leading to the wood. When he had cleared the town, Lagache saw before him a horseman riding furiously after the king. Perhaps this was Drouet. Lagache rode furiously after him. Whoever the man was, he escaped Lagache by plunging into the woods.

Lagache rode on to Clermont, to warn the royal detachment posted there. The Count de Damas, who was in command of it, did not tell Lagache that the fugitives had already passed through Clermont, but sent him forward to Auzeville with orders that the royal detachment there should march on Varennes. An officer named Saint-Didier commanded this detachment, and by the time Lagache could wake him, the townspeople were also wide awake. They could hear the alarm-bells of Clermont, and when Saint-Didier attempted to rouse his troops the town authorities forbade them to stir. Saint-Didier yielded, and the ride of Lagache came to nothing. Not so Drouet's. On went the fugitives through the night, heavy of heart, and on came Drouet, dogging their steps. At Clermont they were not challenged, but Count Damas came to the carriage and told them that the excitement in the place was so great that he feared to call out his troops. When he attempted, later, to do so, the authorities forbade the movement, and the troops refused to obey his orders. Damas hurried off a courier to Bouillé, to warn him of the king's danger, but the messenger missed the road, and went to Verdun instead of towards Varennes. The royal party rolled on to Varennes, horribly afraid, by this time, that all was lost. A horseman galloped by, shouted some-



thing in at the window, and disappeared in the night. They who were in the carriage afterwards thought the words were "You are known."

At Clermont, the fugitives had made another blunder. In a loud voice, the new postboys had been given their directions, "To Varennes." The boys from Sainte-Menehould had heard this, of course, and when Drouet met them outside Clermont, on their return to Sainte Menehould, they could tell him just what he wanted to know — the route the carriage had taken. But for this information, Drouet would have taken the other road and gone to Verdun. He had left Sainte-Menehould with that intention.

Towards Varennes, late in the night, speed the royal carriages. Their progress must have been more rapid than is commonly believed, for they are more than 170 miles from Paris, and Drouet, who cuts across by a shorter route on horseback, does not beat them in the race. Neither do the two couriers, which the town of Clermont sends to warn the town of Varennes, pass them on the road. The faithful hair-dresser had appeared at Varennes also. He had told his story once more, that the king was not coming, and then he had got safely away and crossed the frontier — carrying the queen's jewels, which he deposited in Brussels, and which the queen's daughter recovered many years after. As for the hair-dresser himself, he returned to France during the Terror, and was guillotined.

The town of Varennes is divided into two parts by the little river Aire. A narrow bridge leads from one part of the town to the other, and the highway coming upon this bridge runs through the archway of a stone tower. Goguelat, in stationing the relays of horses, had put those

for the Varennes stage on the other side of the river from Paris. The young Bouillé had been sent forward by his father to see that all went right at Varennes. Accompanied by Raigecourt, another young officer, Bouillé had gone to one of the inns, had taken a room, and had pretended to go to bed. In fact, he and Raigecourt were both sitting there in the dark, listening anxiously for the sound of the carriages of the king. They did not know that the original arrangement, by which the king was travelling, required that the horses should be on the side of the river next to Paris.

Goguelat had on his own motion changed the plan, and he had neither warned the king of the change, nor had he warned young Bouillé that the king might expect the horses on the other side. Of the many stupidities which immortalize this famous journey, Goguelat's stupidities carry off the honours. It was just this change in the stationing of the relays at Varennes which wrecked everything. Thus far the king had come, in spite of all blunders. This blunder was the one too many.

It was nearly midnight when Valory, the courier, who was never far enough in advance, rode into Varennes, and hunted round in the dark for the relay of horses — on the Paris side of the river. He did not find them. Never once did it occur to him that they might be on the other side. The town was asleep, the bridge unguarded. On the other side were the horses, were the waiting and anxious officers. At one of the inns, the *Bras d'Or*, a party of young men had been passing the evening, and were now about to leave. While the bewildered courier is still peering about in the darkness, on the wrong side of the river, the royal carriage comes lumbering in, and stops.

The end of the stage has been reached; the sleepy postillions wish to unhitch the tired horses and go back to Clermont. Their mistress had reminded them that the horses would be needed for hauling in the hay on the morrow. The courier comes up and reports. No horses are to be seen. "We are betrayed," says the king. He and the queen get out and walk about the town, looking for the horses. The king knocks at several doors, but can get no information.

The queen, accompanied by a body-guard, entered the house of M. de Préfontaine, the local agent of the Condé estates. He could tell her nothing. He came out of the house with her, and seems to have invited the confidence of his visitors, but he was not trusted. While the queen was in the house, a man on horseback galloped by the carriage and called out, "In the name of the nation, go no farther. You drive the king." This was, perhaps, Drouet.

Again they went into the streets — the silent, deserted, gloomy streets. The little town was slumbering quietly. Drouet had not yet roused it. As a last resort, the king appealed to the postboys to drive him across the bridge. They refused. They were tired, and they had their orders. In vain the king pleaded and offered money. The body-guards drew their knives and threatened the drivers. Partly for the money and partly on account of the threats, the boys sullenly and slowly drove on. But it was too late. Half an hour had been lost, and it was half an hour they did not have to spare.

Drouet galloped into the town while the king was still loitering about looking for invisible horses. Crossing the bridge, Drouet went to the Bras d'Or, threw open the door, took the landlord aside, told him what was

in the air, left it to him and the young men present to give the alarm, while he, with a few others, rushed back to the bridge to barricade it. Leblanc, the innkeeper, and the young men flew to the house of the acting mayor, Sauce, to arouse him. Others went to arouse the National Guards of the town. Sauce's children were hurried into the streets to scream the alarm of fire! Drouet reached the bridge in full time, overturned a cart and some furniture in the dark, narrow archway, and completely blocked the passage. Leaving a few men there to guard it, he turned instinctively to the church and began to ring the bell. The slumbering town suddenly became wide-awake. Lights gleamed here and there in the windows. Shouts were heard, cries of warning, and answering cries. The bell pealed forth clamorously. The banging of doors, the rush of trampling feet, the tread of men hurrying through the streets, filled the night with all the sounds of angry alarm. Bouillé and Raigecourt heard the commotion, but did not stir. The military detachment which had been stationed at Varennes was under the command of Rohrig, a mere boy. When these hussars heard the uproar in the town, they came running into the streets, dazed and unarmed. The local National Guard cleverly took them in hand, gave them wine in abundance, preached sound revolutionary doctrine to them while they drank, and took all of the royalty out of them. When Rohrig sought his men, hardly one of them was in quarters. They were scattered about the town more or less tipsy, and greatly disinclined to listen to a beardless boy who wanted them to fight the good people. Rohrig fell into despair, and rode away into the darkness to tell Bouillé the elder.

When the royal carriages slowly come on towards the bridge, there is Sauce, the acting mayor, and there are Drouet and others, in waiting. The drivers are halted and the passport demanded. The king hands it out. It is read with care and deliberation. Time is necessary to the patriots, and they do not hurry. Objection is raised to the passport. It is not signed by the president of the Assembly. No law requires that it should be, but town governments have been, these many centuries, a law unto themselves. The objection, having been made, must be debated. To do this with satisfaction time is necessary. Also, daylight. Sauce invites the travellers to alight and spend the night at his house. Louis objects. The Baroness Korff objects. Sauce is not sure that Drouet is right, and hesitates. Drouet is sure he is right, and he raves and swears. The valet, Durand, vehemently denies that he is the king, and demands that the passport be respected. He threatens to go on. The armed men in the archway level their guns and threaten to shoot. Before such resolution the irresolute king gives way.

Hat in hand, Sauce stood at the carriage and made a neat speech to this effect: "A report has spread that it is our king and his family that we have the honour to receive within our walls. I humbly beg them to allow me to offer them my home as a place of safety, till the town authorities can decide what course to take. The alarm-bell is ringing, contrary to our orders. People are gathering in the streets. Unless you permit us to shelter you, your majesty might be exposed to insults which would prostrate us with grief." This remarkable address was emphasized by the threatening aspect of those who surrounded the party, and Louis, still protesting that

his name was Durand, got out of the carriage. Followed by his family and their attendants he entered the shop of the grocer. Here they seated themselves on boxes and barrels — a forlorn and pitiable group.

By this time Varennes and the adjacent country had been thoroughly aroused. The bells, the drums, the shouts, the galloping of horses, had annihilated slumber in all the region round about. The news spread like wildfire. The people came rushing to the shop, frantic with rage and terror. "What! our king run off and leave us! Our king going to join the enemy!" It set them crazy with excitement. The frontier was close by, and the enemy was there. Hence the fears of the good people of Varennes. A raging crowd surrounded the shop, and its numbers rapidly increased. But while Drouet was certain that Durand the valet was Louis the king, Sauce was still unconvinced.

According to Victor Hugo, there exists to this day a tradition at Varennes, that the authorities were about to let the party proceed on their journey, when there entered the room a local nobleman who knew the king personally, and who bore him a grudge. This man, D'Ethe, or Destez, saluted Louis, without hesitation, with the usual royal ceremony, "Good day, *Sire*." This, according to tradition, removed all doubt of his identity. According to another, and more probable, story, it was Sauce himself who went out and got Destez. This gentleman was the judge of the local tribunal, and was known to be personally acquainted with the king and queen. To satisfy himself on so delicate a question, Sauce, after depositing the fugitives in his back room upstairs, left them under guard, and hurried off to

find the judge! Destez came, recognized the king at once, and respectfully saluted him. Sauce no longer doubted; the king no longer denied. "Yes, I am your king. In Paris my life is in danger. I have come among you to find safety. I will not forsake you; but will live among you." This affecting speech moved all who were present, and, according to the official report of the Varennes municipality, the citizens embraced the royal family, and were in return embraced by them, deep feeling being shown on both sides. This emotion, however edifying, did not change the situation. The municipals remained firm, and the crowd filled the shop — talking loudly and violently. The king, still pleading for leave to proceed on his journey, said, "I only want to go to Montmédy; I have no intention of leaving France." "I don't believe it!" cried a bandy-legged cripple; and what he said the balance of the crowd thought.

The French are a very polite people. It is not always that they mean much by it, but they are very polite. On this trying occasion the French were especially polite to their king, and they meant less by it than usual. Monsieur Sauce, the acting mayor at the head of the municipal delegation, having at length officially realized that "Varennes had the happiness to contain the king within her walls," saluted Louis most respectfully, and asked to "receive his Majesty's orders." "Orders?" exclaimed the king, somewhat dazed. "Why, my orders are that my carriages be allowed to proceed." Monsieur Sauce heard the order in the politest manner imaginable, and bowed profoundly. Of course he had not the faintest idea of obeying, but then he had exhibited his good manners, and he felt mentally refreshed. He reminded the

king that the horses needed rest, and that he himself had better wait where he was till morning.

Other actors now crowd upon the scene. The Duke of Choiseul, who had taken the troops from Pont-Sommevelle, had been riding upon Varennes by cross-roads ever since. At last he was here. Goguelat, who had bungled the Varennes relay, was also here. Count Damas, who had escaped with difficulty from Clermont with a few officers, was close by. At last, at last, the king had at his side men who at his bidding would fight to the death,—if he would say the word! Choiseul had been halted at the entrance to the town. Cannons appeared in his front, and the men behind the guns threatened to shoot. The young duke hesitated just a moment, and then dug the spurs into his horse and dashed on. Not a cannon fired. They were not loaded. They were useless old frauds which had been put there as a bluff. Choiseul knew nothing yet of what had happened to the king, and he passed on into the quarters of the town, where he expected to find the sixty dragoons of the military detachment detailed for Varennes. He found neither men nor officers. Rohrig, who was in command of these dragoons, had, as we have seen, lost his head at the very beginning, and had galloped off in the darkness, seeking Bouillé the elder.

As for Bouillé the younger, and his companion, Raigecourt, they sat in their dark chamber hearing the commotion, hearing the bells, hearing the cries, and not knowing what to do. One can generally retire, and they had retired; young Bouillé had jumped on his horse and galloped off to seek his father. Young Raigecourt had galloped along with young Bouillé. Thus Choiseul's search for the de-



tachment was in vain. Instead of aid and reënforcement, he found darkness, desertion, and discouragement. Still, the duke came to the decision of a brave man. He briefly harangued the forty Germans he had brought with him, roused them to cheer for the king and queen, and led them back to the mayor's house to make a desperate effort to cut the king's way out. The forty dragoons were drawn up in line of battle before Sauce's grocery, and here they were joined by the few men who had come with Damas and with Goguelat.

The Duke of Choiseul, followed by Goguelat, forced his way, sword in hand, through the crowd, and entered the shop. The king was no longer there. The royal family had been taken to one of the two small rooms up-stairs. The duke climbed the little corkscrew stairway and entered the outer of these two upper chambers. It was filled with excited peasants, who were armed with pitchforks. "You shall not enter," said the peasants. "We will enter," said the duke; and he did. There, in the inner room, was the royal family, the king in his disguise seated near a table on which was some bread and wine; there was the queen with her veil lowered; there was sister Elizabeth and the governess seated on a bench. On the grocer's bed lay the children of France, sound asleep.

Enter Choiseul and Goguelat.

"Well, gentlemen, when do we leave?" asked the king.

"Sire, whenever you please," answered Goguelat.

"Give your orders, Sire. I have forty hussars with me, but there is no time to be lost: in an hour the people will have gained them over."

"Will it be hot work?" questioned the king.

"Very hot, Sire," replied the duke.

Louis fell at once into a fatal uncertainty. He would give no orders. The National Guards of Varennes and the Municipals were imploring the king not to leave them, and between the entreaties on the one side and the promptings on the other, Louis, of course, could come to no decision. It was two o'clock in the morning, and every minute was adding to the numbers of the mob outside. "Let us wait," said the king. "They have not refused to let me go on. They only ask me to remain till morning. Besides, Bouillé is only nine leagues away; he must soon arrive. Again, who can say that in the effort to cut our way out a ball may not harm the queen, or the children, or sister Elizabeth?"

Thus the king hesitates while the trap closes in upon him. By three o'clock the patriots have mustered in such force that Sauce can now say to the king positively that he shall not go farther. Drouet tells Goguelat he shall never carry off the king alive. Goguelat rides towards the royal carriage. "Come a step farther and I'll shoot you!" exclaims a major of the National Guards. Goguelat rides on,—and is shot. Struck in the collar-bone, the reins drop from his hand, and he falls,—not seriously hurt.

The queen sits on a bench, between two boxes of candles. She was beseeching Madame Sauce, appealing to her sympathies, but Madame Sauce naturally replied that each wife must think of her own husband. Madame Sauce had a Monsieur Sauce to think of; also some children.

By daylight the town is crowded with thousands of National Guards, and the whole adjacent county is up in arms. Troops, peasants, burghers, are pouring towards Varennes by every road. The few royal dragoons were lost in this tempestuous sea of popular passion, and they

went over to the people. Repudiating their own officers, they asked to have an officer of the National Guards put over them.

The king went to the window to speak to the crowd. They saw a fat, flabby man, haggard from woe and loss of sleep, his head covered with a little wig, all out of order, and his person clad in menial dress. They gazed up at him in wonder and pity. He spoke to them, and implored them to let him proceed to Montmédy. There was no encouraging response. A few gave the old royal greeting, "Live the king!" Some turned away in tears. Others cried, "Back to Paris!" Louis came away from the window completely disheartened, and he abandoned hope. Even at this eleventh hour, when no one could respect the imbecile Louis, there were hearts that yearned to his children. The aged grandmother of Sauce came tottering to the bedside, knelt reverently, and lifted the hands of the sleeping children to her lips. Then she went away, weeping.

At Stenay, five leagues off, was the military detachment of sixty hussars, commanded by Deslon. He had seen young Bouillé and Raigecourt when they passed through to the rear, but they told him nothing. They did not have time, perhaps. But young Rohrig, who also was seeking the rear, and was making less speed, told Deslon what was happening at Varennes. With the quick decision of a real soldier, Deslon gave the word to his men, and the squadron galloped the five leagues in two hours, reaching Varennes at five o'clock in the morning. To cut the king's way out at this late hour was almost the suggestion of madness, but Deslon offered to try it. He forced his way to the king and asked for orders. The king would give

none. "Tell Bouillé to do what he can for me. I am a prisoner. I have no longer any orders to give."

Deslon could do nothing but ride off, and leave the helpless monarch to his fate. Not long after this, the door opened to admit another visitor. It was an officer of the National Guard of Paris, just arrived, and with him had come Romeuf, La Fayette's aide, a young noble whom the royal family had loved. He had stopped in the outer room, was holding a decree of the Assembly in his hand, and was weeping. He came forward with head held down, and presented the decree. The king took it, read it, and exclaimed, "There is no longer any king in France." The queen read it. "The miserable wretches!" she exclaimed. The king laid the decree on the bed where the dauphin lay asleep. "It shall not defile my children!" cried the queen, angrily snatching the paper and throwing it upon the floor. The people murmured, and Choiseul picked up the decree and laid it upon the table.

And where was Bouillé all this while? He was not far from Stenay when he first heard of the king's arrest. It was then about half-past four in the morning, and eight leagues separated him from Varennes. It was his son who brought him the information. His position was most difficult. He was surrounded by hostile towns, by a feverishly hostile population. His troops were doubtful. Upon one regiment alone he placed reliance. These were the Germans of the Royal-Allemand — some 3000 horse. It appears to have taken a long while to get this troop in readiness that night. It is certain that money was liberally distributed, and that Bouillé felt it necessary to make the soldiers a speech. Finally, all was ready, and at full gallop they set out. On they swept through a revolted

country, where all bells were pealing the alarm, and where furious people were rushing to arms and pouring towards Varennes. As Bouillé drew near Varennes, Deslon met him and told him the king had gone. When Bouillé, pushing on, came within sight of the town, it was too late. Louis had set out for Paris nearly two hours before, and the National Guards had prepared for Bouillé a resistance which made any attempt on his part an act of madness.

His Germans refused to go farther. The garrisons of Metz and Verdun were marching upon them. <sup>was</sup> All was lost. The stout soldier turned back, never to be smiled upon by fortune again. The king had brought along with him the baton of Marshal of France, which was to have been Bouillé's reward. The king had even lost valuable time hunting up this baton at the Tuileries. It was now on its way back to Paris, and Bouillé, a broken and embittered man, was going in a gallop back to Stenay. That evening he bade farewell to his companions in arms, and, attended by a few officers, passed into Belgium. The failure of the king to escape crushed Bouillé as well as the king. The emigrant princes held him responsible; and they refused to invest him with a command in their army. He went over to England, chewed the cud of bitter recollections the rest of his life, and died in London in the year 1800.

## CHAPTER XXII

THE VIA DOLOROSA; ROBESPIERRE; DANTON; THE FALLEN  
THRONE SET UP AGAIN; VOLTAIRE'S RETURN

AFTER having seen the king to bed, on the night of June 20th, La Fayette drove away from the palace, passed close by the queen, who shrank back in the dark, passed close to the coach of Count Fersen, and went to his home and to his bed, relieved of the duties and responsibilities of one more anxious day. At six o'clock next morning there came a thundering knock at his door. A note was handed in, and La Fayette jerked on his clothes as rapidly as possible, and hurried to the Tuileries. The cage was empty. Baron Thiébault writes: "When I awoke, before eight o'clock had struck on June 21st, the streets of Paris were resounding only with the cries of the usual street venders, and with the noise of a few heavy vehicles. Presently a murmur was heard. Like the roar of a wave driven by a tempest it approached, increased, and spread with redoubled force. Soon shouts and words could be distinguished. Finally, the sound of drums announced an alarm of a real kind. I leapt from my bed, and had scarcely opened my window when I heard the cry, repeated from mouth to mouth, "The king is gone! the king is gone!"

The cry from the palace carried consternation over all the city. Furious crowds rushed to the Tuileries, the

Town-Hall, and to the Assembly. Thousands asked the same questions—questions which nobody could answer! When had the king gone? where had he gone? How had he escaped? What would be the consequences? A terrible suspicion that his flight was but a prelude to foreign invasion soon deepened into a conviction. A terrible suspicion that Bailly and La Fayette had connived at the escape soon threatened to become a conviction equally deep. Had they not been warned? Had they not been criminally negligent? Had they not wilfully shut their eyes to the preparations going on in the palace?

Terror, confusion, boundless wrath seized the people, and delirium raged for hours. Shops were closed; business suspended. Of course the bells were rung. Of course the drums were beat. Of course all the orators violently uttered speech. Of course the many-voiced mob bellowed and ran here and there throughout the town. National Guards poured forth in uniform and battle array. Pikemen of the ragged districts swarmed by thousands, Santerre in the van. "You are a traitor! You have let the king escape! You have ruined us!" screamed the mob to La Fayette. The general faced the danger with coolness and tact. To the crowd he answered, "Ruined? What do you mean by that? You were paying the king 25,000,000 francs. There are 25,000,000 of you; therefore you save one franc each by getting rid of him."

This unexpected manner of putting the case was successful. Having concerted measures to prevent any mob violence, and having issued orders for the arrest of the royal fugitives, La Fayette hastened to the Town Hall, quieted matters there, and then went to the Hall of the Assembly. Many of the deputies believed that La Fayette

had acted treacherously, but he boldly ascended the tribune and claimed a hearing. His second in command, Gouvion, explained and defended the measures he had taken to guard against the king's escape; Bailly bore testimony to the general's vigilance; Barnave, forgetting past differences, threw himself on the same side, and the Assembly was appeased. The decree of arrest and suspension was issued against the king, and messengers sent to overtake the fugitives. The Assembly affected to believe that the king had been abducted. Even the Lameths and Duport recoiled from the consequences of an admitted abandonment of the throne. The middle-class leaders saw the yawning abyss, and drew back from it. In spite of the ravings of Robespierre, Pétion, and Danton, they persisted in the abduction theory. The king was suspended, not dethroned; executive power was vested in his ministers.

There was laid before the Assembly the proclamation the king had signed and left behind. In this document he declared that he had been acting under duress; that his sanction of the revolutionary measures was null and void. He stated his grievances against the nation, and among them were his complaints that the palace where he was lodged was not a pleasant residence, that his allowance of \$5,000,000 was insufficient, and that the applause given him when he appeared in public was not what it should have been. While the Assembly, in memory of the Greeks and Romans, resolved to mantle itself in imperturbable calmness, and to pass on to the routine discussion of the still unfinished Constitution, La Fayette bustled about town, quieting and requieting popular emotions. The flight of the king resurrected every passion of the hottest



days of 1789, gave the signal for the beginning of the combat between the factions. The word "republic" came into use for the first time. The Jacobins took the position that the throne was now vacant, that the flight was abdication. Marat clamoured for a dictator, Danton for an executive council, Condorcet for the republic.

La Fayette was a member of the Jacobin Club, and he realized the importance of appearing there. Robespierre and Danton promptly attacked him. "I cannot call this flight of the king a misfortune," said Robespierre. "It would be the most glorious day of the Revolution if we knew how to profit by it. The king has chosen to desert his post. The Assembly is discredited. Foreign enemies menace us. But I fear neither the Emperor of Austria nor the king of Sweden. I fear the traitors among us. The king will return at the head of foreign armies; traitors at home will welcome his approach. He will pretend to love liberty and to grant reforms. Moderatism will prevail because the people fear civil war, and thus the Revolution will perish." Proceeding in the same passionate strain, at some length, the speaker concluded by predicting that the enemies of the Revolution would slay him for having dared to unveil their conspiracy.

The effect of this harangue was electrical. "We will all die first!" shouted Camille, springing to his feet and extending his arms towards the tribune, where the white face of Robespierre was gleaming in the flickering light. Every voice echoed Camille's words, and 800 men sprang to their feet, with arms extended towards the speaker. Carried away by the excitement of the moment, the Jacobins all took an oath to defend him. At this moment

arrived the ministers and members of the Assembly, who had come to fraternize with the club. Before they had entered, Danton exclaimed, "Mr. President, if the traitors venture to show themselves here, I undertake the solemn engagement—either that my head shall fall on the scaffold, or I will prove that their heads should roll at the feet of the nation they have betrayed." The ministers, members of the Assembly, and La Fayette did enter, and Danton at once attacked. "You swore that the king should not leave," he roared, turning to La Fayette. "Either you have betrayed your country, or you are stupid enough to have answered for a person for whom you could not really answer. In the most favourable view, you have declared yourself incompetent to command us."

Lameth replied to Danton, discouraged divisions at this critical time, and pleaded for harmony. La Fayette's own reply was very tame and conciliatory. By soft answers and soothing assurances he weathered the storm. The impulsive Camille Desmoulins caught La Fayette by the hand, as he rode away from the club, and exclaimed, "General, I have bitterly abused you. Show that I am a slanderer by saving the State."

"You have been deceived," answered La Fayette. "All goes well. The common danger has united all parties. We have all sworn to live free or die."

"But why," urged Camille, "does the Assembly speak of the king being abducted? It is baseness or treason to use such language when we are threatened by 3,000,000 of bayonets."

"The word 'abduction,'" says La Fayette, diplomatically, "is but an error of phraseology. The Assembly will correct it. The conduct of the king is infamous."

Camille was pacified; the raging factions were kept down; Paris was held to law and order; and every possible attempt made to remedy the terrible mistake of the king. The gates of the city were shut. Even La Fayette's aides were not allowed to pass on their way to the king until the decree of the Assembly arrived. Country people who were in town with their market-wagons, a swell as all others, were rigorously held till the morrow. Theatres closed. All was quiet, but uneasy and anxious. As the municipal officers paraded the streets, there was one of them who could not hold his tongue. It was Danton. Guarded by four armed volunteers, this burly agitator preached his gospel of suspicion and alarm. "Traitors in your midst!" "An inquiry must be had!" "Beware of the king and the Austrian committee!" To this effect Danton kept up a reverberating harangue, to the immense disturbance of the good order, peace, and dignity of the harmonious programme which the bourgeoisie leaders were attempting to inaugurate.

After fifteen hours' hard riding the surgeon Mangin arrived bearing the letter from the municipality of Varennes announcing the arrest of the royal fugitives. It was about ten o'clock on the evening of the 22nd when the letter was laid before the Assembly. Bouillé was deprived of his command, his arrest decreed, and commissioners were named — Barnave, Pétion, and Latour-Maubourg — to go and meet the king and to see that he was treated with the respect due his rank.

It was about eight o'clock on the 21st that Louis XVI. set out from Varennes on his return to Paris. Madame de Veuville, one of the queen's waiting-women,

had thrown herself upon the bed, had writhed and twisted and screamed in the agonies of colic, and had thus sought to gain a little more time for Bouillé to come up. But nobody put any faith in this colic; and it passed away as suddenly as it came, when the lady saw that it would not delay the king's departure. As the party descended the little stairway and appeared on the street, cries of "Live the king" were heard; but no voice greeted the queen, and scowls of murderous hate were fixed upon her. Tired, humiliated, unutterably disappointed, the royal family got back into the carriage, to be dragged once more as prisoners in the triumphal procession of the Revolution. Thousands of National Guards, under arms, formed the escort. Thousands of the people flocked in from all sides, and lined the road. The weather was hot, the dust was thick, the procession travelled in a walk. Mentally and physically the sufferings of the captives must have been excruciating.

Drouet was the hero of the king's return. From the obscurity of a rural postmastership, he had sprung into European fame by one bold ride of a night. The opportunity of a lifetime happened to pass within his reach, and he had seized it. He was more powerful now than the king, than Bouillé, than all the magnates ~~along~~ that line of march. He enjoyed his importance, revelled in his opportunity, and gave himself up to the political current. He became a member of the next Assembly, became a radical of the radicals, figured in the dark scenes of the Reign of Terror, by the side of old Vadier; was suffered to escape when his companions were sacrificed; became a Bonapartist; a member of the Council of Five Hundred during the Hundred Days; was exiled by the restored

Bourbons; crept back into France under an assumed name, and lived in obscurity again until all the noisy actors in the hurly-burly of the Revolution had been quieted by the grave. In 1824 an old man named Merger died at Maçon. This was the former "bold dragoon," Drouet. In the Père-la-Chaise, in Paris, is the marble monument which his countrymen erected in his honour.

At ten in the morning of the 21st the vast procession of the captive king, led by Drouet, reached Clermont; at half-past one, Sainte-Menehould. Here there were 15,000 men gathered together, and the royal family was hissed and jeered. Between Sainte-Menehould and Châlons, an old nobleman, Count Dampierre, made the effort to break through the ranks of the people for the purpose of paying his respects to the king. He was recognized as an aristocrat, denounced, assaulted, knocked from his horse, and shot dead. "What's the matter?" asked the king. "Oh, nothing," responded those nearest him. "They are only killing a fool."

The next stop was at Châlons. This town was royalist, and the king was received at the gates by the municipal authorities with ceremonious respect. Between two lines of National Guards the royal party was conducted to the house of the intendant. In this dwelling Marie Antoinette had been welcomed, with every demonstration of love and joy, when she came into the kingdom, twenty-one years before, the bride of the heir to the proudest throne in Christendom. Now, as in 1770, the loyal citizens extended a hearty, sympathetic welcome to royalty. Beautiful girls presented garlands of flowers to the queen, and pressed affectionate attentions upon her. Here they rested until the middle of the next day. Rozé, procurator

of the department, offered to effect the escape of the king, but he declined to leave his family. "All of us, or none," said the unhappy monarch. At half-past four in the afternoon, the procession reached Epernay. Here they were made the victims of municipal eloquence, of reproaches, of gross insults. So rudely did the crowd press upon the prisoners that the queen's dress was torn by the foot of some ruffian who trod upon her skirt. The landlord's daughter stitched it up—proud of the opportunity to render to the unfortunate queen this slight service.

A short distance out of Epernay, the commissioners sent by the Assembly met the procession. Latour-Maubourg took the carriage with the two waiting-women, Barnave and Pétion entered the Berline. That night was spent at Dormans at the tavern. The mob howled about the house all night, and the captives found no rest. At five o'clock they set out again, Pétion sitting between the king and the queen. As the party neared Meaux, a priest endeavoured to push his way to the carriage. The mob seized him, and were about to tear him in pieces. "Save him," pleaded the queen, turning to Barnave. Barnave thrust himself almost out of the door, shouted his indignant remonstrance, and checked the violence of the crowd. Sister Elizabeth, when Barnave seemed about to lose his balance and fall out of the carriage, caught the patriot by the coat-tails, and swung on to him till he had finished his speech and saved the priest.

Pétion, in his Memoirs, says that Elizabeth cast looks of love upon him, and that he believes, had they two been alone, she would have given way to nature and have fallen into his arms! And yet this unmannerly lout, who scrouged in between king and queen, who munched

bread and gnawed chicken in their faces, who flung the scraps past their august noses, and who deliberately wrote down the king's sanctified sister as an incipient harlot, was the court candidate for mayor of Paris, a few months later, against La Fayette!

Meaux was reached late in the day, and the party slept at the house of the resident bishop. At six they set out for Paris, this being the last stage. The heat was intense, the dust suffocating, the mob huge and threatening. In vain the queen pleaded that the windows be let down,—her children were choking. "We'll choke them another way," was the savage answer. The gross insults heaped upon the queen wrung tears from her eyes and cries of terror from her little son. Her glorious auburn hair had begun to turn gray in 1790; this fearful journey to and from Varennes bleached it white. It was one long crucifixion. It was one relentless wrench of the rack, an endless chain of unutterable misery.

The procession skirted the walls of Paris and entered through the Elysian Fields. The multitude was immense. Even the trees and the roofs were thick with people. Nobody insulted the king; nobody greeted him. The captives entered Paris amid a vast silence,—sullen, oppressive, and ominous. The placards bore this legend: "Whoever applauds the king will be flogged; whoever insults him shall be hung." There was but one shout which was heard, and it was, "Live the Nation."

It was twilight of June 25th when the party and its military escort entered the gardens of the Tuileries. The deputies of the Assembly came out of their hall to witness the sight. The swivel bridge had been closed, and most of the crowd shut out, but the gardens were filled with

National Guards and others, wrought up to the highest pitch of passion. They wished to murder the three bodyguards, and these were saved with difficulty. The queen was the last to enter the palace. The Dukes of Noailles and Aiguillon walked on either side of her to protect her. Murmurs, deep and deadly, were heard, but no violence was attempted. It is said that Noailles offered her his arm, and that she disdainfully refused it. She tossed her keys to La Fayette—the keys of her private boxes and wardrobes. La Fayette was cut to the heart. “Your Majesty knows that I shall not touch them,” said he, in remonstrance. “But you are our jailer,” said the queen, tauntingly, “and to you belong our keys.”

According to Pétion, the king bore the prolonged ordeal composedly, as if nothing unusual was happening. “He acted as if he were returning from a hunting expedition.” The queen snatched the first opportunity to write to Count Fersen: “Do not be uneasy about us, we live.” According to Camille Desmoulins, the king, on his return to the Tuileries, exclaimed as he sank into a chair, “It’s devilish hot! That was a ——— journey, but I had had it in my head a long time.” One of the valets hove in sight. Louis called out: “Ah, there you are, and here I am! Bring me a chicken!”

The imprisonment of the royal family now became rigorous in the extreme. Not only was the palace surrounded with guards and every approach watched, not only were egress and ingress restricted to those who had permission from La Fayette, but many of the interior chambers were converted into guard-rooms, inner doors and stairways were sentinelled; and neither the king nor the queen were allowed, day or night, to be out of sight of their watchers.



The unhappy queen, to say nothing of the king, had to eat, sleep, dress, and undress in the presence of the sentinel. Even the most private details of life were not respected. One night the guard sat upon the queen's bed and forced a familiar conversation upon her. It was only after several days had passed that La Fayette became ashamed of himself, and allowed the queen a little of that privacy which no gentleman could easily deny to the lowest woman on earth.

Barnave assisted the king in drawing up the report he made to the Assembly. "Never was it my intention," wrote Louis, "to leave the kingdom. I had no concert, either with foreign powers, or with my relatives, or with any of the French emigrants. I chose Montmédy because, being near the frontier, I should have been better able to protect France from any kind of invasion, had a disposition been shown to attempt any. I have ascertained during my journey that public opinion is decidedly in favour of the Constitution. I did not conceive that I could fully judge of this public opinion in Paris. As soon as I had ascertained the general will, I hesitated not, as I have never hesitated, to make a sacrifice of everything that is personal to me. One of my principal motives for quitting Paris was to set at rest the argument that I was not free. This argument was calculated to excite disturbances."

It is evident that the king had not intended to stop at Montmédy. No preparations had been made to receive him there. He intended to go to the magnificent monastery of Orval, three leagues beyond the frontier, then occupied by the Austrians. Troops commanded by the Prince of Condé were there awaiting his arrival.

While nobody believed the report of the king, the great majority accepted it as the best that could be done—so powerful was the union of endangered interests which was in favour of putting Louis back on his throne. The vigilance of his guards, however, was not relaxed. One day, to test the matter, he started to go out of the door for a walk in the garden. The guards, without hesitating a moment, crossed bayonets in front of him, and told him he could not pass. He yielded, smiled, and went to his room to weep.

On July 11th, 1791, the remains of Voltaire were given a magnificent reinterment. At the time of his death, the Church had borne Voltaire such mortal hatred that the priests denied him the right of sepulture in consecrated ground. Only by stealth could his body be smuggled into the grave. On the site where the Bastille had stood, a pedestal was now constructed out of one of the stones of that ancient fortress, whose gloomy walls had once held Voltaire,—a victim of arbitrary arrest. The coffin containing his remains was brought to Paris from Scellieres, was received in state at the city gates, and was borne in triumph to this pedestal, on which was engraved the line: "Receive on this spot, where despotism once fettered thee, the honours decreed thee by thy country."

The next day the body was borne to the Pantheon on a car drawn by twelve horses, hitched four abreast. The six white horses were furnished, says Sergent, by the queen. An immense military escort accompanied the remains. The Assembly, the municipal authorities, deputations from learned bodies, attended officially. Voltaire had lived in exile, because his constant war upon abuses

had made France too hot to hold him. Liberated Frenchmen now rose to call him home to Paris, and to bear his ashes to the Westminster of France, the Valhalla of her great men. Muffled drums beat the funeral march, requiems played by military bands rose and fell in weird strains, as minute-guns boomed, and beautiful girls, strewing flowers, preceded the car, which passed beneath garlanded arches. It was late at night when the ceremonial was ended, and Voltaire's remains laid between those of Descartes and Mirabeau.

Voltaire was by birth one of the Privileged of France. The light of the inner circle fell full upon him. Worldly prudence said to him as plainly as words were ever spoken, "Close your ears to the groans of those who suffer; shut your eyes to the diabolism of the system which favours you, and all shall be well with you. Let the State catch up the victims of private revenge and cast them into Bastilles without warrant, and leave them there to rot without trial,—it's none of your business. Say nothing about it. Let ecclesiasticism build her fires and roast slowly at the stake any fool who has defiled her holy places, or who has denied her power of miracle. Shut your eyes to the infamy. Close your ears to the shrieks of pain. It is none of your affair: let it alone."

With such consolations the cowards of all ages have comforted themselves, and justified their acquiescence in the wrongs which governments and hierarchies perpetrate. With Voltaire such consolations failed to console. By the law of his nature, he was condemned to wage eternal war with abuses,—such as cried aloud to him in France. With wonderful perseverance, with endless zeal, with indomitable courage and marvellous intellectual power, he fought

the good fight from youth to old age — the good fight of reason, justice, and humanity, against imposture, tyranny, and cruel wrong. Voltaire lay in the Bastille while a Bourbon Louis luxuriated on the spoils of a kingdom in his golden house at Versailles. Voltaire flew, a fugitive, reviled and persecuted, while the Church, whose abuse of power he combated, turned her tabernacles into pagan temples, turned her Christian ordinances into meaningless mysteries of superstition, turned her episcopal palaces into dens of bacchanalian festivity and shameless lust.

Where was the Bourbon Louis now? A caged imbecile: his palace a Bastille; himself and his wife more cruelly fettered than if chains clanked upon them. Where was the Church? Prostrate everywhere. Political clubs held sway in convents. Released nuns and monks were sowing rampant infidelity broadcast through the land. Such elaborate imposture had been laid over the reality of Christianity, that the True was in imminent danger of being lost in the fall of the False. Church and State, as known to the old régime, were in the dust.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### “THE STICK IN THE WHEEL”

THERE being but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, it is the result, usually, which decides between the grand and the absurd. A Bréteuil, pompously strutting at Versailles, roaring out boasts which never fruit, and stamping the floor with feet which soon trot him over the frontier, is not more ridiculous in appearance than Wolfe, who at a private dining with William Pitt brags of what he will do at Quebec, and who brandishes his blade before the disgusted minister, swearing about the heroic things which he will do “with that sword”: and the smile which this gasconade provokes does not change to serious admiration until “that sword” actually does what Wolfe has promised. Events decide whether the hopeless minorities of Tooley Street, and other streets, are to be laughed at as madmen, or consecrated to national adoration as pioneers to new stages of progress. The nucleus of most revolts, social, religious, and political, has been the discontented individual. “That which was yesterday a dream of the philosopher becomes to-day the creed of a persecuted minority, and is to-morrow the accepted faith of the nations.” When John Wesley, dissatisfied with some of his little band, had purged the society until but seven remained, and was taunted with the smallness of his flock, he made the answer which all reformers make

at the Tooley Street stage: "It is not a stream I am purifying, but a fountain."

As an organization, the French Republic can be traced back to the physical basis of the "three tailors of Tooley Street" whose proclamation of "We, the people of England," is taken to be the climax of the absurd, for the number of the first republican society was three, and at its head stood the "rebellious needleman," Thomas Paine. With him were associated the ex-Marquis Condorcet, and Achille Duchâtelet. There were, perhaps, two other members, but their names are not known with certainty. It is thought that they were Brissot and Bonneville.

In the name of The Republican Society, Thomas Paine, on the morning of July 1st, 1791, posted Paris with placards proclaiming the advent of the Republic. One of these audacious handbills was even nailed on the door of the National Assembly. There was a great stir, in the Assembly and out of it. Malouet tore the paper down, demanded the prosecution of its authors, and was vehemently supported. No one knew how large might be the number of this Republican Society, nor how strong its influence. Royalists, Constitutionals, and Jacobins were all indignant and alarmed, for here was a new organization, bolder than any which had yet bidden for favour. Who could tell how far its roots had spread?

In the placard it was contended that the king, by his flight, had abdicated the throne: that no further trust was to be placed in a monarch who had fled from his post, under a fraudulent passport, disguised as a servant, breaking his oath, and seeking to join traitors and deserters with the purpose of returning with a force capable of imposing his own despotic laws. This clandestine flight proved

that Louis was either a fool, a hypocrite, or a traitor. "He holds no longer any authority. We owe him no longer obedience. We see in him only Louis Capet. What kind of office must that be in a government which requires neither experience nor ability to execute? that may be abandoned to the desperate chance of birth? that may be filled with an idiot, a madman, a tyrant, with equal effect as by the good, the virtuous, and the wise? An office of this nature is a mere nonentity; it is a place of show and not of use. Let France then, arrived at the age of reason, no longer be deluded by the sound of words. . . . The grandeur of nations consists not, as kings pretend, in the splendour of thrones, but in a conspicuous sense of their own dignity, and a just disdain of those barbarous follies and crimes which, under the sanction of royalty, have hitherto desolated Europe."

Thus spoke Thomas Paine, whose life before this, and after this, ran consistently with his motto, "The world my country, to do good my religion." According to the placards which Paine had posted, a new journal was about to be launched. "A society of republicans has decided to publish the *Republican*. Its object is to enlighten people's minds as to what republicanism is, and to show them the uselessness and vices of royalty."

France was not yet ready for this new gospel. The handbills created surprise rather than enthusiasm. The word "republican" was unwelcome to the ear. The crowds in the streets were cold, and the Assembly denounced the authors of the placard as deserving the extreme "rigour of the law." Billaud-Varennès, having proposed at the Jacobins Club, on July 1st, that they should debate the question, "Which is best for France, a Monarchy

or a Republic?" was rebuked by the president, and was threatened with expulsion.

If not members of the Republican Society, the Rolands were in full sympathy with it, and, next to Camille, were perhaps the most excited and rabid revolutionists in Paris. Madame Roland had become a political power. Her husband was now living in Paris, near the hall of the Assembly, and they were, perhaps, the bitterest of the foes of the old régime. Once upon a time Madame Roland had come up from Amiens, and had gone to Versailles to ask for a title. Had not the virtuous Roland well and truly served king and country for thirty laborious years, in matters and things pertaining to manufactures? Had not other men been given patents of nobility on grounds less meritorious? The beautiful young wife, therefore, aspired to receive at the hands of appreciative royalty such badge of especial favour as would dignify the elderly Roland and put the coronet of social glory upon Roland's lovely and brilliant wife. Posting to Versailles, the lady opened the campaign for preferment in the manner usual in such cases. She paid her court with smiles and persuasive words to grandees presumed to be powers behind the throne, besieged ministers and danced attendance upon those who were supposed to control the ministers, and acted generally upon the idea of mixing with "some influential people," as Mr. Podsnap said he would do in the memorable parliamentary campaign of Mr. Veneering for the membership from Pocket Breeches. The ambitious and talented young wife used every womanly art in the effort to scale the garden wall which stood between the Rolands and the paradise of the privileged, — very anxious to locate on the sunny side of the



old régime. She craved position, social standing, personal privileges, and tax exemptions. She laboured long and earnestly to get them. She failed, and she went back to Amiens with the taste of sour grapes upon her eloquent lips. It is related of Madame de Staël, that when she went over to England, she became a terror to the social gatherings there, and that men who wanted to do all the talking themselves used to escape by sudden, ignominious flight when they heard of her coming. It is even said that the decrepit old Duke of Marlborough, who had not spoken in some years, woke up into sudden speech and cried out, "Take me away!" when some one stated in his hearing that Madame de Staël was expected that evening. To this class of admired and dreaded women belonged Madame Roland, and we know what her friend Lemantez means when he writes, "She talked well—too well." It means that she talked too much.

It was in February, 1791, that the Rolands moved back to Paris, and opened house to their political friends. Among their visitors were Robespierre, Pétion, Buzot, Clavière, Grégoire, Thomas Paine, and Garat. Danton came frequently, but Brissot was the great man of this little coterie, while Buzot was he upon whom the Madame looked with a love which she tells us was deep, and which she assures us was Platonic. Buzot was young, Madame was young,—as for Roland, he was old, angular, and not magnetic. The Assembly had become very obnoxious to the Rolands. It talked eternally, and did nothing. Madame Roland became so disgusted that she ceased to attend the sessions. "Fools and knaves," was her description of the members. When the king fled, she was

happy. The great opportunity had come. The throne was vacant. The hour for the Republic had struck. She was so excited she could not stay at home. She went among her friends, urging her views and doing her utmost to excite people to action. "To put the king back on the throne," she wrote, "is an absurdity." But her friends were as yet in a hopeless minority, and La Fayette's programme was adopted. The king was put back — "a stick in the wheel." She was chagrined beyond measure, and discouraged. She saw no hope for the Revolution, and this feeling of despondency was shared by Robespierre. To a visiting delegation of Jacobins he declared, "All is lost; the king is saved."

The Cordelier Club alone dared to demand the Republic. According to Madame Roland's own admission, the Assembly and the Jacobins "went into convulsions" at the mere mention of the word. Thomas Paine's new journal, issued as per his prospectus, met with no encouragement. After the fourth number it died. Robespierre himself deprecated the agitation which Brissot, Paine, Condorcet, and the Rolands had commenced, considered it premature, and held it responsible for the divisions which ensued among the patriots, and for the massacre which took place on July 17th, 1791. By the premature use of the word "republic," Robespierre declared that the Revolution had been "put back half a century."

A very powerful effort was being made by La Fayette, the Duke of Rochefoucauld, Duport, Barnave, the Lameths, and Bailly to consolidate the work of the Revolution and to establish constitutional monarchy firmly and permanently. For the moment, many hitherto discordant elements harmonized. The Assembly, of which Lameth was

president, stood stanchly by the king, and the National Guard stood stanchly by the Assembly. The reforming nobles and the middle class stood arrayed against the lower orders, the workmen, the poor. Constitutional monarchy was holding the fort against turbulent democracy.

As early as April, 1791, the Assembly had limited membership in the National Guards to active citizens. In other words, property-holders controlled the military. Those who had gained by the Revolution were intrusted with its defence. When this vitally important law was proposed, Robespierre had fought it; Duport and Barnave had remained silent. On that day the leadership dropped from the hands of the triumvirate which had so long led the Revolution. Chapelier proposed a law closing the clubs. Again Duport and the Lameths were silent; again Robespierre and Pétion stood forward and contended for freedom of assemblage, of petition, of speech.

By the time Louis had returned from Varennes the old radical leaders — Barnave, Duport, and the Lameths — had retreated to the relative position occupied by Mirabeau at the time of his death, while Robespierre had become the recognized champion of popular rights. When James II. of England fled from his capital the revolutionists made no efforts to catch him. "Let him go!" said William of Orange, in effect; "the faster the better." Frightened into a panic and helped to his escape, the fugitive Stuart left his own country, where he would have been a source of trouble, and reached France, where he was a helpless exile. "A good riddance," said England, with a sigh of relief. France was not so wise. Experience had not taught her the ease of living without kings. As Louis erred in his effort to escape, the Assembly made a mistake

in bringing him back. England herself had to know the Ironsides and a Charles I. brought to the block before she could content herself with setting aside her Lord's Anointed. France learned the lesson later, and got rid of some kings who deserved the guillotine by the milder method of driving them out of the country.

Between the minority faction, led by Robespierre and Pétion, and the majority, led by Barnave, violent debates took place before the issues growing out of the Varennes affair could be adjusted.

Contending that the Revolution had done its work and should now garner the splendid results, Barnave bravely declared for king and Constitution — warning the Assembly against the radicalism which was not yet satisfied, and whose next steps would be to make war upon "all property whatever." The Assembly, by overwhelming majorities, followed Barnave's lead, the person of the king was declared inviolable, and by legislative decrees the earnest attempt was made to sponge out the ugly facts connected with the flight to Varennes. To satisfy the people, however, it was decreed that the king should be considered as abdicating if he retracted the oath he had taken to the Constitution, or put himself at the head of foreign armies, or if he permitted any one else to do so in his name.

The programme adopted by the constitutionals was perhaps the best the situation allowed, but it was clumsy. The governess and waiting-women who accompanied the royal family were under arrest, the Body-Guards were held to be criminal, and a warrant was out for Bouillé. All these people were accomplices. But to whose crime? The king's. Yet the Assembly had decreed that the king could

do no wrong. How could accomplices be punished when there was no prosecution of the principals? The thing was absurd on the face of it, and Robespierre laid bare the weakness, the falseness, of such a position with merciless logic. A few weeks later the prisoners gained their freedom under the general amnesty, moved by La Fayette, on the king's acceptance of the completed Constitution.

In his diary, Gouverneur Morris, under date of July 15th, 1791, writes: "Paris is in uproar this evening on account of the decree passed almost unanimously by the Assembly declaring the inviolability of the king. There is a great disposition for riot among the people, but the National Guards are drawn out, and so posted as to prevent mischief."

The decree of the Assembly became the topic of heated discussion at the Jacobins. Danton and Laclos, the acknowledged agent of the Duke of Orleans, urged that a monster petition should be presented to the Assembly, praying for the passage of a decree that the king had forfeited the throne. The paper was to be signed by all the political clubs throughout France, and by all the citizens of Paris who chose to do so—including women and children. No better place than the Field of Mars could be chosen for the meeting of the people who would sign; and it was so ordered. A committee was appointed to draw up the petition. Its members were Brissot, Danton, Lanthenas, Laclos, and Sergent. Laclos and Brissot wished to indicate the princes of the House of Orleans as constitutional heirs to the throne. "No," said Danton, "either the son of Louis, who alone has any right, or the Republic—which I prefer." Lanthenas agreed with Danton, and the Orleans scheme fell through. Brissot

drew up the petition, which demanded the deposition of the king; the Assembly was asked to consider whether the throne could be filled by constitutional means. The Jacobins adopted this form, but in the printing of the petition the last clause was left out.

The day on which the Jacobins took this radical step there was a secession of nearly all the members of the Assembly from the club. Duport, the Lameths, Barnave, La Rochefoucauld, Siéyès, Bailly, and La Fayette drew away from the Jacobins with a feeling as hostile to the Robespierreists as Necker, Mirabeau, and the queen had ever felt for themselves. The seceding members formed a new club, called, from the convent in which their meetings were held, the Feuillants. Their withdrawal, they firmly believed, would strike terror into the radicals. It did nothing of the kind. "He who quits the game, loses it." With similar folly, the royalist deputies of the Assembly, numbering nearly 300, and led by Maury and Montlosier, decided to take no further part in the deliberations of the Assembly.

There is much confusion in the statements which have come down to us concerning the alleged massacre of July 17th, 1791. At least four petitions are mentioned; at least two were signed at the altar in the Field of Mars. First the Cordeliers presented to the Assembly a written demand, signed by 30,000 citizens of Paris, that there should be an appeal to the country on the matter of the king's flight. The Assembly heard this prayer, but did not grant it. On the 9th of July, therefore, the Cordeliers presented a second petition, which the Assembly refused even to read. Then came the Jacobins, demanding that the Assembly recognize the flight of the king

as an abdication, which created a vacancy the nation itself must fill. This was the petition Danton's committee wrote, and which was presented to a large crowd in the Field of Mars on Saturday, July 16th. Standing upon a corner of the altar, Danton read the paper in his loud voice to the multitude, which then rushed forward to sign. A deputation was ready to bear the petition directly to the Assembly, but as they were about to start the news came that the Assembly had already passed a vote exonerating the king. The issue was too vital to sleep, and the Cordeliers determined upon a fourth petition—this time demanding a national convention to judge the king, which was to be signed on Sunday, July 17th.

Let it be borne in mind that the Assembly had done a very radical thing in decreeing the inviolability of the king. Such a law was a slap in the face to the Revolution—a touch of the spur to a mettled steed. If the decree stood, it might be the beginning of reaction, of counter-revolution. "That the king can do no wrong" was one of the dogmas which the Revolution had sought to overturn. If that principle of absolutism could be restored, why not all the others? Hence the excitement caused by the decree, and hence the popular protest. Let us bear in mind also what the petitioners intended to ask. It was that the Assembly should revise its decree of July 15th, and enact another more in accordance with the will of the people. There was nothing illegal in such a petition. The people could ask, and the Assembly could refuse; no coercion was contemplated. Let it likewise be remembered that the riot act had regulated, but had not forbidden, public meetings. The law simply required that twenty-four hours' notice of the intended meeting should

be given to the municipal authorities, and that the citizens who met should be unarmed. The radicals did not violate this law. On the contrary, they obeyed it in letter and in spirit. The formal declaration of the intention to meet was legally filed on July 16th, by a deputation of twelve, and Desmousseaux, syndic-procurator, had added to the written acknowledgment of the legal notice the words: "The law shields you!"

Out of a peaceful, legal, unarmed meeting, whose purpose was to sign a petition, how was it that a bloody massacre grew? Early on the Sunday morning, July 17th, a young man went out to the Field of Mars where stood the altar upon which the petition was placed for signatures. He wished to copy several inscriptions. While so engaged he heard the noise of a gimlet boring from beneath, and soon saw the end of it piercing the plank floor. The young man sought the guard, the planks were torn up, and there were found, lying beneath the altar, two men, one of them being an invalided soldier with a wooden leg. They had nothing with them but the gimlet, some provisions, and a keg of water. The guard seized the men and carried them away to the Gros Caillou, to the section, where the commissary of police could deal with them. An excited crowd collected, rumours, wild and exaggerated, flew from mouth to mouth, the barrel of water became a barrel of powder, and the design of the two men became one deserving instant death. What was that design? They themselves confessed that it was merely vile—to spy upwards through the gimlet-hole while patriotic women were signing the petition. Such a defence could not be expected to appease excited women, nor cool the passions of angry men. When the two prisoners were



brought out of the Gros Caillou hall to be carried to the Town-Hall, the mob made a rush, seized the two men, slew them on the spot, and stuck their heads on pikes! This was in the morning, and was not at the Field of Mars.

The rumour of this occurrence, inflated of course, came to Paris and to La Fayette, and it was believed that the Field of Mars was one vast scene of carnage. Martial law was demanded, and the disposition to grant it was only too great. Bailly and La Fayette had endured much, had been patient and forbearing, had been ridiculed and reproached for not striking disorder with a heavier hand. Was authority never to assert itself, law never to be respected? Urged by such promptings, Bailly and La Fayette were too hasty, as they had heretofore been too slow. Three councillors sent in the morning to the scene to report to the municipals returned a written declaration that no violation of law had been committed in the Field of Mars. Only a few citizens, dressed as for the Sabbath holiday, were there with wives and children, strolling about and quietly signing the petition. Twelve of the petitioners returned with the councillors and protested to the municipality against the declaration of martial law. In vain were these efforts. Bailly and La Fayette felt that the time had come when riot must be taught its lesson; there must be an end of disturbances! Influenced by the tumults of the past, hearkening to the passionate politicians around them, the municipal authorities yielded to the clamours of royalists and constitutionals, and ordered the red flag to be displayed.

"At nine o'clock," says Sergeant, "I went to see Danton, where I found Camille Desmoulins, Fréron, Brune, Momoro, and others. We talked of the murder of the two invalids,

and of the demand for martial law, which Régnaud de A. Jean d'Angély had made. We regarded this step with suspicion. Suddenly Legendre burst in, much agitated, to tell Danton and his friends that Lefèvre, another friend of the Lameths, had come to him and said: 'We are desired to tell you to keep out of Paris to-day; go and dine in the country. Take with you Danton, Camille, and Fréron. They must not be seen in Paris to-day. This advice comes from Lameth.' They took the advice, and wanted me to go with them, but I remained to keep order in the section where I presided. They did not return till next day, but an order for their arrest was issued nevertheless, and they were obliged to hide in the country for several days."

When Bailly was on his trial for the alleged massacre which followed, he was shown the documents which proved the legality of the meeting; he had not known of them when martial law was proclaimed. He was also asked if he did not believe there was a reactionary plot on that fatal day of which he had been unwittingly the tool. His reply gives a strong corroboration to Sergent's story of Lameth's warning to his personal friends among the radicals. "I did not think so at the time, but I have had reason to think so since."

The rumours of the murders, of the riot going on, and of the calling out of the National Guards, drew enormous crowds towards the Field of Mars. Mixed with law-abiding citizens were criminals and paid agitators, beyond doubt. By one o'clock in the afternoon six thousand names had been signed to the petitions, and the leaders, Santerre, Chaumette, Henriot, Maillard, and Hébert, were discussing the proposition to march in a body upon the

Assembly, and present the demands for immediate action. No matter what may have been the design of the leaders, no law had been violated by any of the people who were present this afternoon; and they were only exercising the right to petition the Assembly. If a riotous demonstration was in contemplation by the leaders, nothing had yet been done to carry it out.

But the Assembly, the municipality, and the National Guards were all agreed, this time, as to what should be done. It was decided to nip this one riot in the bud. Bailly, the ex-star-gazer, mounted his horse and rode beside La Fayette towards the Field of Mars, — where a few months ago everybody had sworn brotherly love. The National Guard was out in full force. Four hundred drums beat as the columns marched on: cannon rumbled, and over all flew the red flag. It is claimed by Sergeant that the commissioners, whom Bailly had sent to see what was the matter, came back at this moment, insisted on his return to the Town-Hall, telling him that there was no occasion for the proclaiming of martial law. Bailly replied, "The wine is drawn and must be drunk." Very dearly he paid for this remark later. Very dearly La Fayette would have paid at the same time, could the revolutionists have caught him. Two of the commissioners, Hardi and Regnault, wrote their protest against the mayor's action, in the register of the municipal council.

Bailly, the municipals who agreed with him, La Fayette, and the National Guards marched steadily on, the four hundred drums rolling. Such a movement naturally attracted a mob of sight-seers and of the lawless characters who are ever ready to take a hand in a brawl. Sergeant admits that the mob stoned the soldiers, but he says it was

the mob of ruffians who followed La Fayette's column. Others say the soldiers were hooted and pelted by the people who were already on the spot, and that a pistol was fired. Some say that Bailly read the riot act; others that he did not. Stones and mud were thrown, La Fayette's white horse was hit, and many of the soldiers struck. According to some, La Fayette gave the order to fire; others say the soldiers did not wait for orders. They fired into the dense, unarmed mass, killing and wounding. The slaughter was great, the panic complete. Men, women, and children were killed. Not a soldier was hurt. The crowd had no arms; it certainly was not expecting a fight. There may have been guilty men on the scene, but most of the -victims were surely innocent. They were men and women dressed in their Sunday clothes, who had no weapons whatever on their persons; and there were children among the slain, to whom it had all been a Sabbath outing. The petition was scattered, but its leaves were gathered up, and they are now to be seen in the archives of Paris.

How many were killed? No man can say. Morris reports "a dozen or so"; Bailly a dozen; St. Just says 2000; Madame Roland, "hundreds"; others put the number at from one to six hundred. The slaughter sickened La Fayette, and he spurred his horse before the guns and stopped it just as the cannon were about to open. The dead were thrown into the Seine; the wounded carried the story of the massacre into every quarter of the capital. The National Guards marched back to the city, silent and downcast, amid the curses of a maddened populace. Rushing away from the Field of Mars, the mob, wild with rage against La Fayette, swore, it is said, that they

would kill his wife. She was at home, within hearing of the guns, trembling for her husband's safety, and surrounded by terrified children. The mob did advance on the house, were scaling the garden wall, and were on the point of breaking in at the front door, when a regiment of cavalry, riding by chance through the square, saw the attack, charged the rioters, and dispersed them.

For the time the republicans were thoroughly cowed. Camille stopped his paper and sought safety in the country; Danton fled to England, and Marat hid himself. As Robespierre was returning from the Field of Mars on the evening of July 17th a carpenter, Duplay, came out of his shop and offered the frightened statesman shelter. The offer was accepted, and the refuge thus opened to Robespierre became his permanent home. The triumph of the constitutionals was complete. The Assembly, endorsing what had been done, voted thanks to Bailly and La Fayette. Middle-class wealth and respectability jubilated: the proletariat must lie low. The Feuillant Club jubilated: the Revolution must stop where it said stop. The Jacobins bowed to the storm, and issued an address declaring their devotion to the Constitution and their obedience to the Assembly. Pétion published a letter apologizing for the errors of the club and asserting its services to the good cause. Thus the breeze blew over. The victory of the constitutionals was not followed up. The clubs were not closed. Censorship of the press was not decreed. Radicalism was left to recover its breath, its strength, its audacity. Robespierre, recruiting his courage at Duplay's, published an address in which he reasserted his valiant adherence to the principles enumerated in the Declaration of Rights. Equality of Rights and the Sovereignty of the Nation, he

said, were the cardinal doctrines of the Revolution. The king was only the nation's delegate. He had no power save that given him by the nation. As for himself, he had no fear of royalty, and was not afraid even of royalty hereditary in one family. Madame Roland's panic was painful. "I have had enough of Paris, at least for this time." She left, soon afterwards, for Villefranche. She despaired of the Revolution. She wrote to Robespierre: "I find the people here, as in Paris, deceived by their enemies, or ignorant of the true state of things. The masses are well disposed, but are stupid or misled. Nowhere have I met people with whom I can openly talk of our political situation. I contented myself with distributing copies of your address."

Why was it that the constitutionals did not follow up their victory? They feared to do so. Threatened by rampant democracy on one side, and revengeful royalists on the other, constitutional monarchists occupied a critical position. If they went too far against the king, the democrats would rush in and establish a republic. If they went too far against the democrats, the king might rally his forces and recover his lost prerogatives. In this view of the case, which alone explains the strange halt of La Fayette and the Lameths, the attitude of the royalists in the Assembly is seen in all its folly. It was this hostile, threatening position, as against the constitutionals, which warned these moderates of the danger of going too far against the Jacobins.

## CHAPTER XXIV

THE COLONIES; CORSICAN TROUBLES; CONSTITUTION  
FINISHED AND ALL'S WELL; DUPLICITY OF THE KING;  
LA FAYETTE

WHILE the Assembly was doing so much for the white man it did not forget the black. Slavery was abolished in the colonies, as well as in the mother country. The French West Indies were the most valuable remnants of the once imperial domains France had owned abroad. San Domingo and the smaller islands of the group were rich possessions, yielding princely revenues. The government had been military and autocratic. The governor-general, appointed by the king, and a few wealthy planters ruled slaves, freed blacks, and poor whites.

The progress of the Revolution in the mother country was watched with intense interest, and varying emotions, by the colonies. Popular movements in imitation of those in France were started, and were resisted by the local aristocracy. Tumult and bloodshed ensued. The slaves, the mulattoes, the "mean whites," and the planters, formed four distinct factions. The slaves demanded freedom, the mulattoes political equality, the "mean whites" a share in the administration, and the planters the maintenance of the old order. The wealthy planters were in a minority, and they began to emigrate.

On May 15th, 1791, the Assembly decreed, on the motion

of Grégoire, that slavery was abolished, and that every man, black or white, who lived on French soil was a free citizen, and had equal rights of citizenship. Such a frantic protest against this decree was made by planters and merchants that the Assembly voted, September 23rd, 1791, on motion of Barnave, to leave to each colony the regulation of its own internal affairs. It was too late to retreat. The mulattoes of San Domingo spread the news among the blacks that they were free, and they rose in revolt—50,000 strong—and began to pillage, burn, and murder. A reign of terror commenced, and the fertile province was soon a smoking ruin. Only in the towns was there safety for the whites; and even there it required the aid of the fleets of all nations to check the work of destruction. In the other islands the same disorders occurred. Civil war between the factions raged in Martinique; in Guadeloupe, Saint Lucia, and Tobago slave revolts occurred, accompanied by great loss of life and property.

By a decree of March, 1790, the Assembly had given to all the colonies local assemblies to regulate their internal affairs. In each of the colonial possessions, whether in Africa, Asia, or America, these local bodies came into collision with the royalist authorities; and small revolutions in these distant quarters faithfully followed the great movement in France as satellites to its terrible progress. In connection with the abolition of slavery Brissot should be named. As president of the "Society for the Emancipation of the Blacks," he rendered the cause of the slave services which merit perpetual honour and remembrance.

Amid all these turmoils, what was more natural than that Corsica should strain at her fetters? When the



negro was being freed, why should a nation of whites remain slaves? Paoli was still living—an exile. Corsican patriots yearned towards their old leader, longed for his return, and dreamt of a free Corsican republic which should blaze like a gem in the Mediterranean Sea. The royal authorities sternly repressed the popular movement, closed the patriotic clubs, dismissed and disarmed the civic guard of the patriots, and declared Ajaccio in a state of siege. All factions among the Corsicans agreed in wanting local self-government, and they all resisted these high-handed measures of the king's representatives. On the night of October 31st, 1789, Napoleon Bonaparte read, in a secret meeting of the leading patriots of Ajaccio, which was held in the Church of St. Francis, a protest against the repressive measures of the royalist authorities. Napoleon was at this time lieutenant in the French army, absent on leave. The protest which he had read was agreed to and signed by all present at the meeting.

Two insurrections followed this secret meeting. The patriot cause made some progress, and the royal officers prepared to crush the movement. Salicetti, delegate of the Third Estate of Corsica to the Assembly, quieted the troubles by an appeal to Mirabeau. On November 30th, 1789, under the lead of Mirabeau, the Assembly declared Corsica a province of France, with equal rights and liberties, and not a dependency to be ruled from the War Office. In other words, Corsica should have local self-government, but not independence. An act of amnesty was also passed, allowing Paoli and his friends to return to the island. By these wise decrees the Corsicans were pacified.

On August 5th, Thouret reported to the Assembly that the Constitution was complete. The work of revision was

then taken in hand, and this was finished by August 30th. On September 3rd, the revised instrument was formally presented to the king for his acceptance. In pursuance of the constitutionalist plan of strengthening the executive, and of winning public respect back to the hapless king, the guards around the palace were removed, personal freedom was given to the royal family, and the gardens were thrown open to the people. The National Guards were encouraged to revive the sentiment of loyalty. Sixteen thousand of them, it is said, wore rings bearing the royal motto: God save the king and queen. People once more began to greet the royal family with the old cry of "Live the king! Live the queen!" Madame Roland records the fact that royal badges "increased incredibly." "The aristocrats are more sly and insolent than ever." Apparently the long lane was beginning to turn.

On the 13th of September the king wrote the Assembly that he would accept the Constitution, and that, on the next day, he would come in person to the hall, and take the oath of fidelity. The reading of this letter called forth "frantic applause." A general amnesty for political offences was decreed, and a large deputation carried the decree to the palace. With every demonstration of sincerity the king and queen declared their loyalty to the new order and its law. At noon on the 14th of September, 1791, the king appeared in the hall of the Assembly, surrounded by his ministers, and solemnly repeated the oath of allegiance to the Constitution. In the gallery were the queen and her children. The king seemed happy, the queen no less so. Joyful shouts rang, long and loud, from the happy throngs. At last the storms were over, and the ship was safe in port! With cheers and tears the

impulsive people welcomed the successful close of the long voyage. As one man, the Assembly rose and formed an escort of honour to the king, attending him back to the palace amid enthusiastic crowds, which wildly applauded king, queen, and dauphin. What a change since the return from Varennes! In public, the king and queen seemed to share the joys of the people. They smiled, and bowed, and beamed radiant faces upon all. "It is no longer the same people," said the queen in apparent ecstasy, as she viewed the applauding hosts. This joy was stage-joy—it came not from the royal hearts. As soon as the queen could shake off the crowd, she did so. As soon as the king could reach his private room, he did so. And there these two hapless beings fell to sobbing as if their hearts would break—because France had imposed a Constitution upon her king! Outside the palace was a duped and rejoicing nation, inside a humiliated and blubbering king! What security could be built upon such a foundation?

A few days later, in the presence of a multitude, the Constitution was read from the altar in the Field of Mars. A mighty shout of "Live the Nation," burst forth from thousands of happy men, artillery boomed, flags waved, all was exultation and joy. As the evening deepened, festoons of lights were lit from tree to tree along miles of avenues, and Paris rang with acclamations and blazed with illuminations. Until midnight the royal family rode about the city, welcomed everywhere by joyous shouts. Even the queen seemed touched. In the churches impressive religious services were held in honour of the great event. In the theatres royal dramas were acted amid thunders of applause. In the gardens round

the palace the people showered upon the family every mark of respect and devotion. It was a new Paris; a new people. "My God!" wrote sister Elizabeth, "what pleasures! I am quite enraptured!" The royal family attended the opera, and were received with enthusiastic demonstrations. The old glad life seemed to have come back again.

On September 30th the king went to the Assembly to assist at its final adjournment. Thouret, the president, declared that the National Assembly had accomplished its mission and was dissolved. An immense multitude awaited the deputies outside. This crowd represented mainly the lower classes in Paris, the workmen, and the poor. Maury and the royalists were greeted with laughter; Duport, Barnave, and the Lameths were cursed and hissed; Pétion and Robespierre were greeted as heroes, and borne on the shoulders of the people.

Gouverneur Morris said that in order for the new Constitution to succeed, God would have to create a new race of human beings to live under it. If history teaches anything it is that good government does not necessarily depend upon written constitutions. Because the people of North Carolina could not make the beautiful constitution framed for them by the great John Locke work successfully, it does not follow that they were worse folks than those who managed to navigate under the Blue Laws of Connecticut. Neither must any reader of history believe that the people of England or France were as bad as their political and judicial constitutions in the seventeenth century would lead one to suppose. The government was never so harsh as the barbarous letter of the law. Hence, offhand opinions as to whether a constitution will work or not go for little.

It answers every present purpose to say that the Constitution of 1791 never had a fair chance to work. The republicans pulled it up before the roots had time to grow. A brand-new system, hastily constructed, and put into practice among a people to whom its every feature was a novelty, needed patience, perseverance, and sweet oil as new machinery of all sorts needs them. Besides, to make a new invention work, they who try to make it succeed should have confidence in the machine and sympathy with its purpose. The Constitution of 1791 was not tried by its friends, but by its enemies; what it would have done under more favourable auspices can never be known.

But the people of France were not troubling themselves in September, 1791, with the problem of whether the Constitution would work or not. In their eyes it had already proved an astonishing success. "If you would behold his monument, look about you," is the epitaph of the architect of St. Paul's, lettered so that all visitors may see Wren's work while reading Wren's epitaph. In like manner, the French people wanted no better monument of their Constitution than the work it had done. To rear St. Paul's, what a vast clearing of space for the laying of foundations had to be done before the massive walls could rise, before the lofty roof could rest secure, before the mighty dome could soar into the clouds! Who counted the cost of sweeping away rubbish to make room for St. Paul's? So also the Constitution of 1791 had required an immense clearing away of rubbish, to make room for its grander proportions; and the glory of the structure was but enhanced when people considered the abominations it had displaced.

The soil of France was free; no longer railed off from the people, and railed in for exclusive deer and gamekeepers. The gratified milch cow was given the rich range of the stag, the chicken at last ventured to intrude on the quail, the delighted pig of the peasant rooted up the warren of the lord's rabbit; and the gamekeeper, who used to be afraid that the lord's buck would be shot, now concentrated all his solicitude upon himself, — the buck had been shot and cooked in the park long ago. The lord of the castle no longer laid his relentless grip upon forest and field, upon highway and town-gate, upon mill-stream and rushing river, upon slopes where the vines clung and valleys where the grain spread its mantle of gold.

The *gabelle*, the *taille*, the *Corvees*, harass us no more. The monk, the pigeon, and the rabbit no longer glean our fields. We have shot the last two; we are tempted to shoot the first. For the present we are content with having abolished tithes and with having shattered the fetters with which the Church held one-fifth of the kingdom within its greedy clutch. The tax-farmer's occupation is gone, his army of spies and informers dispersed; and in due time the day of wrath will roll round, stern Revolution will halt at his palace door and call him forth to answer for the sins of his past. The court parasites are destroyed. The Red Book showed us who had been devouring the substance of the people. We know now why the taxes were never enough, why the deficit never could be choked. We see how the vampires exhausted France's life-blood; we see how the crows picked clean her bones. Did not Mirabeau exclaim in a burst of wrath, "The D'Assas were paid a thousand livres for

saving the kingdom; the Polignacs a million for losing it"? Our money went on gambling debts, on balls, on festivals, on palaces, on bad women, on bad men, until the queen's own brother, the Emperor Joseph, said that the court of France was in danger of becoming one vast brothel or gambling-den; but we understand it now, and have applied the remedy. The king can do what he likes with his 25,000,000 francs, but after that the treasury must be put under lock and key. We must know what goes with every coin in the box. Courtiers may live to the motto of easy come, easy go, but they will do so no longer at our expense. Madame de Lamballe may get 150,000 francs as housekeeper, but not from us. The next time the queen loses a fortune at faro it must be her fortune, not ours.

With our assignats we have put to rout our financial difficulties. William Pitt has not yet turned counterfeiter, and the factories in England, Belgium and Switzerland have not yet flooded us with millions of spurious notes. Although they are now (in 1791) at a slight discount, everybody is glad to get our assignats, — courtiers, peasants, soldiers, tradesmen, lawyers, doctors, labourers, — all, from prince to pauper. Patriotic government pays its way in paper. Emigrés plot treason and pay traitors in paper. It is with 300,000 francs in assignats that Bouillé defrays the expenses of arranging the king's flight to Varennes. It is the portrait of Louis, engraved on one of the new assignats, which convinces Drouet that Durand the valet is no other than the king himself.

Great as were these achievements, profound as were the changes wrought by assignats and by freedom of trade, removal of feudal bonds, and escape from tithes and un-

equal taxation, the Revolution had not stopped there. It was not enough that the citizen should be unchained; he must be given the power to defend his liberty. Not only that, but he must have justice in the courts. Not only that, he must have power to choose his own rulers and make his own laws. In all this broad field the statesmen of the Assembly had laboured, day and night, week by week, month by month, from June, 1789, to September, 1791. Month after month the builders had plied the trowel, and the temple had risen, slowly, steadily, grandly, — while royalists intrigued, demagogues raged, and mobs howled in murderous riot. Above all the clamour of the din and the danger had been heard the potter's song, "Turn, turn, my wheel." And now the great work was done, was examined, was accepted, was ratified in palace, in cathedral, in the streets, in the myriad homes of the rejoicing French.

In less than thirty months France had burst the shell of caste, of divine right, and had evolved the higher type of popular sovereignty! With less of bloodshed than had followed many a cattle-raid, in the good old days when every lord was a bandit and every castle a den of thieves, France had done more for the cause of human freedom in two years, than England had done in two centuries; more than the remainder of Europe ever has done or seems likely ever to do!

Violence there had been, crimes and mistakes, which all deplored, but that was ended now. Order had been reëstablished, peace reigned. The hum of industry rose from every field. Famine no longer slew the poor. Riot fled before the law. No burning castle glared against the sky; no shriek of the ruffian's victim pierced the night.



Civil liberty was established ; constitutional government created. The citizen, who had stood unarmed for ages and trembled in the presence of his lord, held the ballot in his hand, and the trembling was no longer done by the citizen. France no longer consisted of king, priest, and noble ; the Nation had leaped into life, and the people could say, "The State — that is I!" Slavery abolished, distinctions of birth obliterated, avenues of advancement opened to every aspirant, trade unchained, monopoly destroyed, equality decreed, justice established, self-government assured, freedom ordained for tongue and pen and conscience. Broken were the fetters of caste ; free was the privilege and the opportunity to earn, to own, to climb the ladder from lowest rung to highest. Dead was the gospel of divine right, the creed which makes God responsible for hereditary wrong. No Bossuet would dare to preach again the fatal doctrine that "Kings are divine. They are gods on earth."

To every Frenchman the clarion voice of the Revolution came like an inspiration, "The great appear great only because you are on your knees — rise!" Who can wonder if a wave of gladness rolled over France? Why doubt when they tell us that a sunburst of happiness lit every hamlet and home? How could these people see into the future? How could they know that the worst was yet to come? How could they see the heart of king or priest or noble or demagogue, and read there the secrets which endangered the Constitution? Had not the king sworn on the holy evangelist of God? Had not the queen seemed as glad as the king, and had she not held up her children and pledged them to the Constitution, while generous Frenchmen made even her hard eyes glow with

pleasure as she heard their loyal shouts? Had not the Church seemed to accept the work? Had cathedrals not rung with anthem, prayer, blessing, and choral hallelujah?

The Revolution had come and gone. Life must be ordered to fit new conditions. So thought the majority of the French, and so thought such lookers-on as Thomas Jefferson and Gouverneur Morris. Rabaut Saint-Étienne, believing the Revolution was ended, wrote the history of it, as of a work which was as distinctly a closed incident as was the siege of Troy. Barnave's opinion was the same, and he prided himself, justly, on his share in the achievement.

And La Fayette believed it also — that the Revolution was finished. If Barnave felt satisfaction, consider what La Fayette felt! With all his heart La Fayette believed that he, like Washington, had saved his country. There was now nothing more for him to do. He could leave the dull and trivial work of maintaining order to smaller men. He himself was fatigued. Like Washington, he longed for repose. Like Washington, he must go to his country-seat and rest. Embowered in the rural quietudes of Auvergne, he could contemplate with complacency the growth of his favourite child — the Revolution. That he was its father, La Fayette never for one moment doubted. Like Washington, La Fayette threw up his military command. He did it ceremoniously, of course. He was deeply affected, and so were his devoted troops. They embraced and wept. A sword made from Bastille bolts was presented to him. Also a marble bust of Washington, and a gold medal. Were neat and appropriate speeches made? Without doubt: never was there an era when speeches were more indispensable to every incident of life.

The wearied hero then set out for Auvergne, where he was to repose himself from his toils. The journey was a continuous ovation. Due notice had probably been given in advance, and therefore the authorities were ready to deliver spontaneous welcomes. At every town and village there were enthusiastic demonstrations. The mayors all made speeches. The girls all dressed in white and strewed flowers. The bands all played; the guns all boomed; the folks all shouted. Hats were lifted and waved to La Fayette, hymns were sung to La Fayette, garlands were woven for La Fayette, hugs and kisses were lavished upon La Fayette — The Father of his Country. The hero took it all very seriously indeed. He believed it all. He enjoyed it all. He bowed and smiled to everybody; he harangued everybody; he placidly accepted the adulation of everybody; he rejoiced in the joy of everybody; and he said "Bless you, my children," with unctuous paternalism — as Necker had prematurely done once before.

The pig-headed and suicidally vicious attitude of the royalists at this period was strikingly illustrated by the old Marquis of Beaune, whose château was situated in the territory where La Fayette was now prancing and parading. The marquis's son had married the sister of La Fayette's wife. This sister was living at the château, close to which La Fayette would pass. The general's wife was with him, and the sisters were exceedingly anxious to meet. They had not seen each other in a long while, and this occasion seemed providential. But the marquis would not hear of it. Against La Fayette personally he held no hatred, but he bitterly resented his political course. The wretch! — he should not enter the house! The two sisters could only meet by stealth at the wayside inn. The

marquis shut his door in the face of the Knight of Liberty, angrily refusing to let him enter.

While La Fayette was making this triumphant progress through Auvergne, Robespierre was receiving similar ovations in the province of Artois. Arras illuminated. Songs, flowers, speeches, processions, welcomed Robespierre back to his home. Windows which were not illuminated were smashed. Arras approved her representative and was proud of him. He had gone from there a few months before an unknown village lawyer; he had returned the acknowledged leader of the Jacobins of France. By a self-denying ordinance proposed by Robespierre, the Assembly had decreed that its members should not be eligible to membership in the Legislative Assembly which was to succeed them. Therefore he, as well as the leaders he had opposed in that body, were shut out from the next convention. But with the Jacobins he was the guiding spirit, and the Jacobins were the representatives of all those Frenchmen whose hopes had been dashed to the ground by the compromise which the middle class had made with the monarchy. To all those who hated the Constitution because it was too monarchical Robespierre was the Coming Man.

## CHAPTER XXV

### THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY; THE TANGLED WEB; EMIGRATION; COBLENTZ AND WORMS

THE Legislative Assembly, provided for by the Constitution of 1791, had already been elected, and it convened on October 1st, 1791. Its members, chosen by the limited suffrage to which reference has been made, were new and untried men. Out of the entire number of 745, there were 470 lawyers. "It was little more," said Madame de Staël, "than a council of village attorneys." Most of these deputies were young; most of them poor; few of them conservative.

Historians lament the mistake made by the Constituent Assembly in disqualifying themselves for membership in the succeeding congress. Perhaps more importance has been attached to this blunder than it deserves. These new members came direct from the people, and if they were more advanced in republican principles than their predecessors, it must have been for the reason that the people had advanced. Legislatures do not revolutionize nations; it is the nation which revolutionizes legislatures. That the Legislative was more radical than the Constituent Assembly resulted largely from the error of the monarchists themselves. They haughtily held aloof, and would have nothing to do with it. Just as the Breton nobles had refused to send delegates to the Constituent Assembly, so

the royalists throughout France had acted upon the principle of "Hands off." They were unbending, would listen to no compromise, nor sanction any concession. In great numbers they had gone into exile. The château, if fire had not consumed it, was abandoned. Not many husbands cared to leave wife or child behind. Too many wives of other lords had been terrorized or slain or ravished by pillaging peasants. In the light of one blazing castle, all owners of castles read their doom. Isolated as they were, they could offer no resistance. What was one château against a thousand huts; one noble against a thousand serfs? The common instinct of self-preservation urged these lords to fly, and they had flown. Their treason was in bringing foreign foes to impose a government upon their native land. In some loyal province, La Vendée or Brittany, they might have concentrated their strength, under the flag of their own country, and afforded to royalists, who were also patriots, the opportunity to oppose the Revolution without being forced to fight France. By crossing over to Germany, forming a camp of invasion there, and assailing France with foreign armies, they leagued royalism with treason. To the radicals they gave the tremendous advantage of identifying themselves with the defence of home and native land. It was thus that the republicans seemed patriots while royalists seemed traitors.

Travelling in disguise, slipping from town to town at night, hiding themselves by day, the nobles had fled the country. They made no stand in France. They took no part in the elections. They washed their soft white hands of the whole business. Hence the Legislative Assembly did not contain a single royalist of the strict Cazalès-Maury-D'Espréménil type.

It is not impossible, however, for us to sympathize with these emigrants. Many of them were worthy men. They were not responsible for the system which the people so furiously assailed. They had been born into it. To them it seemed good. By education and environment they came to look upon it as a natural product. They could no more see the vices of the system from the standpoint of the peasant, than the peasant could see its virtues from the standpoint of the noble. The nobility regarded the Revolution as a convulsion which could not last long. It was a storm which would soon blow over. For the moment, the people were insane; but reason would return; and, with reason, the good old times. Not without pathos is the figure of this self-deceived noble. He meets his fellow-noble in the streets of Paris; they shrug their shoulders at the madness of the rabble; they deplore the weakness of the king; they commend the bold demonstrations and manœuvres going on across the Rhine. They envy those who are already there. They regret that they have delayed their own departure. "When do you start?" they ask each other lightly. Gathering what gold and silver he can find, the noble slings his wallet over his shoulder and travels by stealth, in disguise, to the Prince of Condé. He expects to be back to spend the winter in Paris—restored to all the glories of his ancestral position. In fact, he does not come back to Paris the next winter—nor the next. In fact, he becomes a wanderer upon the earth, homeless, powerless, and well-nigh hopeless. Pride must bend; and he must work, or starve. Necessity cruelly coerces him; and we find him often in rags, often hungry, often eking out a wretched existence by the most painful expedients. Impractical but gay,

wrong-headed but inflexible, he hides in a garret and lives on a potato, rather than dishonour the great name he bears by compromising with the Revolution. After wanderings in many lands, after privations cruel and humiliations innumerable, he hears from France the summons to return. It is Napoleon who says to the exile, "Come home." He answers the call. He goes home. Home—where is it? The house of his fathers is a ruin. Clouds look through the roof; the wind chases leaves through doorless halls. Fluted column and chiselled frieze lie among the weeds. The hand of desolation is over it all. Grain grows in the park; turnips on the lawn. A dirty village huddles where the gardens used to bloom. Every old familiar feature of the landscape is changed, and he stands isolated and friendless, amid the wrecks of the system he once knew, and the bustling activities of that which has swept it away. He mourns the old; he cannot fit himself to the new. He is a stranger in his own land. He is to be pitied.

The king, as we have seen, had parted with the Constituent Assembly on the best of terms. His speech breathed a mild and benignant paternalism which left no doubt of his good intentions. "When you return to your homes," said the king to the departing deputies, "I trust you will be the interpreter of my sentiments to your fellow-citizens. Tell them that the king will always be their first and most faithful friend. Tell them that he needs their love. Tell them that he can only be happy through them." Fairer words than these—words more tender and soothing—tongue could not utter. No wonder they drew tears and cheers. No wonder they



made France happy. Alas! The king was merely repeating a speech with his lips; he did not mean a word he said. That very night, a secret messenger, Goguelat, was smuggled into the palace and out again; and as he sped away from Paris he carried the letter in which the king of France sought from the Emperor of Austria armed assistance to put down the Revolution.

On the next day the Legislative Assembly met, and the king gave it the unfriendly face from the beginning. Royalty, wishing to reassert itself, dropped the paternal tone and laid aside its benignant smile. Sixty deputies, acting as a grand committee from the new parliament, went to the palace to notify the king of its presence and organization. Louis declined to see them. One of his ministers met the delegation, and the deputies were informed that his Majesty would receive them some other day. The delegation insisted upon seeing his Majesty that day; and he sent word that he would give them an audience at noon on the following day. At the appointed hour he received them; but the irritation on both sides appeared in the coldness and the brevity of the meeting. "I cannot visit you till Friday," said the king, as the committee withdrew. When the Assembly heard the report of its committee it was deeply offended. Every young lawyer there felt that his dignity had been rubbed the wrong way. Among them were many brilliant talkers, — men who had charmed the juries in the provinces by their eloquence and the justice of the peace by their learning. Out of these 470, there were probably 465 each of whom believed that he was the coming man; that the salvation of France depended upon him; that the mantle of Mirabeau was none too large for his shoulders. Mirabeau had

leaped to fame at a bound, by throwing his gauntlet with a clang at the feet of the king, and this he had done at the opening of the session. Why should not the young and rising attorney of this Assembly do the same? What Mirabeau had done at the risk of his life could now be repeated with no risk whatever. Everybody now knew there was no fight in Louis XVI. Men who knew whom to kick had no fears about Louis. Events had shown that anybody could kick him. Consequently, when the committee of sixty returned from the palace with feelings hurt by the ungracious reception they had met, some dozens of young lawyers rose to their feet and made speeches—fiery and frothy speeches. They had been insulted. The king had put upon the successors of Mirabeau and Barnave and Siéyès a public humiliation. Therefore, what? The Assembly must retaliate. They must assert the dignity of the nation. How? By abolishing those forms of address so dear to the heart of kings, Sire and Majesty. These titles are mere vanities; they are relics of feudalism; they savour of tyranny—away with them! To this purpose went speech and vote. When the legislators had done this brave thing and gone forth from their hall, they expected to be met by the acclamations of applauding multitudes. They were not met that way at all. They were met with sneers, scornful glances, contemptuous comments. Public opinion disapproved their littleness and spite. Such a tempest in a teapot excited ridicule. The Assembly keenly felt this current from the east, and the obnoxious decrees were repealed.

Gouverneur Morris writes at this time: "The people of this city (Paris) have become wonderfully fond of

their king; and they have a thorough contempt for the Assembly. The entire royal family attended the Italian opera, and were given an ovation. The people cried out continually, 'Live the king, the queen, and the royal family! Sire, live your Majesty!'" Morris says, "This is the very same people which, when the king was brought back from Varennes, whipped a democratic duchess of my acquaintance because they only heard the last part of what she said, which was, 'It is not possible to say, Live the king!'" Morris adds, "She had the good sense to ask the gentleman who was with her to leave her. Whipping is an operation which a lady would rather undergo among strangers than before acquaintances."

Pursuing their victory too far in turn, the royalists left the final triumph with the Assembly. For the royalist journals, well paid by the court, alarmed all the popular factions by claiming too much. "See how contemptible is this revolution!—how conscious of its own weakness. See how in two days it has given itself the lie. How can we fear a power which trembles at its own audacity, and retreats from its own position? The Assembly has abdicated by not completing that which it had begun. The Revolution does not advance. It retreats. The king has conquered without striking a blow." Thus the royalist journals! Could anything have been madder? If Robespierre, Danton, and Marat had had money to spend in the cause of radicalism, could they have paid it to writers who were capable of doing more harm to royalty?

Thrown upon the defensive by the false move of the Assembly, the Jacobins changed their plan of attack. They began to circulate rumours of the king's intended flight;

they preached the dangers of counter-revolution; they magnified the preparations of the emigrants and the armed movements of hostile kings. Every Jacobin tongue was an alarm-bell. Happily for the radicals, the royalists furnished them liberally with ammunition for the assault. There were the army and emigrants, drilling and recruiting. There was the confederation of the European kings, threatening and concentrating. There were intrigues at the palace, and discussions of plans to escape. There were dismissal of priests who had taken the oath and the employment of chaplains who were law-breakers. There was refusal on the part of the king and queen to organize the household service at the palace in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution.

Therefore the Jacobins had enough to talk about. The mother club at Paris, closely affiliated with similar clubs scattered throughout the kingdom, had a machinery for agitation which was perfect. The constitutionals had created it for use against the royalists. The Jacobins had captured it, to use it against both royalists and constitutionals. When the founders of the clubs seceded from the Jacobins in Paris, they made the attempt to attach the affiliated clubs to themselves. The effort failed. After some little hesitation, the clubs of the provinces adhered to the mother club at Paris, and the seceders, the Feuillants, were deprived of the powerful mechanism of revolution which they had created. They were battered by their own guns. At the head of this vast organization stood Robespierre. He sold out the little property the family owned at Arras, and he came to Paris to live, he and his brother Augustin and his sister Charlotte. This was in November, 1791.

It was not till after the Assembly had repealed its offensive decrees that the king paid them his official visit. His speech was warmly received, was generously applauded, and he himself was treated with every mark of consideration. But he came away with feelings cruelly lacerated. The president had not shown him that deferential courtesy which kings had ever received in France. The president had risen to his feet when the king had risen, but had also sat down when the king had sat. This was galling, but it was not all. The president had taken off his hat when the king had uncovered, but had also put his hat back on when the king had covered. This duel of etiquette left the king bleeding inwardly. He went home with a swelling heart; as soon as he was alone, he wept. More than ever he and the queen felt that relief must come from abroad. A plan for another flight was laid for October 27th, but miscarried.

There was but one party in France which sincerely favoured the Constitution. This was known, from the name of its club, as the *Feuillant*; and its leading men were La Fayette, the Lameth brothers, Barnave, Duport, and Siéyès. The party represented the liberal nobles and the bourgeoisie, or middle class. It was strong in wealth, talent, and social position. It controlled the ministry and the army. In the new Assembly it had 150 avowed adherents; the Jacobins had an equal number. The majority of the deputies were unattached to either wing, were called the Centre, and wavered from one extreme to the other. There were, however, nearly one hundred deputies who were looked upon as royalists, and who usually voted with the constitutionals. The weakness of the constitutionals, or *Feuillants*, lay in the hostility of the king, the nobles,

and the priests above, and of the radicals below. The nobles of the old régime could never pardon them for having abolished titles, privileges, and vested rights. The priests of the old order could never forgive them for sacrilegious interference with the power and the property of the Church. The radicals, composed of honest republicans, restless demagogues, discontented workmen, and the disfranchised poor, could never forget that they themselves had borne the brunt of the battle, had contributed mightily to the victory, and had been denied a fair share of the spoils.

The constitutionals felt the supreme importance of preserving public confidence. They felt that if the king wavered he was lost, and they with him. Therefore they surrounded him with trusty counsellors. Duport and the Lameth brothers did their utmost to hold him to one consistent and patriotic line of constitutional policy. Barnave, especially, swayed by personal sympathy as well as patriotic purpose, lingered in Paris advising the king and queen. His care was thrown away; his devotion wasted. While he talked submission to the Constitution they schemed and hoped for a restoration of the old order. Generous gentleman! he wore himself out in a thankless service. A patriot if ever there was one, he did his best to reconcile the Revolution and the monarchy, civil liberty with established forms. Between the two irreconcilable extremes, between the two rushing millstones of discordant systems, he was caught and crushed.

One cannot but pity this helpless king, this miserable queen. Frowning rocks and unseen reefs menaced every turn of the tortuous channel through which the storm-driven ship was trying to work its way. The old sup-

ports of the throne had failed; neither king nor queen would rely upon new ones. The hierarchy of the most powerful Church the world had ever seen had done nothing effective for throne or altar. Stripped of their vast estates, reduced by law to an equality with other citizens, the clergy had not been able to do more than stir up local insurrections and to give the beleaguered Louis an abundance of evil counsel. The Church had lived so unworthily before the world that men had lost confidence in it, and therefore in the day of its trial it could neither save itself nor others.

The other natural support of the throne, the nobles, had proved even more impotent. Time had been when the king of France had only to spring into the saddle, plumed hat on head, flash his sword out of its scabbard, and cry to the noblemen of France, "To me!"—and he would be followed, ay, to the death, by as dauntless a host as ever drew blade for crown and country. Never a king who needed them worse than now, but two most essential things were lacking—a king who could lead and a noblesse that would follow. Apathy held the king; as for the nobles, the nimblest had been quickest to run. Those who remained were a few withered old peers who needed the support of canes when they walked, or indiscreet youngsters whose numbers were few and whose behaviour was vastly more damaging to the king than to the Revolution. Instead of being a support to him, they were so many millstones round his neck. They talked with reckless violence, they wrote with intemperate zeal, they acted with no caution or wisdom. If the Feuillants offered to the king a carefully digested programme which he seemed inclined to adopt, the cour-

tiers were sure to talk him out of the notion. If the royalists hit upon a scheme which gave them grounds to hope for relief, the courtiers were sure to boast and blab. Selfish, uncompromising, feeble and vindictive, heedless and hot-headed, they were as deaf to the words of king or queen as they were to the counsellings of patriotism or common sense. At this eleventh hour of the monarchy, when the day was well-nigh spent and the nightfall at hand, these imbeciles of the court were as eagerly busy in thwarting Barnave and Duport as they had ever been in checkmating Turgot, Necker, or Mirabeau.

The queen's friends, the noble ladies who loved the monarchy for what they could get out of it, abandoned her when the empty honours and fat sinecures of the court were abolished. The Constitution had provided certain new offices in lieu of the old, and had fixed the salaries for them. Louis refused to fill up these offices of his household, because he did not wish to acknowledge the validity of what the Assembly had done. In vain Barnave urged the queen not to play thus into the hands of her enemies. In vain he strove to show her that her course would give offence, excite suspicion, and inflame revolutionary passions.

In spite of all Barnave could say, the civil household was not formed. "If this constitutional household be formed," said the queen, "not a single noble will remain with us, and upon a change of affairs we should be compelled to discharge the persons received in their places." There we have it! "Upon a change of affairs,"—meaning the counter-revolution. "Perhaps," added she, "perhaps I might find some day that I had saved the nobility, if I now had the resolution to afflict them for a time; I



have it not. When any measure which injures them is wrested from us, I am subjected to mortification. None of them comes to my card-party; the king goes to bed alone, unattended. The nobles punish us for our misfortunes; no allowance is made for political necessity." How natural this is, and yet how ludicrous an exposure of the royal weakness!

The most powerful of the leaders of the Revolution have rallied round the throne, saved the king's life, reinstated him in his place, shot down the rioters who dared to ask for the abolition of the monarchy, and put themselves under the king's orders, to advise him, act with him, and uphold him. These men have often demonstrated their power. Neither king nor queen doubts it, for they have felt it, and still feel it. And yet the counsels of these mighty leaders must be rejected. Why? Because if it is acted upon a handful of courtiers, whose pitiable incompetency has already been shown a dozen times, will pout and sulk. If the advice of Barnave is followed and the constitutional law of the land obeyed, nobody will come to take a hand with the queen at a game of cards, and help her to keep going that comfortable inquiry, "What's trumps?" This is bad enough, but the king's punishment will be severer still. If he dares to act in obedience to the Constitution, he will have to go to bed by himself. Not a lord in all the palace will ever again help the king to pull off his breeches. Reduced to its last analysis, the poutings and sulkings of the courtiers amounts to that, and nothing more. But it is too terrible to be borne, and therefore Barnave and the Constitution must not stand between royalty and its palace friends. Let monarchy go to ruin, our heads fall if need be, but the

queen must have a partner at cards, and the king must have aid in getting outside his shirt. How hard it is to be patient with these people! We do not feel any surprise when we hear Catherine of Russia sum up the situation thus: "The king is a good sort of man, and I would like to aid him, but one cannot help a man who will not be helped."

One would naturally suppose that a common danger would have drawn all the royalists together, but it did not. Wheresoever three or four royalists were assembled together, there three or four factions fought. In Paris, furious differences existed; at Coblenz the same. In the royal family itself, composed now of but three adult members,—Louis, Marie Antoinette, and sister Elizabeth,—there were three distinct parties. No two of them could agree. The queen favoured an armed congress of European powers, and disapproved the plans of the emigrant princes. Elizabeth sympathized with the emigrant princes, and had no confidence in the armed congress. Hence bickerings between the two royal ladies — bickerings and heart-burnings. The king, too, was a source of wear and tear to the queen. He was so inert, so negative, so vacillating, yet so obstinate in unexpected places. Incapable of making sure of the king, and irritated by the opposition of Elizabeth, the queen's anguish of spirit wrung from her the despairing cry, "Our domestic life is a hell."

If the knightly devotion of one true man, strong and resourceful, could have saved the queen, she had never fallen. Count Fersen drew nearer to her as the days grew darker, and laid his life at her feet. With antique self-oblivion this high-minded Swede nursed no other

thought, harboured no other purpose, than to spend and be spent for the queen. He had been to Vienna, hoping to serve her with her laggard brother; he had now returned to Brussels, to be in hearing if she called. The acceptance of the Constitution had puzzled him — the public pledges, the solemn oaths. Perhaps, after all, the king really meant it; and the Revolution was over. If so, there was no further need of him. He could return to his home in Sweden, and devote himself to his own affairs. But, to make certain, he wrote to the queen, asking her three direct questions: "1st. Do you intend to place yourself sincerely on the side of the Revolution; and do you believe that there is no other resource? 2nd. Do you wish to be aided, or do you wish all negotiations with other courts to be discontinued? 3rd. Have you a plan, and what is it?" Here is the queen's reply: "Do not be alarmed. I am not going over to the fanatics. If I see and have communication with some of them, it is only to make use of them; the fanatics inspire me with too great a horror for me ever to go over to them. Be undisturbed. I shall never go over to them."

While the queen was holding this language to Fersen, the emigrant princes at Coblenz were denouncing her as a "democrat," and were treating her emissary, Goguelat, with raillery and insult. For the royalists at Coblenz were, like the royalists in Paris, rent into factions. Calonne was the accepted minister at this mimic court, and Calonne not only hated Bréteuil, the queen's agent, but hated the queen also. The royalist journal, published across the Rhine, was not less insulting in its allusions to Louis and Marie Antoinette than the republican press in Paris. Well might the king say to Fersen, in a secret interview

at the Tuileries in February, 1792, "I have been forsaken by everybody."

The crowned heads of Europe had shown intense interest in the revolutionary movement in France, but how to deal with it was a puzzle. Their interference might do more harm than good. Any combined action on their part might unite all Frenchmen against the intruding kings; the cause of Louis XVI. might become identified with that of foreign invaders, and thus his position might be rendered even more desperate than it was. Hence the crowned heads were slow to act. They allowed the emigrant princes to establish a court and camp upon German soil, and to send emissaries hither and thither to represent the cause of the old régime, but further than this the European kings showed no haste to go.

Each of them had more or less trouble of his own; each of them was reluctant to intermeddle by armed invasion with the affairs of France. The Russian empress, Catherine II., was keeping her attention riveted upon Poland. She considered this a good opportunity to devour it. Having business of this sort at home, her replies to the appeals of Marie Antoinette were as cold as a blast of wind from the Winter Palace. The king of Prussia was slightly warmer, having been tempted by the Count of Artois to cast eyes of desire towards Alsace and Lorraine, the lost provinces which Germany grieved for then, as France does now. England was as yet neutral. The radicals of the Terror had not yet sufficiently justified the prophetic ravings of Edmund Burke to turn English sentiment strongly against the Revolution, and therefore when Madame de Lamballe hurried over to London, saw William Pitt, and implored support for the Bourbon cause, that statesman intimated

that the Bourbons alone were responsible for the situation in which they found themselves.

The king of Sweden, Gustavus III., was ever so willing to help the distressed Louis, but was not able. He had neither the money nor the troops. All he could furnish was zeal, which comforts, but does not save. His opinion, as expressed in writing to the Empress of Russia, was that she should furnish him money and troops in behalf of Louis and Marie Antoinette, but as Catherine's opinion was different, that of Gustavus did not affect results.

As to Austria, it did seem that she ought to do something, but she did not. The Emperor Joseph had probably loved his sister, the queen of France, and had perhaps been willing to come to her rescue, but his position was full of embarrassment. He was entangled in a war with the Turks, and he had commenced certain ill-advised reforms in the Netherlands. Of the two difficulties, the war with the Turks was the less harassing. It seems that nobody in the Netherlands wanted his reforms, and the resentment of vested interests was so vigorous that rebellion spread throughout those provinces. Hence, the troubles of his sister drew from him no more than sympathetic letters containing liberal quantities of good advice. He died in February, 1791, and was succeeded by his brother Leopold. This brother of the queen of France became the hope of the French royalists, but he died before he was able to bring aid. He lived long enough to create the impression that he did not intend to bring any. His course was so timid, his plans so uncertain, his purposes so vague, that he discouraged Gustavus, mortified the queen, and excited the contemptuous ridicule of the emigrés.

"I wonder what this brother would do if they were to murder his sister," asked the Count d'Allonville one day of the Prince of Condé.

"Perhaps he would venture to go into mourning for her," was the bitter reply.

"The false Florentine," as Count Fersen called the Emperor Leopold, did at length venture to hold a conference and to issue a proclamation. In May, 1791, there had met at Mantua the kings of Sweden and of Prussia, the Emperor of Austria, and the Count of Artois, to consider what could be done in behalf of the king and queen of France. A plan of a general coalition was discussed, and it was agreed that Austria, Prussia, the German principalities, Sardinia, and Spain should furnish troops for the invasion, with the purpose of restoring to its former power the Bourbon dynasty. The coalition was for the present to be kept secret, though Louis XVI. was officially informed of it by the Count Durfort, sent by the conferees for that purpose. Neither Louis nor Marie Antoinette wished to be saved solely by Artois and Company, and hence their effort to escape to Bouillé.

On August 27th, 1791, the Emperor Leopold, the king of Prussia, and the Count of Artois again met in conference, this time at Pillnitz, near Dresden. Events had travelled rapidly since the Mantuan meeting, and the conferees now felt bold enough to resort to pen and ink. They issued an insolent manifesto, in which they declared that the cause of Louis was their own. They demanded that the king be set at liberty, the Assembly dissolved, the Bourbon throne restored, and the German princes reinstated in their feudal rights in Alsace. In case the Revolution refused to roll backward at the command of

these modern Canutes, armed invasion of France was threatened by the confederated kings. By the insertion of four words into the declaration, an Austrian diplomat broke the force of it. The blustering kings were made to say that they would invade France "in the event" that there was concert of action among all the European nations, and it was well known that England would not join the coalition. As was said by Malet du Pan, the Pillnitz conference was nothing more than "an august comedy."

While the Emperor Leopold was feebly attempting to intimidate the revolutionists by such conditional threats as these, he secretly advised Louis to accept the Constitution and compromise with the Revolution. Similar views were held by the king of Prussia, who most cordially detested the emigrant princes, and wanted them to leave the German side of the Rhine. The king remained stupidly impassive, but Marie Antoinette rose under the pressure. Her courage, her energy, her determination to resist the Revolution to the end, never faltered. Had her mental gifts been ampler, her struggle might have been rewarded by less tragical results. She had no depth of intellect, no capacity to form a good plan, and no judgment to aid her in passing upon the plans of others. Those who tried to advise her complained that it was impossible to fix her attention upon any line of action, or to explain any policy to her in a manner which she could fully understand. She was no judge of men or of women. Those whom she trusted were incompetent as a rule; and even when a Fersen or Bouillé was selected, they were not allowed to carry out their plans in their own way.

It is obvious enough now that after the flight to Varennes the only hope of the monarchy was in the constitutionals. To secure to themselves the enjoyment of the advantages which they had gained by the Revolution, and because of the necessity of keeping republicanism down, they had earnestly set themselves to the work of steadying the tottering throne. Both in foreign and domestic policy they counselled the queen at every step. They even took the pains to prepare rough drafts of communications to be sent to the Powers, as well as to the emigrant princes. The queen copied out what was suggested and sent the courier away with it, but at the same time she sent secret instructions to her correspondents not to regard what she had thus written. Read what the inflexible woman writes to the Austrian ambassador:—"On the 29th I wrote you a letter which you will perceive is not in my style. I considered it expedient to yield to the wishes of the leaders of the party here, who gave me a rough draft of the letter. I wrote another to the emperor yesterday. I should be humiliated by it if I did not expect that my brother would understand that in my position I am obliged to do and to write all that is exacted of me." In another letter, after mentioning that the De Lameths, Duport, and Barnave are trying to help her, she adds, "But, despite the good intentions which they manifest, their ideas are exaggerated, and can never be in harmony with ours."

The Abbé Louis, devoted to her cause, earnestly sought to be of service to her in this time of need. He had a long conference with her and counselled her in accordance with the views held by the constitutionals. The queen appeared to be convinced, and commissioned the



abbé to see Mercy, the confidential representative of herself and of the Austrian emperor. Before the abbé could reach Brussels, the queen had notified Mercy not to listen to him. "The Abbé Louis will soon join you; he will say that he is accredited by me to talk to you. It is essential that you appear to listen to him, but do not be influenced by his ideas."

At the same time that the Abbé Louis was being sent to Brussels, De Coigny was despatched to Coblenz. In the presence of his ministers and Feuillant advisers, the king gave to De Coigny a letter to be delivered to his brothers, calling upon them to return to France. In this letter the king told his brothers that the French approved of the Constitution, that therefore it was the wiser plan for the princes to submit to it, and he therefore summoned them, together with all the emigrants, to come back. De Coigny was one of the confidential friends of the king and queen, and the emigrant princes knew that he was competent to speak to them of the secret views held by the captives at the Tuileries. Therefore, when Provence and Artois had read the king's letter, they asked De Coigny if it represented the real wishes of the king. "I do not think so," answered he; and the princes, glad to have such an excuse, became more active than ever in their efforts to bring about armed intervention in the affairs of France.

Pursuing systematically this policy of deception, the secret views of the king and queen were represented at Berlin by the Viscount Caraman, at St. Petersburg by the Marquis Bombelles, at London by Mr. Crawford and the bishop of Pamiers.

The menace to the peace of France was not so much

the proclamations of the kings, as it was the army of the Prince of Condé, which lay at Worms, and which encouraged malcontents within the kingdom. This army had been slowly forming ever since 1789. The emigrants, who had first gone to Turin and to Worms and Brussels, gradually concentrated at Coblenz in the territory of the elector of Trèves. Here they had formed a mimic court, the king's brothers being the nominal sovereigns. Ministers were appointed, ambassadors sent to foreign courts, civil and military establishments formed, and the old régime, on a small scale, set up in all its glory. Etiquette breathed freely again, wore all its feathers, put on all its airs, and thanked God that the art and occupation of the courtier would not perish from the earth. All the pride, all the greed, all the arrogant intolerance of the old régime of France was seen here in Trèves.

Offices, honours, distinctions, pensions, were scrambled for as feverishly at Coblenz as they had ever been at Versailles. They were the proudest, shallowest, most confident men on earth. They believed that they would be back in France in a few weeks, restored to all their abolished grandeur, and able at leisure to punish foes and reward friends. Before a single egg of counter-revolution had been laid, these arrogant emigrants struggled with each other furiously over the distribution of the chickens. Who was to be regent; who prime minister; who comptroller; who foreign secretary; who marshals? All these issues were fiercely debated, and gave rise to endless heart-burnings.

So confidently intolerant were these emigrants, that they began to punish nobles whose emigration seemed tardy. The warmth of the emigrant's reception depended

on the time of his arrival. If he came very late, — being a man who should have come early, — he was given an icy stare, a cold hand, a marble heart, and, perhaps, a ducking in the cool, convenient Rhine. While sister Elizabeth favoured the designs of these emigrants, the queen judged them more correctly. She knew that they wanted the old régime restored, minus Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. “I see clearly what they are doing for themselves,” said she, “but I cannot see what they are doing for the king.”

The officers of the French army had all been nobles. With few exceptions, these had joined the emigrants. The Minister of War reported to the Legislative Assembly that nineteen hundred officers had deserted their posts, carrying their regimental colours with them, and had gone over to Condé. In this camp, plans of invasion were publicly discussed. With boundless assurance the nobles spoke of their purpose of marching into France, crushing the Revolution, restoring the throne, establishing the privileged orders in their former position, and wreaking bloody vengeance upon the incendiaries who had disturbed the good old system. These designs were well known in France. The emigrants themselves took pains to give them circulation. Not by boastful talk alone, but by pamphlet and proclamation, they warned France of their preparations and of their purpose.

## CHAPTER XXVI

AVIGNON HORRORS; PÉTION MAYOR; ÉMIGRÉS AND PRIESTS; GIRONDINS AND JACOBINS; DRIFTING INTO WAR

TOWARD the close of 1791, the political outlook became increasingly gloomy. During the year there had been revolutionary horrors in Avignon, and royalist insurrections in La Vendée, Calvados, and Gevaudan.

The sixty odd murders committed by the ferocious Jourdan, the Head-chopper, upon the royalists of Avignon, were the result of local feuds and of individual malice. The old strife between priests and people had never burnt out, and each faction had nursed its wrath against the other. The rumour spread among the excited Catholics that the marble face of the Virgin's image had turned red during a night, and that she had wept. The shame and grief of the marble virgin wrought mightily upon the devout fanatics of the one faction, and the fanatics of the other pretended to fear that the blushes and the tears of the virgin were but clerical preludes to a local St. Bartholomew. Armed with this excuse, Jourdan and his party seized upon the leading royalists of the place, subjected them to a mock trial, and condemned them to immediate death. Sixty odd bodies of these victims were thrown into the tower of the building called the Glacière. This shocking crime aroused the revolutionary authorities, and

Jourdan's gang was suppressed. He himself was sent to Paris for trial, and although he escaped the penalty of this crime for the time being, and returned to Avignon a free man, he was nevertheless put to death by the Revolution two years later.

The disorders in La Vendée, Gevaudan, and Calvados were instigated by the rebellious priests. Riots and insurrections against the lawful authorities broke out, and much blood was spilled, but nobody was ever punished for the crimes.

These disturbances, however deplorable, did not affect the general peace of the kingdom. Paris remained quiet, and therefore the nation kept quiet. The agitators of the capital were growing ever more audacious in speech, but as yet no leader raised hand against the law. The "Massacre of the Field of Mars" was too recent to have been forgotten, and its restraining influence still prevailed.

Had Bailly remained mayor and La Fayette commandant the story might have been quite different. But La Fayette, as we have seen, had resigned his command of the National Guard, and Bailly had laid down the mayorship. No successor to La Fayette was appointed. It was decreed that each one of the city-district commanders should, in reliefs of a month, exercise command in chief. Instead of having a general, the National Guard of Paris merely had a succession of colonels. Thus the unity of the force was destroyed, and its character changed. It had no colonel who could fill La Fayette's shoes, and had it possessed such a man, the rotation system would have paralyzed his efforts. Hence it is that we hear no more of the National Guard. It became a part of the

mob. Instead of remaining a support to law and order, it became an accomplice to riot and rebellion.

Two candidates stood forward for the mayoralty—Pétion and La Fayette. To the amazement and disgust of the constitutionalists, the influence and the votes and the money of the court were thrown as heavily against La Fayette as the queen could throw them. Pétion was elected. Among all her blunders, the queen made none greater than this. It gave to the radical faction the vast advantage of controlling the machine in Paris and in the National Guard. Paris was the Revolution, and the republicans now held it—by grace of the queen! Bailly, while a reformer, was a monarchist and a courtier. So was La Fayette. Pétion was a republican, a demagogue, a vulgar panderer to popular passion. Bailly had gone to the palace on New Year's Day of both 1790 and 1791 to formally extend to the king the congratulations and good wishes of the season. Pétion did nothing of the kind. Raised to office by the queen's help, he remained the same man who had flung chicken bones past her nose on the return from Varennes. He heard the rumbling of the gathering insurrections of the next summer, saw all the cohorts of riot marshalled for the attack, and he never lifted a finger to save the victims.

But as already stated, Paris continued tranquil. We find the queen at St. Cloud with her children during the fall of 1791, taking the country air, and enjoying the pleasures of that delightful country-seat. They were watched, it is true, for they needed watching. Plans of escape were discussed, but were betrayed. Some servant eaves-dropped, or some courtier blabbed. The guards were doubled, and extra precautions taken. Beyond this

the royal family saw, as yet, no change in the manner of their treatment. Courtly forms were observed, levees were held, and the king yet seemed to reign.

The war-cloud which was gathering on the German frontier was large enough in reality to alarm the most conservative: pictured by professional agitators, it became a source of horror and dismay. The nerves of the people were so shaken by the continual clamour about the war, Prussian invasion, and royalist risings within France, that the public pulse bounded with feverish fluctuations. The wildest rumours flew. The Prussian army was in motion; Condé had marched; Austrians were thickening in the Netherlands; Strasburg had been betrayed; patriots would soon be murdered in their beds. Isnard screamed in club and Assembly; Brissot declaimed in print and speech. Even Vergniaud was caught up in the delirium and saw "spectres of the Medici gliding along the corridors of the Tuileries," preparing "another St. Bartholomew of patriots."

In the clubs harangue upon harangue, night after night, week after week, shook the domes as Danton, Robespierre, Isnard, Brissot, Tallien, Collot d'Herbois, Billaud-Varennes, and Gaudet fulminated against foes, hidden and revealed; plots, known and suspected; traitors, seen and unseen; dangers, real and fancied; enemies, foreign and domestic. As Dumont says, "One may laugh at these imaginary terrors if he will, but they made the second Revolution."

For opposite reasons Girondins and Feuillants favoured war; the former because they believed that war would destroy the monarchy and pave the way to the republic; the latter because they believed that war would put an end to domestic discords and would strengthen the mon-

archy. In the salon of Madame de Staël there was clamour for war; at the house of Madame Roland all favoured war; and the reasons advanced in the one place were just the opposite of those brought forward at the other. Brissot, who voiced the opinions of the Girondins, wrote: "If the peace lasts for six months, it will strengthen a despotic sceptre in the hands of Louis XVI., or a usurper's sceptre in the hands of the Duke of Orleans. War alone, war soon, can give us a republic; we shall always be opposed by the Constitution, and it is only by war that the Constitution can fall. It is the only means of unveiling the king's treachery. We have need of being betrayed; we have only one fear, viz., that we shall not be betrayed. Treason would be fatal to the traitors and useful to the people."

How long was the National Assembly of France to allow these hostile camps on her borders? What nation is required by international law to submit without protest to the formation of armies of invasion on her frontier? These provocations had existed a long time. Ever since 1789 France had been threatened by emperors, kings, and emigrants. Foreign courts rejected the ministers sent out from Paris, and accepted those sent from Coblenz. For the purpose of dictating to France her domestic policy, European monarchs had met in formal conference, had agreed upon plans of coercion, and had issued threatening proclamations. The number of troops to be furnished by each confederated monarch had been discussed and agreed upon. All this formidable preparation was mere empty form, we are told by certain historians. How do they know? Suppose it was mere pretence, how was



France to know it? How is a nation, any more than an individual, to know that the enemy who gets his gun, presents it, and threatens to shoot, does not mean to shoot? Nations so threatened have the rights given by universal law to individuals so threatened, — to act as though the danger were as real as it appeared to be at the time to the party threatened. The right of self-defence was not made for the dead. It was not meant to grace the funeral, but to prevent it.

Not only were the European Powers at fault in their own coalitions and proclamations, but they were at fault in allowing their territory to be used for hostile purposes by the emigrant French nobles. From the Counts of Artois and Provence down to the deserters from the ranks of the army, these men were arming, drilling, recruiting, and agitating for an invasion of France. Condé raised regiments; the Duke of Bourbon, his son, did the same, and even his grandson, the Duke d'Enghien, whom Napoleon shot, was engaged in the same business. The Prince of Nassau-Seigen, the Viscount Barrel-Mirabeau, and the Count de Bussy all had their regiments, getting ready to carry fire and sword into the Fatherland. Even his Eminence, the Cardinal de Rohan, of diamond-necklace fame, was indefatigable in his efforts to raise and equip forces to carry war into France. Altogether, this force of Condé numbered 23,000.

The French Revolution had not yet assailed other nations. No attempt had been made to propagate French principles in Germany, Spain, Sweden, Russia, or England. Why, then, should these nations league themselves against France? Because tyranny overthrown in one land endangers it in others. The cause of one king

and aristocracy is the cause of all; hence the long-continued and tremendous efforts which the confederated kings made to put down the French Revolution. It is true that the Pope alleged that he had been wronged in the annexation of Avignon, which a predecessor of his had bought in the manner already stated, but the people of Avignon now held the idea that they belonged to themselves, and not to popes, kings, princes, and potentates, and they had therefore sought incorporation into France, and had accomplished it. This was the Pope's grievance. The German emperor, on his part, complained that the feudal rights of certain princes of the empire had been abolished on the famous night of the 4th of August. These feudal rights, in Alsace and Lorraine, had been secured by treaty; and France had violated the law of nations in destroying them. Evidently the point was well taken, and France offered indemnity. The injured princes refused to accept the offer, and there the case rested.

But while the Pope and a few German princes had their grievances, Spain, Russia, Sweden, and Prussia had none; and yet each of these powers was openly and aggressively unfriendly in its attitude to France. England was little less so. Europe would not have confederated against the French Revolution over so petty a question as that of the seigniorial rights of a handful of German princelings. It was the revolutionary principle which the kings and aristocracies wished to suppress. They meant to stamp out the fire in France before it caught in their own domains.

Among the deputies of the Legislative Assembly were several from the department of the Gironde who gave

a name to a great party,—Vergniaud, Gensonné, and Gaudet,—all three of them lawyers, and all men of very superior talent.

Vergniaud was the son of an army contractor, had won the notice of Turgot, and had been given by that statesman a scholarship in the College du Plessis at Paris. After one or two false starts, he began earnest life-work as a lawyer at Bordeaux in 1781. He soon rose to a commanding position at the bar, and enjoyed a large practice. Indolent, and incapable of any drudgery other than that necessary to the preparation of his speeches, he was never a powerful party leader. He was the gifted advocate and unsteady man; one of the impassioned orators who sometimes speak on one side and vote on the other. With Vergniaud talk was the beginning and the end—there was no acting between speeches. Hence other men, Brissot, Gensonné, and Gaudet, who made a less magnificent display of power, possessed more of its substance.

Vergniaud was imaginative, emotional, poetic. He dreamed of ideal republics, and revelled in classical allusion. Unimpressive save when speaking, he trod the tribune like a king. Not so capable of those sudden eagle-flights which made Mirabeau matchless, he surpassed Mirabeau in the addresses he prepared at his leisure. No man in the Assembly was so terrific in his exposure of the double-dealing of the court. None had more to do with creating the sentiment which drove the nation forward to the second act of the Revolution.

Next to Vergniaud in prominence, and exerting more real influence, came Gensonné and Gaudet, both men of high character, great talent, and power of speech. With them the speech was not all; they laboured in com-

mittees, assisted at conferences, and took the initiative in mapping out policies.

Isnard of Provence was classed with the Girondins, and was the most perfect type of the natural orator the Legislative Assembly possessed. Not so broad a man as Vergniaud, nor so capable of sustained effort, he frequently rose to loftier flights of impassioned eloquence. The first night he spoke at the Jacobins was an event. He captivated the enormous crowd, thrilled it, carried it off its feet, and caused a scene of the wildest disorder. In the Assembly his triumph was equally pronounced. Speaking to that mob of jealous statesmen, his electrical force was great enough to call forth storms of applause even in the midst of his sentences. Like Vergniaud, he was all speech and no action, and the rash impulsiveness of his oratory contributed mightily to the downfall of his own party.

The man who claimed to be the political chief of the Girondins was not from the Gironde, but from Normandy. This was Brissot, the son of a rich innkeeper, who sent his son up to Paris in the hope of his achieving distinction there. The young man soon found himself inside the Bastille. He had published a book in 1780 on the criminal laws, and the government had jailed him. After his release he travelled in the United States, and finally settled in England. Tyranny of any kind aroused the antagonism of Brissot, and he became prominent as an advocate of various reforms. He preached against the barbarous criminal laws, trials, and punishments; against negro slavery; against the forced military conscriptions; and he favoured the social and political equality of all men, regardless of colour or station, wealth or birth. Brissot was not only a pamphleteer, book-writer, and politician;

he was a journalist also. It was his newspaper, as much as his position in the Assembly, which made him a tower of strength to the Girondins. Burning with all sorts of philanthropic schemes for the improvement of mankind, he was devoid of political morality. He held to the Jesuit doctrine: the end being good in his sight, vile methods were allowable. He was willing to plunge France into a war against all Europe in order to reap party advantage for the Girondins. Being a republican, the constitutional monarchy was an obstacle in his way, — an obstacle which must be removed by any means, fair or foul. He saw all things from the standpoint of his party, and nothing was wrong if it brought success to the Girondins. Perhaps the following anecdote will best show the type of man he was: In his newspaper, the *Patriot*, had appeared an article in which Pétion and Sergent, two of his colleagues, were accused, indirectly but evidently, of the theft of certain diamonds which had been taken from the Tuileries on the day of August 10th. Sergent, meeting Brissot in the lobby of the Assembly, called his attention to the libellous article, and said to him: "If you had asked Madame Pétion, your friend's wife, she would have told you that the jewels were in the hands of the Minister of Finance." Brissot replied, "A newspaper, you know, is a public conveyance: every one may sit in it who pays his fare. Send your remonstrance to the paper, and it will be published." Brissot was poor, lived modestly, was true to his wife, had no social vices, but was not lovable or trustworthy. He was too venomous of tongue, too quick with sarcastic cut and thrust. Besides being too combative, he was impractical. His republic was the ideal Happyland of the visionaries.

The Girondins generally were young, ardent, full of hope, and generous illusions. Around Madame Roland's tea-table the world was made over again, and was improved on in the process. Between sips of the mild and soothing beverage, "which cheers but not inebriates," all the bad laws and bad men were abolished, all the darkness was dispelled, all the vice and stupidity eliminated, and a reign of universal benevolence was inaugurated.

But while Madame Roland, Brissot, Gaudet, Gensonné, and Vergniaud meant to become austere moral after they had triumphed over their political foes, they meant to crush these foes by any of those methods customary among the wicked. If war would bring their reign of peace, fetch on the war. If riots in Paris were indispensable requisites, stir up the riots. If intrigues, underhand measures, treacherous plots, newspaper lies, and fabricated alarms would suffice, then deceive, plot, libel, and noisily preach terrors which have no foundation. After success will come our republic; the golden age will set in, and we shall all be good.

At present, painful political necessity constrained them to be human and sinful. They did sound false alarms, exaggerate dangers, magnify treasons; they did intrigue, deal double, and move heaven and earth to get the Constitution out of their way. Madame Roland spoke freely of the advisability of giving the nation another "shock," and of bringing "two illustrious heads," to trial. In a little while we shall see the riot of June 20th which was probably planned at her house; and when that falls short of the result desired, we shall see her white hand lifted to give the signal, her queenly lips parted to sound the call to the Marseillais, the terrible men of the South, who

shall come to storm the king's castle and to dash down throne and crown in a wild revel of murder — "murder grim and great."

More influential in higher circles was Madame de Staël, who was as eager to push her lover into power as Madame Roland was for the promotion of a husband. At this time the lover to be pushed was the Count de Narbonne, a vain young man of some ability, of ancient family, of the purest, bluest blood. He had been educated at court, in part by the king's aunts. Handsome and dashing, he had married an heiress; ambitious for political honours, he had studied under celebrated professors in order to qualify himself for ministerial position. Madame de Staël devoted herself to the fortunes of this fascinating young nobleman, and put her salon, her genius, her friends, her influence at his service. She was, herself, a constitutionalist, and so was Narbonne, but it was necessary to court the Girondins, and she courted them. Guided by her advice, Narbonne took a position as advanced as theirs, and adopted a style of speech as aggressive.

While orators harangued, wire-pullers intrigued, and political ladies followed the hunt, the editor was not idle, nor the clubs silent, nor the demagogues unmoved of the spirit. Of course the journalistic tom-tom resounded; of course the professional agitator tore his passion into tatters; of course the Jacobins and the Cordeliers clubs, the lairs of the revolutionary lion, shook with roar after roar as the radicals lashed themselves into passion for that "other shock" which Madame Roland was hoping for and expecting. The keen blade of Camille Desmoulins still shone brightly along the forefront of the line; but nearer to the masses of the people fought Marat—a

man of rare courage, disinterestedness, and devotion to convictions.

Marat was by birth a Swiss, the son of respectable parents. His father was a doctor, a Sardinian, who had come into Neuchâtel and married a Swiss Protestant. Of a restless, independent nature, craving notoriety, hungering for knowledge, the young Marat left his home in early manhood, and devoted himself to travel, to study, to scientific researches and experiments, to the writing of books and the practice of the medical profession. He visited many lands, learned many tongues, drank deep at the springs of knowledge and experience. He studied political economy, electricity, and theories of heat and light; published books which were translated into other languages; became sufficiently prominent to draw the fire of Voltaire upon one of his works; made the acquaintance and enlisted the interest of Benjamin Franklin; received an honorary degree of M.D. from the University of St. Andrews, in Scotland; sustained himself for ten years as a physician in the fashionable square of Soho, London, and had finally been appointed by the Count of Artois physician to his body-guards, and had settled in Paris, where he enjoyed, in addition to his salary, a lucrative practice among lords and ladies of the court.

Why Mr. Carlyle classes Marat as a horse-leech, it is not easy to discover. The facts are that Marat received his education at the University of Bordeaux, became a thorough classical scholar, achieved success in his profession and mingled with his fellows in Amsterdam, in Edinburgh, in Dublin, in London, and in Paris under the name, style, and manner of a gentleman. He dressed well, he knew the best people, he had money, and he had an estab-



lished reputation as a scientist, an author, and a practical physician. For instance, it was conceded that he had used electricity successfully in the treatment of a peculiar disease of the eye, which the best doctors of Paris had pronounced incurable. Whether he ever physicked a horse for the Count of Artois or for any one else we know not, but there is no more evidence to justify the classing of Marat as a horse-leech than there is for classing Carlyle himself as a cow-doctor.

In 1783, Marat resigned his appointment under the Count of Artois, after having held it five years; and he then devoted himself to scientific studies and experiments. The Revolution came, and this nervous, suspicious, excitable, frail, and fanatical physician plunged into it as a matter of course—it was his native element. At last he had found a field in which he could revel to his heart's content. He craved excitement, action, notoriety, influence, recognition: here was the place to get them. In this mighty convulsion, where the elements were at war and the heavens black with class hatreds, there was room for the exercise by Dr. Marat of all his fanaticism, restlessness, suspicions, and morbid tendency to attack everything and everybody. More than all else, here was the chance for notoriety. Giving up practice and studies, Marat threw himself into the current, became more radical than the most violent, was persecuted by La Fayette, was driven to the cellars, the garrets, to the very sewers for concealment, was made to live the life of a hunted outlaw, lost his money, lost his place in the social world, and at last did become a savage, desperate, dirty, squalid, and half-crazed man. His sufferings, his morbid sensitiveness and irritability, his intensity of feeling and purpose, his chronic

hatred and suspicion of the higher orders, brought him to the point where he hated all that was above him, and ruthlessly strove to pull it down to his own level. In his madness, however, there was method; and his power over the masses grew as they witnessed the desertion of so many leaders whom Marat had warned them to watch. Necker, Mirabeau, La Fayette, Roland, Dumouriez — each of these had been hawked at by Marat when he was but “a mousing owl,” while each of them was an eagle, “soaring in pride of place.” Each of them had proven false to the people, and therefore each of them became a monument to Marat’s good judgment and patriotic vigilance.

Such were the currents of influence in Paris and the Assembly during the fall of 1791. By an act of the Constituent Assembly, a National Convention had been provided for, to which should be referred all questions concerning changes in the Constitution. Hence the Legislative Assembly had no jurisdiction over constitutional issues. The two great problems which claimed their attention grew out of the attitude of the émigrés and the priests. Against the former, all parties could unite. They had offended the king whom they had abandoned, the nation which they had threatened, and the resident royalists, whose refusal to follow their own example of flight they had ridiculed and foully denounced. Therefore when the Girondins and the Feuillants opened the attack upon the emigrants, the royalists made no defence.

On the 9th November, 1791, the Assembly decreed that the emigrants gathered on the frontiers were suspected of conspiracy against their country; that if they remained assembled on January 1, 1792, they should be

treated as conspirators, punishable by death. After conviction, their property was to be confiscated to the nation, without prejudice to the rights of wives, children, and creditors. The king vetoed the act on the 10th of November, seeking vainly to satisfy public sentiment by issuing a proclamation to his brothers urging all emigrants to return.

On the 29th of November the Assembly passed a decree against the rebellious priests. They were required to take the oath of allegiance to the State, under pain of losing their salaries. If they persisted in defying the law they were to be watched, and upon complaint of citizens of the neighbourhood that they were encouraging sedition, they were to be sent out of the parish. If milder correctives failed to correct, these sowers of dissension were to be imprisoned. To this decree the monarch also applied his veto.

These famous decrees, which led to the final overthrow of the throne, are entirely consistent with the necessity of the case, with the law of nations, and with the soundest principles of internal administration. The nobles were conspiring; no one denied it. The priests were preaching sedition; they gloried in it. Is there a government on earth that would tolerate the one or the other? The nobles at Coblenz were French citizens, and were living on money taken from the treasury of France; the priests were citizens also, and were drawing their salaries as regularly as they drew their breath. If the nobles of the kingdom levied war against it, or plotted and prepared to do so, by what law were they exempt from the penalties of treason? If the priests wore the livery of the State, fed on her bounty, and yet defied her laws, by what rule did they claim immunity from punishment?

Because there was no immediate revolt against the vetoes, the king was unwise enough to believe the nation acquiesced in them. Gouverneur Morris notes in his diary: "The Bishop of Autun (Talleyrand) says that the king is in wondrous high spirits because his vetoes have gone off so well, and says he will apply them every now and then. Poor king!" By his vetoes Louis seemed to shield from punishment rebels at home and traitors abroad; to desert the friends of the Constitution and to join the public enemies. He lost ground accordingly.

In the meantime, the ministers of the king were not making any preparations for war. Hostile troops were in motion across the Rhine, and the war trumpet was pealing forth blast after blast. But the ministry of France neither saw nor heard. Enemies were up and doing; the ministers rested easy. What did this mean? Was it imbecility or treason? Were the allies to meet with no resistance? Were they to have a military parade from Worms to Paris? Frantic voices asked these questions in the streets, in the cafés, in the clubs, in the shops, in the Assembly. Editors, agitators, deputies, — men of all ranks, debated this, the burning issue. Public sentiment declared itself unmistakably; held that the ministers were derelict, and demanded that they should be impeached. The War Minister, Du Portail, retired, and Madame de Staël's lover, Narbonne, took his place.

The Assembly sent a respectful delegation to the king on the 29th of November, 1791, asking him to consent to a decree which required the German princes, in whose territories the hostile forces were gathering, to disperse them. The royalist, Vaublanc, the spokesman of the delegation, said: "Sire, if the French who were driven from

their country by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes had assembled in arms on the frontiers, and had been protected by the German princes, what would have been the conduct of Louis XIV.? Would he have suffered these assemblages? That which he would have done for the sake of his authority, your Majesty cannot hesitate to do for the maintenance of the Constitution."

The king and his advisers felt the force of this; and, hoping to recover some of the ground he had lost by his vetoes, the king decided to go in person to make his reply. On December 14th, 1791, he entered the Hall of the Assembly, and was received in silence. He assured the Assembly that he sympathized with them in their concern for the welfare of France; that he had already put the German princes on notice that the continued assemblage of hostile forces in their dominions would be considered as cause of war; that he had demanded of the emperor of Germany that he prevent such assemblages in his empire. The address ended with a solemn assurance on the part of the king that he would faithfully guard the Constitution; and that he appreciated the honour of being the king of a free people.

The silence of the Assembly gave way to a storm of applause: its coldness to the warmest enthusiasm. As soon as the king retired, Count Narbonne, Minister of War, entered and informed the Assembly that 100,000 troops were to be thrown upon the Rhine to repel the threatened invasion; that La Fayette, Rochambeau, and Luckner were to command the three armies, and that he, Narbonne, would set out at once to inspect the frontier fortresses and put them in a state of defence. In line with this policy of defence, all diplomatic agents who were

accused of favouring the aristocratic party were to be removed. These vigorous demonstrations were immediately and immensely popular. For the time the obnoxious vetoes seemed to be forgotten.

On December 21st, 1791, the Emperor Leopold replied to the French message by a resolute note, in which he declared that he would tolerate no violation of the imperial territory. At the same time, he commanded Marshal Beudot to hold the Austrian forces ready to protect those German princes in whose dominions the emigrants were encamped. This belligerent tone of the emperor gave intense satisfaction to the conspiring princes at Coblenz and Worms, and they made no effort to conceal their joy; it gave equal pleasure to the conspiring royalties at the Tuileries, but they took good care to let none but confidential friends know their satisfaction. To the French people as a whole the emperor's note came like an addition of fuel to flame, and the war fever continued to rise.

In January, 1792, the French government demanded to know of Austria whether it did or did not mean to interfere with the Revolution in France. Once more the king had seemed to identify himself with his people; once more his change of policy called forth the enthusiasm of the nation. The feeling was not so strong as it had been heretofore — for there was less room for confidence. He had disappointed them so often that it was natural for them to doubt. Still, the war fever is the strongest of national fevers, and Louis was safe — he was floating with the current.

So late as February 20th, 1792, we find the Tuileries blazing with light and life. Brilliant levees are held, radiant courtiers come and go. Etiquette feels that there's

life in the old land yet. At the opera, also, we see royalty and royalism. "Live the king," "Live the queen," rolls to the domes in thunderous applause. Actresses interject loyal expressions, and the audience cries "Yes! Yes!" and the hand-clapping is vigorous and prompt. "No masters!" shout some republicans in the pit. "Live the king," answer the royalist; and the two factions fall upon each other then and there. Eyes are gouged, noses punched, lips mashed, hair torn from scalp. The police intervene. The royalists carry off the honours, and the republicans retire to mutter and gnash teeth. The queen sits it all out calmly, bearing herself with regal courage. But after that, she goes no more. February 20th, 1792, was her last night at a theatre.

In March, the republican agitation was making enormous progress. The bourgeoisie (middle class) was furiously denounced in the journals, in the clubs, and in the Assembly. Isnard railed against "that multitude of large property-holders, opulent merchants, those wealthy persons, who, occupying places of advantage in the social amphitheatre, are unwilling to have their seats changed." Pétion wrote: "The bourgeoisie, that numerous class which is now satisfied, is separating itself from the people. It considers itself above the people. It distrusts the people. It is haunted with the idea that the Revolution is a war between those who have and those who have not."

The French demands had not been vigorously pressed upon Austria, and in spite of Narbonne's flourish, no preparations for war had been made. He had gone on his tour of inspection, and had reported to the Assembly that the national defences were in good condition. This report

was false. National defences could hardly be said to exist. When war actually began, it became evident that efficient armies, fortifications, commanders, and equipments would have to be created by the Revolution if they were to be had at all.

On the 9th day of March, 1792, Narbonne was dismissed by the king, in spite of La Fayette's protest.

De Lessart, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, became the object of republican attack. He was accused of having conducted too loosely the negotiations with foreign powers, of neglecting to put France in a condition of defence, of secretly conspiring with the emigrant princes, and of therefore being a traitor deserving death.

On March 10th, 1792, the Assembly was debating the question of the impeachment of De Lessart, when Vergniaud, in the course of a terribly effective speech, exclaimed: "From the tribune whence I speak, I see the palace where perverse advisers mislead and deceive the king, forge irons with which they wish to enchain us, and prepare the schemes which are to deliver us over to the House of Austria." In that palace to which the fervent alarmist pointed, was, in fact, a broken king, sunk into a despondent silence; a queen whose eyes were red with weeping; some little children who were too young to realize what was going on; and a few faithful friends who clung to fallen fortunes, as some few faithful friends always will — thank God! True, there were schemes and hopes and plans, but to us who now know the relative strength of the opposing forces, they seem so pitifully feeble that Vergniaud's oratorical fears provoke a smile. "I see," cried Vergniaud in clarion tones, "I see the windows of the palace where the enemies of the people



are plotting the counter-revolution, and contriving means to plunge us into the horrors of slavery — after having made us pass through all the excesses of anarchy, all the fury of civil war.” If a cultured, highly gifted, and golden-hearted gentleman, such as Vergniaud, could use language like this, believing its use to be justifiable, what must have been the ravings of mob orators like Santerre and Saint Huruge, and of such female furies as Théroigne de Méricourt? “The day has come,” exclaimed Vergniaud, “when you may put an end to such audacity, to such insolence, and at last confound the conspirators. Alarm and terror have often, in ancient times, proceeded from this famous palace. Let them return to it, to-day, in the name of the law. Let them know that the law will overtake the guilty without distinction, and that there will not be a single head convicted of guilt which will be able to escape the sword.” This was the first threat made in the Assembly against the lives of the king and queen. The queen wept bitterly. The time came when Vergniaud could have wept also as he remembered that it was he who had first invoked the sword by which he himself was to fall.

The Assembly followed the Girondin lead. De Lessart was impeached, and sent before the High Court of Orleans for trial. His disgrace broke up the ministry.

## CHAPTER XXVII

DUMOURIEZ; ROLAND; FEUD BETWEEN GIRONDINS AND  
JACOBINS; WAR DECLARED; LAST VETOES

LONG ago the king had been advised by Mirabeau to put himself at the head of the Revolution, to choose his ministers from among revolutionary leaders who enjoyed the confidence of the nation, and by this policy to quiet the people, at the same time that he sobered the leaders by that sense of responsibility which comes to all sane men when placed in power.

At this eleventh hour, the Mirabeau plan was adopted. The king surrendered the ministry to the dominant faction of the republicans, and the Girondins found themselves invested with a trust whose powers were mostly nominal and whose responsibilities were as real as death. They were now to quit theorizing and go to practising, to quit talking about the classical Greeks, and go to governing the factious French. The king has been censured for dismissing the constitutionals and appointing republicans, but the straits to which his previous blunderings had brought him left no other alternative. His constitutional ministers, supported neither by the Assembly nor the court, had become mere dangles in the air. They had no power anywhere.

The ablest man in the new ministry was Dumouriez. He is usually classed as a Girondin, though, as a matter

of fact, his appointment had been made some days before the Girondins proper came in. He can only be ranked as a Girondin upon the idea that he was as much of a Girondin as anything else. In truth, he belonged to the party of Dumouriez, and to none other. He was now fifty-six years old, and had looked at the world from every conceivable point of view. At such an age, and after so varied an experience, one does not become a Girondin, and dream of Platonian republics, under the influence of tea. Dumouriez belonged to the lesser and more recent noblesse of the robe, and had chosen the army for his career. In the Seven Years' War he had shown the utmost gallantry, had been shot twenty odd times, and we can believe the story that he could vault into the saddle without putting foot to stirrup only upon the supposition that most of the twenty odd bullets had been taken out of his agile, medium-sized, firmly knit, and well-formed body.

At the end of the war, this scarred and distinguished officer was rewarded by his grateful king, Louis XV. The reward consisted of a ribbon and a pension of 600 livres, or \$120. The royal bounty which restrained itself to the prudent sum of \$6 per wound, while the court dandies who had ruined the campaign were loaded with pensions of hundreds of thousands, created upon the quick mind of Dumouriez an unfavourable impression, and he withdrew from the service. For some years he lived the busy life of a diplomatic adventurer, being employed in the curious system of underhand intrigue by which Louis XV. endeavored to foil the best-laid schemes of his own ministers.

The Corsican troubles furnished employment and adven-

ture to Dumouriez, and he appears to have done his best to deceive Genoa, Corsica, France, and England, all at the same time. Gathering up a lot of Corsican adventurers, he made a descent upon the island, proclaimed its independence, and met with sufficient success to encourage him to go to France and beg for more help. Delayed by a tempest which tossed him about on the African coast for several weeks, he reached France too late; Genoa had sold the Corsicans, and France had bought them. Hastening to Paris, Dumouriez was told in the strictest confidence by his diplomatic friend, Favrier, that a reward of 500 louis (\$3000) would be paid by the government for a memorial against the Corsicans, and that he, Dumouriez, might have a share of the money if he would draw up the memorial. Thinking to derive a greater profit by betraying this secret, Dumouriez went at once to the Duke of Choiseul, prime minister, and betrayed it. The perfidy did not succeed; both ministers united against the too clever adventurer, and he was laughed at and dismissed. Dumouriez took this failure lightly, and in a short time Favrier employed him in a secret mission to Portugal. In conspiracy with the Spanish minister he began to study the military situation in Portugal, with a view to its conquest by France and Spain. The Marquis of Pombal, Portuguese minister, suspected the design, and drove Dumouriez out of the country.

For some years after this he lived in Madrid, enjoying the fortune of a Frenchwoman who had fallen in love with the handsome, dashing, confident, suave, and battle-scarred hero. The Corsican business again afforded room for his activities, and at the request of Choiseul he returned to the island as quartermaster-general of the French army there,

and distinguished himself at once. At the head of a detachment of volunteers he captured the last fortress and home of Paoli, taking among other things the library of the great patriot, and appropriating it to his own use.

Dumouriez found no favour in the eyes of Madame du Barry, and therefore his services in Corsica received no fitting reward. On his return to Paris he was sent to Poland by the secret diplomatic agents of Louis XV. for the purpose of organizing the Polish revolt against Russian aggression. He set to work upon this arduous task with his usual pluck and energy, and in a short while seems to have made wonderful progress under very great difficulties. The king of Poland, however, favoured the Russian designs, the nobles were as hard to combine as ever were the Scottish Chiefs, and after combination was brought about, were as hard to hold together. The insurrection failed, and Dumouriez returned to Paris. One of the Polish nobles engaged in this revolt was Count Pulaski, who afterwards gave his sword and his life to the cause of the American colonies.

Dumouriez returned to Paris, and was thrown into the Bastille by his Most Christian Majesty, Louis XV., and kept there one year. In this manner the king undertook to convince Russia and Prussia that the labours of Dumouriez had been undertaken in his capacity as private marplot, and not in the character of an authorized agent of the French king. Whether Louis duped Russia and Prussia or not is very doubtful; but the experiment was severe on Dumouriez, who, after a year in the Bastille, was exiled to Caen. At this place, the restless and unlucky adventurer found again a cousin whom he had loved, years ago, and whose parents had put her in a convent to

prevent a marriage. By this time she had wearied of monastic life, was free, and was accessible. It was a ray of sunshine on a tempestuous sea, and Dumouriez made haste to wed the lady. For fifteen years he lived quietly with his wife, discharging with ability and zeal his duties as commandant of Cherbourg, to which post he had secured appointment; but no ideal happiness blessed him, — his wife's bad temper and rigorous religious notions making her no congenial companion for the gay, supple, worldly, and unprincipled Dumouriez. When the Revolution broke out, he steered his course coolly, kept on the winning side, became a general in the army by reason of being in the line of promotion, and attracted by his ability and zealous performance of duty the notice of the leading Girondins. Glad to have such a useful and capable man in their party, they lionized him, and proposed him for the ministry.

Thus Dumouriez found himself occupying the most responsible position in the Cabinet. So far, his life had been, on the whole, a failure. He was confident, now, that his hour had at last come, and that the man and the opportunity had finally met. Though his head was sprinkled with gray, he was still in the prime of manly strength, ardent as a boy, active as a cat, full of electrical energy, of hope, and of resolution. He could handle arms as well as any private, was a better horseman than any cavalier in the service, knew more about the science of war than any officer in the army, was as finished a courtier as any at the palace, and among men of letters, politicians, and statesmen was as much at home as he was at the head of his troops.

The principal colleague of Dumouriez in the new min-

istry was the illustrious Roland, a good man, whose austere virtues took on the sombre tints of Puritanism. He was absolutely pure, honest, patriotic; but he was stiff, angular, unmagnetic, belonging to the dry, pedantic, schoolmaster variety of man. In talent he was no more suited to the duties and responsibilities of the ministry than a visionary talker like his wife was competent to make laws for the French people. Just as Necker had soothed the forebodings of Bouillé by telling him that it was necessary to trust to the moral virtues of mankind, so Roland cherished a belief that sound doctrines, earnestly preached, would calm the wildest social turmoils. Roland's title to enduring fame grows out of the fact that he was the husband of his wife. *She* was a genius. The celestial spark was hers, and though the flame was not very great perhaps, it was there. Her mind was intoxicated with antique conceptions, imbued with the spirit of Plutarch, and devoted to "that sublime and delicious theory which makes us all brothers."

Her thoughts dwelt far away from the bustling, unheroic present, in the hazy uplands of the classic past. Her ideals drew their breath of life from the chaste winds that blow down from the heights where ancient philosophers had dwelt and had dreamed dreams. In her maturer teachings, in her letters, her conversation, her conceptions, her methods,—yes, and more than all, in her dramatic death,—she does not seem a modern. She is a Greek of the heroic age, lost by some mysterious dispensation from her place in the procession of the ages, dropped down into a prosaic world which neither comprehends nor is understood, and which listens to her in wonder for a moment, as the Gallic chiefs listened to the

senators, and then, with hasty conviction that no reconciliation is possible, strikes her down. At the close of a casual letter from her to Brissot we find this postscript: "Briefly, adieu! The wife of Cato need not gratify herself by complimenting Brutus." If that was the style of the postscript, we can judge what the text of the letter must have been.

Madame Roland was a noble enthusiast, but she did harm to the cause which she loved. She was too inflexible, too hasty, too rash, too suspicious, too impractical. She saw treason everywhere; and imagined all sorts of perils and pitfalls. Hating Marie Antoinette with intense fury, she believed her to be one of the worst of women. Having a dull husband herself, whose lack of youth and charm she had supplied by taking a lover (Buzot), she believed that Marie Antoinette, equally afflicted as to husband, had been much more liberal with herself as to lovers. She believed that the queen was a Messalina, and she said so as often as was necessary. Who is ever so cruel to a woman as a woman? Going by different routes, here were two high-souled, wrong-headed heroines — beautiful, proud, and brave — going as fast as passion could speed them to the same bloody grave.

Louis XVI. would have been above the ordinary passions of humanity if he had not felt that the triumph of the Girondins was to himself a humiliation hard to be borne. To the queen the incoming of these detestable republicans was gall and wormwood. Roland added a few drops to this cup of bitterness by ignoring the court regulations as to ministerial costume. Instead of adopting the dress which usage required, he presented himself in plain



trousers, round hat, and shoes tied with strings. Etiquette demanded knee breeches, silk stockings, and shoes with silver buckles. De Brézé was still commander-in-chief of the ceremonies, and he was profoundly shocked. "See!" he exclaimed faintly and in accents of horror to Dumouriez, "see! No shoe buckles." "All is lost," responded Dumouriez with mock solemnity; "no etiquette, no monarchy." The king's feelings were hurt by what he regarded as a deliberate mark of disrespect; and the Tuileries went into a state of hysterical agitation. It was some time before the adroit Dumouriez could laugh the irritation away. Roland had not intended any affront, and between him and the king there sprang up something resembling friendship and mutual confidence. Had Madame Roland said nothing, her husband would probably have grown to be fond of a king whose condition was so pitiable, and he might have begun to trust to his good intentions and fair words. But the wife was ready with her sarcasms, her suspicions, her sound reasonings, and Roland was saved from the error of placing confidence in a king so unsteady as Louis XVI. While Roland's wife was warning him not to trust the king, the queen was telling the king not to trust Dumouriez. Both ladies succeeded; Roland did not trust the king and the king did not trust Dumouriez.

There is little doubt that Dumouriez deserved the queen's confidence. He was no dreamer, no reformer, no republican; while he was availing himself of Girondin help, his heart could not have been with them. With a woman's instinct Madame Roland felt this, and warned her friends accordingly. While he was without principle and had no cause to love the monarchy, Dumouriez had no mo-

tive to destroy it. His own self-interest naturally aligned him with those who wished to maintain the limited monarchy. Pursuing his usual tortuous route, Dumouriez had been cultivating all parties. He had basked genially in the radiance of the Roland circle, and had preserved a serious caste of countenance while they "babbled o' green fields," of classical republics. He had pushed his way into the Jacobin club, had spoken acceptable words there, had put upon his head the red cap of liberty, and had publicly taken to his martial breast, in fraternal embrace, the rigid and icy figure of Robespierre.

While courting the two radical factions in this ardent manner, he remained on good terms with the constitutionals, and he now sought to win favour in the eyes of the queen, who, as he well knew, was the evil genius and the guiding spirit of the royalists. Marie Antoinette met his advances haughtily, and repulsed them. She despised these Girondin ministers. Never would she put faith in them. Had not Dumouriez spoken the Jacobins as fairly as he now spoke to her? Had he not put the hateful red cap on his head? How dared he now to ask her to believe he meant to save the monarchy? He was double-faced, therefore not to be trusted. True, she was playing a double game herself, but that was another matter. True, her husband had worn the tricolour cockade, sworn to everything the Revolution had required, and would in a few days be seen at the palace window with the red cap on *his* head; but that also was different. Royalty played at duplicity, and yet expected to be trusted; but royalty could not put faith in a Dumouriez who was doing with skill that which royalty was doing clumsily.

In vain the minister endeavoured to convince the queen

that the Revolution could not be crushed, that it was "the unanimous insurrection of a great nation against an old and decaying order of things"; in vain he implored her to trust him and aid him in his effort to control all the factions and to check the further progress of radicalism; she remained unmoved. In a transport of zeal he threw himself at her feet, raised her hand to his lips and said, "Madame, allow yourself to be saved!" She was touched, but not convinced. "This Constitution," she said, "cannot last long; look to yourself. You are all-powerful at this moment, but it is through popular favour, and that soon destroys its idols. Your existence depends upon your conduct, and you must understand that neither the king nor myself can suffer all these innovations made by the Constitution." These disclosures are made, it is true, in the *Memoirs of Dumouriez*, but they harmonize with what we learn from other sources.

In February, 1792, there had been a secret interview, behind bolted doors, between the Russian ambassador, Simolin, and the king and queen, in which the queen, with tears streaming from her eyes, had dwelt upon the horrors of their situation, and implored the ambassador to lay before the emperor, her brother, and before the czarina, Catherine of Russia, full accounts of her danger, and her urgent prayers that they come to her rescue. In the same month she wrote to Mercy, telling him that Simolin was on his way to Brussels and Vienna. In this letter she expresses the belief that the French are in terror at the thought of foreign invasion; that the emperor's declaration of December 21st, 1791, cowed the revolutionists, and that "no one dared to speak or move until he had been reassured." She proceeds, "Let the emperor, then, once feel his wrongs;

let him put himself at the head of the other powers with an army,—an imposing army, however,—and I assure you that every one here will tremble.”

Simolin, Leopold, and many others had endeavoured to convince the queen that a movement against France, on the part of the foreign powers, would endanger the lives of the royal family. The queen would not believe this. In her letter to Mercy, she says upon that subject, “There is no cause for being uneasy about our safety, this country is provoking the war; the Assembly desires it; the constitutional course taken by the king upon the one hand, and, on the other, his existence, and that of his son, are so necessary to these scoundrels about us that this guarantees our safety, and I can say that there can be nothing worse than to remain as we are. There can be no help expected from time or from interior efforts.”

On March 1st, 1792, the Emperor Leopold died; on March 29th, the king of Sweden, Gustavus III., was assassinated. These were heavy blows to the king and queen of France, and the joy of the Jacobins was loudly expressed. Marie Antoinette did not venture to go into mourning for her brother, and courtiers who made the experiment were rudely hustled and insulted by the people. In the meantime, radicalism was marching on. There was lawlessness, there was bloodshed, everywhere. To Roland came report after report from his subordinates in the provinces telling of riot, of crime, of defiance of the authorities. “Preach unto them good gospel, and rely upon the moral virtues,” wrote the minister, in substance, and the tide of Jacobinism and anarchy rose higher and rolled farther every day.

In the galleys at Brest were the Swiss soldiers who had

been sentenced on account of the alleged mutiny at Nancy. These Swiss were deservedly dear to the Parisian heart. They had refused to fire upon the citizens when commanded by their officers so to do, in the famous July days in 1789. They had been harshly treated, robbed by their own officers, and then, when they had demanded justice, had been terribly punished by the king's favourite, Bouillé. What clearer title to the love of French patriots could any martyr read? In the Assembly, the question was raised about these Swiss, chained to the oar in the prison-ships at Brest. Ought not these prisoners be set at liberty? Did not La Fayette's amnesty act of 1790 cover this case also? The issue was hotly debated, and the majority vote favoured the Swiss. They were liberated, marched to Paris, made the heroes of the day, and were given a magnificent festival, planned by Collot d'Herbois and Tallien.

But while radicalism was advancing, it was dividing. Between Girondins and Jacobins existed differences of opinion which could not be reconciled, and between leaders of the one party and leaders of the other sprang up rivalries, jealousies, and rancorous feuds. Brissot was domineering, sarcastic, combative, and ambitious. Robespierre was suspicious, jealous, bilious, unconciliatory, craving control. Between these two, strife soon arose; and each leader dragged his party into the quarrel.

First of all, Robespierre opposed the war. No matter what his secret motive may have been, his public utterances were those of all other statesmen who consider a resort to arms by nations an almost unmixed calamity. From every point of view, Robespierre argued against it, arraying in a masterly manner every argument of which

the subject admits. "Who is it that suffers in war?" asked Marat. "Not the rich, but the poor; not the high-born officer, but the peasant." He predicted that a foreign war would lead to disaster, to the overthrow of the monarchy, to the ruin of those in Paris who were looking for foreign aid, and to the establishment of a military despotism. Substantially the same view was taken by Danton and Billaud-Varrennes.

The young Emperor of Austria, Francis II., successor to Leopold, made his reply to France on April 19th, 1792, and the Assembly learned, through Dumouriez, that the emperor demanded the restoration of the rights of the Pope and the German princes; that pecuniary recompense was refused; that the property of the Church in France must be restored; and that the government of France must be reëstablished upon the basis of the royal proclamation of June 23rd, 1789. The effect of this declaration was immediate and prodigious. The war fever became irresistible. The debates in the Assembly and in the clubs were stormy. Condorcet, in a paper which he drew up for the Assembly, says, "The veil which concealed the intentions of our enemy is at length torn. Citizens, which of you could subscribe to these ignominious proposals? Feudal servitude, and a humiliating inequality; bankruptcy and taxes which you alone would pay; tithes and the Inquisition; your possessions, bought upon the public faith, restored to their former usurpers; the beasts of the chase reëstablished in their right to ravage your fields; your blood profusely spilled for the ambitious projects of a hostile house,—such are the conditions of the treaty" between the French emigrant princes and the king of Austria. "Such is the peace which is offered to you. Never will you accept it."

Isnard, one of the Girondin deputies, speaking in the Assembly, said, "Tell Europe that you will respect the constitutions of all other countries, but that if a war of kings is raised against France, you will raise a war of people against kings."

The pressure of public opinion was so great, and the advice of his ministers so urgent, that the king, in accordance with the Constitution, proposed to the Assembly the declaration of war April 21st, 1792. The Assembly, by a decisive majority, and amid shouts of "Live the king," passed the decree. War was declared, and the royal family were now on perilous ground—for they were still playing the double game. To run with the hounds and hold with the hare, under such circumstances as these, meant death, if the treason were discovered. Yet at this awfully critical time, the queen was redoubling her efforts to hurry the movements of the invaders; and she confidently expected them in Paris in two months. "The best thing that could happen to us, now, would be to be shut up in a tower for two months;" meaning that she would thus escape excitement, insult, and troubles, while the allies were accomplishing the work of her deliverance.

On the 3rd day of December, 1791, Louis XVI. had written to the German emperor that for the recovering of his absolute power, he had nothing else to trust to than an unsuccessful war on the part of France. The queen's treason carried her to the extent of betraying the plan of campaign. In March, 1792, she wrote to Mercy, her confidential intermediary with the Austrian court, "Dumouriez, having no longer a doubt that the Powers have come to an agreement as to the march of their troops, has now the intention of commencing the war by an attack on

Savoy, and another on the country surrounding Liège. It is the army of La Fayette that is to make the latter attack; so the council has resolved yesterday, and it is well to know the plans, in order to put ourselves on guard and take all necessary measures. According to all appearances, this will have to be done quickly."

A terrible suspicion seized hold of the revolutionists in Paris, in the provinces, and in the army. It was believed that France was being betrayed by the king and the queen, and by the officers of the army. The king's brothers and the queen's German relatives were at the head of the coalition against the French, and the troops who were to meet the army of invasion were nobles, every one of whom was believed to be at heart an enemy to the Revolution. Marat, "with damnable iteration," denounced La Fayette as a traitor. Rochambeau, Luckner, Dillon, Biron, and all the officers in command, were accused of intending to facilitate the progress of the enemy. The troops were mostly raw levies, and they became demoralized. They believed the Austrians had been put on notice of the French plans.

On the 28th of April, the French moved against the enemy at three separate points. The Austrians, warned beforehand, were prepared for the attack, and met it with superior numbers at every point. The French troops fell back in utter rout, crying "Treachery!" and they murdered one of their generals, Theobald Dillon.

While storm-clouds were boiling up on all sides, the king aggravated the danger by vetoing two more decrees of the Assembly. One of these provided for the banishment of rebellious priests who continued to defy the law. The other established a camp of 20,000 men near Paris, for the purpose of protecting the city. Thus,



by the use of his constitutional right, the king brought the Assembly once more to a standstill, in two matters of the gravest concern. It was a notorious fact that the foreign foes of France were counting heavily upon the aid of the rebellious priests and their fanatical following. It was also known that the army of invasion expected to find no serious resistance on their march to Paris. Therefore the conduct of the king was the more resented. He seemed to be using the veto to paralyze the efforts of France to defend herself. To the suspicions of patriotism the veto was a chain which was to bind France while Europe beat her into submission to the old régime.

While popular excitement raged, Madame Roland wrote her famous letter calling upon the king to sanction the decrees. The tone of the document was imperious, and when it was read to the king by minister Roland, at a Cabinet meeting, the king and queen were highly indignant. "What shall we do with these insolents?" said the queen, with flashing eyes, to Dumouriez, who was sitting by her side. "Kick them out," he answered. On the same day, June 12th, 1792, the Girondin ministers, Roland, Servan, and Clavière, were dismissed.

By the retirement of his colleagues, Dumouriez became prime minister. He had no sooner got rid of them than he advised the king to do just what Roland had asked — to sanction the decrees. The king refused, and Dumouriez resigned in disgust. On June 12th he had said, "Kick them out," on June 15th he was out himself. Rarely has political treachery paid any man so little. He had an affecting last interview with the king, made a last effort to show him his error, and then set out to join the army.

It may be as well now as hereafter to say that Robes-

pierre proved throughout these stormy times that he was no time-serving demagogue. He stood out, almost alone, in the Jacobins Club and in the Assembly against the war. He combated to the end the decrees against the priests. He coldly stood aloof from the festivities in honour of the Swiss convicts. He continued to dress like a gentleman, dared to wear an elegant coat, fine and spotless linen, and powder on his hair. Dumouriez and King Louis might put the red cap of the rabble on their heads, Robespierre would not. They tried him one night at the club, where a bold brother clapped the dirty emblem of liberty on his powdered locks. Robespierre snatched it off, flung it down, and trampled upon it!

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### THE DAY OF THE BLACK BREECHES; INSULTS TO THE KING AND QUEEN

AFTER the defection of Dumouriez, the king was sorely perplexed, and he turned again to La Fayette. On June 19th, 1792, a Feuillant Cabinet entered office; they were respectable nonentities, whose names carried no weight. The dismissal of the Girondin ministers, and the veto of the two decrees, gave a text to all the agitators, a theme of boundless interest to the populace. The king steadily lost ground, the radicals as steadily gained.

It was so clear a case of one man setting himself against a whole nation, one citizen against twenty odd millions, that his own partisans could not defend him. To the masses, it was evident that at heart the king was as much opposed to the Revolution as ever. Clearly, he had become an obstacle to national progress, and must be removed. Club orators and radical journalists clamoured for his deposition. Threats began to be made that force would be used to compel the recall of the ministers, and the sanction of the decrees. In the Assembly, as well as in the clubs, the tone of the speakers became daily more bitter. When the vetoes had been announced to the Assembly, the minister was about to read the king's reasons. Vergniaud, who was president, cut him short. "We are compelled to listen to the king's veto, but not to his reasons."

The Constitution had provided the king with a guard of 1600 men. Its commander was the Duke de Brissac — lover of Madame du Barry, the ex-mistress of Louis XV. This guard was composed of picked troops, and its number had been increased to 6000. The Assembly suspected that this guard was too deeply tainted with royalism, and on May 29th, 1792, it was dismissed.

We have seen that the invasion of Belgium had failed, that the French troops, suspecting their generals, had refused to fight, and had fallen back in disorder. Following the murder of Theobald Dillon by his troops, Rochambeau had resigned, and La Fayette had retreated to the French frontier. Belgium had thus been evacuated, the offensive campaign abandoned, and the armies of France thrown upon the defensive.

When the military situation became known in Paris, there was a panic, not only among the radicals, but the conservatives also. The bourgeoisie, denounced rabidly by the Girondins, wished to strengthen the executive, and maintain law and order. La Fayette came to Paris, and offered to the king, through Malouet, and to the queen, through Gouvernet, that they should withdraw, in broad daylight, to his army, where they would be safe. With the assistance of the king's Swiss guards, and his own troops, he was confident of the success of the plan. His overtures were rejected, — kindly by Louis, contemptuously by Marie Antoinette. The queen but too constantly remembered the prophecy which Mirabeau had made, "Madame, if ever La Fayette is at the head of the army he will hold the king a prisoner in his tent."

Instead of trusting themselves to Dumouriez or La Fayette, the king and queen sent Mallet du Pan to the confed-

erated princes in Germany. This mission culminated in the Austro-Prussian invasion, and the famous proclamation of the Duke of Brunswick. One of the specific charges brought against the court by the revolutionists was that "the Austrian committee" held its meetings in the room of the Princess Lamballe, and there conspired against the Revolution. Carra, a Girondin journalist, published the accusation in his paper. He was prosecuted for the libel, and gave as his authorities three deputies of the Assembly, Merlin, Bazin, and Chabot. The justice of the peace, Larevière, then issued warrants against the deputies. He forgot the law, as even justices of the peace sometimes will: members of the Assembly were not legally arrestable; and the Assembly jailed Larevière for high treason. So far from being intimidated by the feeble prosecution of Carra, the Girondin members of the Assembly repeated the accusations on the floor of the hall.

While the outcry about the Austrian committee was at its height, there was a great destruction of papers at the royal manufactory at Sévres. A cart-load of pamphlets were burnt, and the 200 workmen were not allowed to see what the papers were. Obviously, these were documents compromising to royalty. Perhaps they were the papers of the alleged Austrian committee. Suspicious patriotism guessed as much, and said as much. What one suspicious patriot said, a thousand repeated, and a million believed. "Do not be astonished," wrote a visitor in France to his correspondent at this time, "if I write you in a few days to inform you of the murder of the unfortunate king and his wife."

The papers burnt at Sévres were the copies of the

Lamotte libel, which had again appeared in France, and which the king had been weak enough to purchase.

While the Assembly was deliberating upon the dismissal of the constitutional guard, one of its officers, D'Hervilly, came to the king and proposed to break up the Assembly by force. "If it succeeds, we will secure the welfare of France: if it fails, I will assume all the responsibility. The scoundrels! They are weak when they meet resistance. I am sure of my men. This could be made a mighty day for the royal cause."

His confidence and enthusiasm did not fire the king. The royal permission was refused. Barnave then came forward with a plan. The Assembly had attacked De Brissac and the officers only. Let the king anticipate the Assembly by dismissing these officers and appointing others in their places. Barnave had a list of the new men ready, men whom the Assembly could not afford to attack, for they were Jacobins. But Barnave assured the queen that while they were professed Jacobins, they had, like himself, become alarmed at the increase of revolutionary violence, and that they were men whom the royal family could trust. The queen would not consent. "Let me kiss your hand, and bid you farewell," said the gallant gentleman, whose love and labour had been all in vain. "Your line of policy is hopeless. Your expected help is too far away. You will be lost before it can reach you. Most earnestly do I hope I may be mistaken in my opinion; but, as for me, I am sure that the interest I have taken in you will cost me my head. As my sole reward I beg the honour of kissing your hand." The queen wept, and gave her hand, but she did not change her policy; and Barnave went forth, heavy of heart, to await the coming of the evil day for him and for her.

"Down with the throne!" became a slogan in the streets. "Death to the Austrian committee!" "Death to the queen, the Austrian!" This yell was heard throughout the city, even in the Tuileries itself.

The constitutional guard having been withdrawn, National Guards, recruited now from the lowest orders, did duty at the palace. They came to the service imbued with all the prejudices of the rabble against the king and queen. They insulted royalist visitors, and showed no disposition to guard the royal family from indignities. "These insults," says Madame Campan, "assumed the character of the very lowest of the mob. The queen one day, hearing roars of laughter under her windows, desired me to see what it was about. I saw a man almost undressed, turning his back towards her rooms. . . . The queen rose to come forward. . . . I held her back."

On the 16th of June, La Fayette, from his camp, addressed a letter to the Assembly, expressing his dissatisfaction with the trend of events, and giving his advice as to how affairs should be managed. He lectured the Assembly somewhat as Washington might have written to the Continental Congress. He severely criticised Dumouriez and the Girondins, denounced the Jacobins, and demanded the closure of their club; advised that constitutional monarchy be firmly supported, and that no decrees be passed excepting such as were sanctioned by the Constitution. Among the seven hundred and odd members of the Legislative Assembly there was not more than a beggarly dozen or so who did not believe they knew more about saving the country than La Fayette could tell them. His letter was an affront. What legislator wants to have a soldier tell him how to make laws? What elo-

quent orator could fail to jump at the opportunity to denounce this general who sought to dictate from his camp the policy of the Assembly? Indignant oratory at once lit its fires. Impassioned references to history, ancient and modern, immediately heated the air. Greeks and Romans, disturbed in their slumbers, were dragged forth and made to do illustrative rhetorical service one more time. Cromwell was not overlooked. Once more he was lugged into court and held there until fervent young candidates for national fame could make him point a moral and clinch a denunciation.

The letter was one of La Fayette's mistakes. It gave his enemies their first good opening for an attack. Heretofore none but Marat had dared to assail him publicly; after this his halo rapidly disappeared, and he became the favourite target of Jacobin practice.

Emboldened by the defensive attitude into which La Fayette's letter had thrown the constitutionals, the Jacobins busied themselves with the preparations for a grand civic parade for the 20th of June. The anniversary of the Oath of the Tennis Court was approaching, and the revolutionists determined to make it the occasion for a monster demonstration against the vetoes and against the dismissal of the Girondin ministers. It was believed that a display of force would coerce the king as such displays had heretofore done, and that he would yield to the mob what he had refused to the Assembly.

Santerre, the rich, charitable, and public-spirited brewer; the ex-Marquis St. Huruge, who had suffered a term of three years in the Bastille; Lazouski, the Pole; Fournier, the so-called American; Théroigne, the heroine of the 14th of July, 1789, and of the October days; Chabot,



the deputy; Legendre, the butcher; Rossignol, Collot, Billaud, Tallien, — these were the active agents who arranged the monster demonstration. Santerre's house was the meeting-place of these leaders, and Santerre's brewery was the place where the insurgents listened to harangues, and drank freely of inspiration and beer. The rich brewer was a whole-souled patriot, and the Revolution, to which he gave his time, his influence, his money, and his blood, left him impoverished.

No secret was made of the preparations which were going on. The purpose of the leaders was well known several days beforehand. Terrier de Montceil, Minister of the Interior, applied to Pétion on the 16th of June, asking that protection be afforded the king, and that order be maintained. Instead of doing this, Pétion authorized the National Guard to march with the mob, thus identifying the military with it. Early on the morning of the 20th, Terrier de Montceil repeated his request, and urged that the entrances of the Tuileries be guarded. Pétion did nothing.

At eight o'clock Santerre led the St. Antoine battalion towards the Assembly Hall. During its long march it was joined by all the idle, turbulent vagabonds it encountered. The police made no attempt to disperse this growing mob. It gathered force as it rolled. Every street and alley poured reënforcements into it. Men and women and children were caught up by the current and carried onward. Some were armed with guns; others with pikes; others still with swords, knives, fire-irons, and clubs. When the crowd reached the Tuileries, it numbered eight or ten thousand.

It must be stated that formal application had been made by the leaders to the municipal authorities for permission

to present a petition to the Assembly and to the king, and to plant a liberty tree on the Terrace of the Feuillants in commemoration of the famous Oath of the Tennis Court. The council-general had refused to grant the request. Santerre had then applied to the mayor. Pétion and Manuel, the procureur, were embarrassed, and summoned the administrators of police and the commandants of the National Guard. It was at this meeting that it was suggested to Pétion to order the National Guard to march with the petitioners, and preserve order. Instructions to this effect were sent to Raimonvilliers, the commandant of the Guard for that month.

Rœderer, the Syndic, not approving of Pétion's decision, summoned the directory of the department at five o'clock on the morning of the 20th, and cancelled Pétion's order. The mayor acquiesced, and sent off messages to that effect to Raimonvilliers, and to the different battalion commanders of the National Guards. These contradictory orders created hopeless confusion. The result was that the National Guards joined the mob, not as custodians and managers of it, but as component parts of it, and sharers of its disorders. The guardians of the law became more terrible than the rabble itself, for they carried muskets and artillery.

Pétion, veering round again, called his friends of the municipality together, and they drew up a decree legalizing the demonstration. The commandant of the National Guard was made commander-in-chief of Santerre's mob. Rœderer, adhering to his own notion that a riot was brewing, sped away to the Assembly, warned them of what they might expect, and he advised them to refuse to admit the petitioners.

Santerre and his motley multitude of petitioners rolled on, dragging cannon, bearing banners, and carrying on trucks the poplar tree they were to plant in the Terrace of the Feuillants. One of the banners was an old pair of black breeches, over which ran the device, "Down with tyrants. Live the breeches-less!" On the end of a pole, a calf's heart was stuck, with this legend, "The heart of an aristocrat." Other mottoes appeared, such as "Down with the vetoes." "Recall the patriot ministers."

From the two wards we have mentioned two great streams poured, and they met at the end of Rivoli Street, marched down St. Honoré, and halted in the Place Vendôme. Santerre entered the hall of the Assembly, and asked that the petitioners be received.

By this time it is noon, and the day is hot. The crowd is dense, and the sun pours down upon them in all its unshaded fervour. Santerre having made his request, debate ensues. Numerous members rise to make a few remarks, and forget to sit down when a few have been made. Oratory rolls from statesmen within the hall; sweat from petitioners outside. For two hours legislators talk about admitting the petitioners, while the petitioners fry and stew and blaspheme in the hot sun. Gaudet and Vergniaud speak in favour of the admission of the petitioners, and at last the doors are thrown open. In pours the crowd. Santerre and St. Huruge stand by the tribune, and pass the petitioners on, as they arrive. They come in all their glory, and all their noise. Drums beat, bands play; there are yells, and songs, and dances. Some are gay, all are earnest, and some are drunk. Some are good-looking and well dressed; some are hideous and in tatters. The man who bore the calf's heart excited dis-

gust, and he was driven out. He went away, bearing his hideous trophy, saying he would show it to the king.

While all this had been going on, another portion of the multitude had made its way into the adjoining gardens of a Capuchin convent. The squad which was burdened with the poplar took advantage of the delay and the locality to get rid of their troublesome tree, and the liberty pole was duly planted.

The petition which Huguenin read to the Assembly, previous to entrance into the hall of the petitioners, was not a mere frothy denunciation of emigrants, tyrants, and traitors. It set forth clearly and with force the reasons why the people were dissatisfied. The petitioners demanded to know why it was that no measures for the national defence were being taken. Why were the armies inactive? Was it the fault of the executive? If so, abolish the executive. The king loves his life, but the nation loves its life also. The will of one man must not paralyze the will of 25,000,000. The Constitution was the law; the king had sworn to obey it, and he must do so. The national welfare demanded that the king should act. If he will not act, he must be deposed. He must not violate the law, ally himself with public enemies, and thus destroy the people. Such in substance was this famous petition of the 20th of June, 1792.

The president of the Assembly made the vague response natural in such cases. The reading of the petition, the planting of the tree, the parade through the Assembly, and the march through the palace gardens, ended the programme apparently. It was four o'clock in the evening when the last of the patriots filed through the hall and the people, tired and hungry, but contented, started on their

return home. Their line of march took them through the palace grounds, along the façade of the enormous building, and they tramped by close under the windows shouting, "Down with the Veto!" "Recall the patriot ministers!" Troops stood in ranks all along the façade, forming a bannered front, which was not tempting to mob violence, and the petitioners, contenting themselves with insulting yells, passed out by the Pont Royal gate. Instead of continuing through to the quays and thus getting back into the city to their homes, the people turned in the Place du Carrousel, passed through the open gate, filled the Court of the Council, and knocked for admittance at the gate of the Royal court. "We wish to enter; we have a petition; we mean no harm to the king." Thus, the people. The sentinels on duty at the gate crossed their bayonets. The people fell back, but returned — renewing their demands more threateningly. The guards had no orders; the situation was growing serious. "What shall we do?" asked the captain of the guard, speaking to his colonel. "I have no orders!" said the colonel to the captain.

Raimonvilliers, commandant of the National Guard for the month, happened along. He saw the situation, but said nothing. During that whole day his policy was the Pétion policy. A lieutenant-colonel of the gendarmes, named Carle, ran after the commandant and asked him what to do. "Remove your bayonets," said Raimonvilliers. "Why don't you order me at once to give up my sword and pull off my breeches?" said Carle in high dudgeon. The commandant withdrew without further remark.

Aclocque, a courageous royalist, thought to satisfy all parties by suggesting a compromise. He proposed to the petitioners that they select twenty men to present their

petition. He guaranteed the delegation a friendly reception and a fair hearing. The proposition was approved, and a delegation of about thirty entered the gate. The crowd on the outside, pressed by numbers constantly arriving, began to murmur. Rumours circulated that the palace was filled with aristocrats, returned emigrants, seditious priests, and that counter-revolutionary designs were again on foot. Another story is that the crowd, cooped within the court and held there by the pressure of their own numbers, suddenly conceived the idea of getting back into the city by going straight through the palace.

Whatever the motive, the mob soon renewed its fierce demands for entrance. "Open the gates!" "Open the gates!" they roared tumultuously. The cannoneers of St. Marceau brought up their guns and made ready to fire. Two municipal officers ordered the sentinels to open the gates. These municipals had no authority to give such orders, but they assumed it, and the sentinels obeyed. It relieved them of a dangerous duty.

Open swing the gates, in rush the mob. They swarm into the courts, dash for the doors, and pour into the palace in such a torrent that a cannon is borne with them to the third door, where the wheels get jammed. With fearful noise the mob rolls on, up the grand stairway, into the galleries and corridors and halls. Men of the shops and men of the slums, women of the markets and hags of the brothels, all sorts and sizes of people are in the horde, and the palace rings with the myriad voice of riot. Yells of fury as the mob rushes on; screams of terror as the servants fly from their places; shouts of warning as the sentinels or courtiers run forward to save the royal family. "Where's the king?" "Where's the big Veto?" "Down

with the Veto!" "Death to the Austrian woman!" And with these savage yells is mingled the crash of doors, of windows, and of furniture.

"Where is the king?" shriek a hundred voices, and they thunder at the right door this time. The king is behind it, and is not afraid. He has taken the sacraments, and is quite serene. Full of passive courage, he does not falter now when the brave Aclocque suggests that the door be opened. An usher opens the door; the crowd rushes in. There stands the king, fat, placid, powdered, laced, surrounded by friends and guards. "Citizens!" exclaimed Aclocque, "this is your king! Respect him. We will die rather than let you hurt him!"

This resolute speech had its effect; the crowd paused. Prudent friends of the king took advantage of this momentary lull to draw him into the recess of a window, mount him on a bench, and to form in line in front of him. "Sire, don't be afraid," said one of his grenadiers. The king took the soldier's hand, laid it upon his heart, and asked, "Does it beat any faster? I am not afraid. I have taken the sacraments." But the crowd had now grown denser, new swarms had arrived, and the room was filled with furies who brandished weapons, uttered threats, and made efforts to reach the king. His guard beat down all weapons raised against him.

During all this while, crowds ranged over the palace smashing, robbing, threatening, and spreading universal terror. The queen fled from room to room, as the furies pursued her, till she at length reached the Council Chamber where Mandat and 200 National Guards gave her protection. By the time the crowd reached her,

Santerre was there, and taking up his position by her side, he made her safety his care during the whole time the mob remained. When the Jacobin cap was put upon the dauphin's head, it was Santerre who tossed it aside saying, "It is too hot for the child."

The king's martyrdom lasted for two hours. He had to hear many things which shocked his ears; see many things which closed his eyes. One woman flaunted a banner upon which a pair of ox-horns were mounted, underneath was printed a motto suggestive of too much patience in the king and not enough virtue in the queen. The man who bore the black breeches was in evidence; and, according to Madame Campan, he of the calf's heart also. Insulting placards, bearing the words, "Down with king, the Veto," were plentiful. Legendre spoke plainly and rudely to the king, man to man, telling him that he was deceiving the people, that he had always played a double part, was doing so still, and that he had better take care how he continued it. "Take care! The measure is well nigh full!" Legendre then read to the king the petition they had come to present.

The king's reply was, "I shall do what the Constitution requires." To the repeated demands that he recall the ministers and withdraw his vetoes, he answered, "This is not the time nor the manner to ask it of me."

Thus with admirable courage the beleaguered king stood his ground. In other respects he compromised his dignity strangely. He put the dirty red cap of the Jacobins on his head, and kept it there for hours — the cap which Robespierre had scornfully put under his feet. He drank a glass of wine, which one of the mob offered, to the toast of the nation's health. He waved a sword, which



one of his insulters had carried, and cried lustily, "Live the nation."

The mob at last began to leave the palace. In dreary procession they filed past the queen, some cursing, some singing, some content with scowls. One woman stopped before the queen and shrieked, "You are infamous! We will hang you!"

"Have I ever done you harm?"

"No; but you have brought misfortune upon the nation."

"You are deceived," said the queen, sadly. "I am the wife of your king, the mother of the dauphin. I am French. I shall never see my native land again. I was happy when you all loved me. Except in France, I can never be either happy or unhappy."

"Pardon me," said the woman, her sympathies touched. "I did not know you. I see that you are good."

"The woman is drunk," said Santerre, and at his word the throng moved on.

Many deputies of the Assembly had hurried to the palace, and were using their influence to get the crowd off. Pétion at length arrived, and assured the king he had just heard of his situation. The king believed this statement to be false, and hinted as much. Others told the mayor that he would be held responsible for all that happened. He then mounted a sofa, harangued the people, and assisted in the clearance of the palace.

It was after eight o'clock when the last of the rabble was broomed out. The royal family, reunited after such a fearful ordeal, fell into each other's arms, weeping. Deputies present also wept. "You weep, Monsieur Merlin, to see the king so cruelly treated by a people whom he has always sought to make happy," said the queen to Merlin

of Thionville. "Yes, madame, I weep over the misfortunes of a woman who is beautiful, sensible, and the mother of a family, but do not misunderstand me. Not one of my tears is for king or queen. I hate kings and queens. It is my religion."

While the mob was raging through the palace, it is said that the partisans of the Duke of Orleans were in the gardens endeavouring to raise the cry, "Down with Louis! Long live Philip!" The crowd did not respond. The Duke of Orleans was still the head of a party whose aim was to put him upon the throne, either as regent or as king. Much of the free beer of the wealthy brewer, Santee, was charged up to Orleans, and the Marquis St. Huruge and other leaders of the mob were in his pay; but at no time during the Revolution did the populace show much inclination to exchange Louis for Philip. At this particular crisis the proposition to pull down the one and set up the other bore a striking resemblance to the idea of swapping the devil for a witch.

The people at large had been made hostile, and the duke's following sadly demoralized, by a cannonade he had received from all the revolutionary newspapers during the previous winter, and the Orleans party was at a low ebb. The duke had seen fit to urge the payment of an old debt of \$800,000 which the government owed his house. The origin of this claim against the nation is so illustrative of the peculiar methods of the old régime that the story is worth telling—especially as the royalists of to-day attribute the alleged decadence of France to "the infamous Revolution."

Those who have read the first volume of this "Story of France" will remember a certain Duke of Orleans who be-

came regent of the kingdom during the minority of Louis XV. This regent was perhaps the gaudiest flower that ever blossomed from the rank soil of the old régime. Without shame, principles, morality, or redeeming qualities of any sort, he converted the palace into a brothel and the government into a riotous revel of the corrupt. Unto this regent daughters were born, and, being trained from tender years to walk in the way of their father, when they grew up they did not depart therefrom. In an age when most high-born women sneered at vulgar proprieties, these princesses laughed at decency and paid notoriously regular tributes to vice. To find husbands for such daughters was no easy matter, for they were as extravagant as dissolute, and their brazen profligacy went just a trifle beyond accepted standards. The lady with whom we are concerned was offered no suitable match in France, and the duke cast his eyes upon Italy. Even at that time Italian princes were on the matrimonial market, though for a genuine prince the price, then as now, was somewhat stiff. A duke of Modena was found who was willing to give his hand and title to the regent's daughter, provided the dowry was ample. Four million francs was an amount readily agreed upon, for the regent did not intend to pay a sou of it himself, — France could do that, the humbly obedient taxpayers of France. Necessary documents were prepared, granting the lady's dowry as a royal gift, the form of it being a promise to pay, on the part of the king, out of the public treasury. The regent had his ward, Louis XV., put his name to the papers — the king being at that time eleven years old. The hand of a child was made to filch from the treasury of France the marital bribe of a needy prince of Italy.

And so the lady of the soiled name secured a noble

husband, and the noble husband secured a noble dowry, and there was much satisfaction all round. When the bond held by the Duke of Modena matured, there were no funds in the French treasury to meet it. The regent and his ravenous court had squandered everything. The debt was recognized, and the interest paid; but the principal could not be discharged. From year to year the same thing happened; the interest was paid, and the principal deferred. This was not so bad an arrangement for the Italian prince, and he wisely let the matter rest at that. As favoured creditor of the proudest monarchy in Europe his investment was as good as any he could make, and his interest, regularly met, furnished him handsome annual revenues.

In due season the Duke of Modena was gathered to his fathers, and for seventy years the French government continued the payment of the annual interest to the descendants of his duchess. One of these descendants was Philip, Duke of Orleans, who was now plotting, bribing, and striving to become king of France in the stead of his cousin, Louis XVI., whom it was customary to call "the big, fat pig." In the winter of 1791, it pleased this Duke of Orleans to demand of the French government the payment in full of the bond which the regent had made his little ward sign in the palmy days of the old régime. The demand created an uproar. Hot indignation was felt by revolutionists of all shades of opinion, and the duke was lashed by orator and editor with merciless severity. A fairer target was never offered, and the duke was riddled. The storm of abuse which burst upon him possibly made him ashamed, it certainly made him afraid, and the demand for payment was not pressed. This episode had given the

Orleans party a staggering blow, and for that reason, as for many others, there was no encouraging echo from the crowd which filled the gardens of the Tuileries when the duke's partisans raised the shout, "Long live Orleans!"

A reaction in favour of the king followed the 20th of June. Sympathy was felt for the monarch who had been so grossly outraged, and who had borne himself so patiently and courageously under the trial. Next day there were great crowds in the streets, but they were loyal crowds, and they were loud in their denunciation of what had occurred. The little dauphin, seeing such numbers of people approaching the palace, cried in terror: "Mamma, is yesterday come again?"

Pétion was alarmed at the turn things were taking. He had hurried to the Assembly to justify himself on the evening of the 20th, and he now offered his excuses at the palace. The king treated him with studied insult, and in the courtyard he was, according to Sergent, surrounded and hustled.

Sergent himself was more severely treated. Sergent was an engraver whom the Revolution had elevated to the office of administrator of police. As such, he was charged with the duty of keeping order. On the 20th he had done his full duty,—as he thinks. The court thought very differently. The royalists believed that he had aided the rioters, and was now telling lies about it. According to Sergent's own account, the courtiers inveigled him into a guard-room at the palace, and vilely mistreated him. A grenadier hit him in the stomach, and doubled him up in a manner most distressing. Others cuffed him and hustled him. He does not say that he

was kicked. No man likes to confess it all. Gouverneur Morris, however, expressly says that Sergent was kicked. And to add insult to injury, the grenadier who had done these things was made a captain by the king the next week.

Loyal addresses poured in from nearly all the departments of France, condemning the outrage, and expressing sympathy for the king. The department of the Seine formally declared its disapproval of Pétion, and preferred charges against him which brought his conduct under legal investigation. La Fayette came post-haste from his army to demand of the Assembly the punishment of the leaders of the riot. His speech created enthusiasm in the Assembly; but Gaudet assailed him shrewdly, for having left his army without leave. The debate was violent, but the majority remained with La Fayette. On leaving the hall he was surrounded by thousands of his old comrades, the National Guards. They escorted him to the Tuileries, where he went to pay his respects to king and queen. He was coldly received, and his vanity was wounded. As he left the palace, his old soldiers shouted, "Lead us against the Jacobins!" "Down with the Jacobin Club." Then was the time, if ever — but La Fayette did not seize it.

A meeting was held at his house that night. It was decided that he should review the Guards next day, and that all who were willing to aid him in closing the Jacobin Club should meet him at a place appointed. Only 100 came. "Let us meet again to-morrow. If 300 come, we will march." Thirty came. La Fayette gave up the attempt, and hastened back to his army — none too soon to escape Jacobin clutches.

It was the hostility of the king and the queen which paralyzed the efforts of La Fayette. Madame Campan re-

lates that on the day of La Fayette's arrival, those officers of the National Guard who were loyal to the king consulted him, and asked whether they must assist La Fayette by joining him in the measures he might pursue while in Paris. "The king enjoined them not to do so." The queen's enmity went further. She told Madame Campan she would rather perish than be saved by La Fayette. It is even said that she notified Pétion and Danton of La Fayette's plan, and thus enabled them to concert measures to prevent the National Guard from making a demonstration.

The Girondins, replying to the challenge of La Fayette, dissolved the staff of the National Guard, after a stormy debate, and an all-night session. This was the first great blow aimed at La Fayette and the constitutionals. His party rapidly went to pieces. On July 4th, the queen wrote to Mercy urging the speedy advance of the invading armies. "All is lost if the malcontents are not arrested by fear of near punishment. They wish a republic at any price. To obtain it they have determined to assassinate the king. *A manifesto should render the National Assembly and France answerable for his life and that of his family.*"

The situation of the royal family became constantly more wretched, and the insults heaped upon them ever more savage. One day the queen, standing at a window of the palace and looking out upon the grounds, was seen by a sentinel near by, who cried, "I would like to have your head on the end of my bayonet." Shameless booksellers hawked within the gardens and almost beneath her eyes a vile publication which was illustrated by obscene pictures, and which pretended to give a history of the queen's secret amours. Another day the king heard a

scuffle at his door. It proved to be a fight between two of the sentinels who had come to some difference of political opinion, and were settling the dispute by a fisticuff.

Even the church service could not escape the contagion—politics invaded the choir, and hymns of worship became scandalous songs of faction. Attending vespers one evening in the royal chapel, the king and queen were saluted by the loyal singers of the choir, who doubled their voices when they intoned the lines which honoured the king. The purpose of this was so apparent that those of the choir who were not royalists trebled their voices as they reached the line, "*He has put down the mighty from their places.*" "God save the king!" sang the royalists in loud tones; "and queen," they added defiantly, and in violation of the text of the hymn. "*He has put down the mighty from their places,*" bawled the republicans, with equal energy and irrelevancy. Thus the divine service was pulled back and forth between factions, and the angels for once had to listen while singers below turned hymns into political demonstrations. The royal family went to mass no more.



## CHAPTER XXIX

LA FAYETTE IN PARIS; "THE COUNTRY IS IN DANGER";  
MARCH OF THE MEN OF MARSEILLES; VOLUNTEERS;  
BRUNSWICK'S MANIFESTO

**B**ETWEEN the republican defeat of June 20th and its victory on August 10th, there came a period of suspense, of doubt, and of preparation. The warring factions watched each other, and feared each other. The royalists dreaded further outrages; the radicals punishment for those already committed. So convinced were the revolutionary leaders that they would be prosecuted, that some of them, including Condorcet, made preparations to flee the country. It is certain that they thought they were in danger of being caught between two fires,—invading Prussians and infuriated French royalists. Their consternation was extreme, and they redoubled their efforts to gain the ground lost on the 20th of June.

The want of resolution shown by La Fayette gave the Jacobins their first encouragement. They had dreaded his return to Paris. At this period, and for some time afterwards, it was the constant fear of Robespierre that La Fayette would march upon Paris at the head of his army. When the general's carriage whirled away from the hall of the Assembly on the evening of the 28th of June, surrounded by National Guards shouting "Down with the Jacobins," those extremists believed

that their day of trouble had come. They fully expected that the king and queen would welcome La Fayette as a deliverer, would unite forces with him, would take the offensive, march against them in force, close up their clubs, and punish their leaders. They could hardly credit what they heard, when it was rumoured that the general had been repulsed at the palace, that the royalists had refused to support him, and that his effort to organize an attacking force had been a wretched failure. In proportion to his discomfiture, their own spirits rose. They opened fire upon him in their clubs, in their journals, in their street gatherings, and in the Assembly. When he left Paris on June 30th, he was a discredited man—a leader who no longer led. His enemies were loud and aggressive, his friends mortified and mute.

Fearing a repetition of June 20th, the royalists closed the gardens of the Tuileries to the public. This act was so unpopular that the gates were soon thrown open again,—a reserved space being left for the exclusive use of the royal family. Some patriot marked off this private reservation by stretching tricolour ribbons in front of it. Notices were put up warning the people not to overstep the boundary of this royal "Coblentz," as it was derisively called. When any citizen went over into "Coblentz," the patriots who remained on "national ground," as the open part of the garden was called, hooted him, chased him, and threatened his life. Such citizen, if he were nimble-witted, would stop, take off his shoes, and carefully wipe the dust of "Coblentz" from the soles—and thus earn plaudits and handshakes, in lieu of curses and kicks. When the queen went down into "Coblentz" with her children for exercise and air, the yells of the crowd which

thronged "national ground" drove her back into the palace. When the king passed through corridors where the guards were drawn up, half of them might cry, "Live the king," but the other half would shout, "No! No king! Down with the Veto!"

The Rolands, during the interval between June 20th and August 10th, were panic-stricken. Whether or not they had instigated the attempt which failed cannot be known with certainty; but, as to the attempt which succeeded, there is no doubt. Madame Roland's agency as plainly appears as though she herself had said, "I laid their daggers ready." From that white hand the blood of the Tenth of August drips.

"Liberty is lost," cried Roland, "if the plots of the courts are not immediately checked. La Fayette is meditating treason in the north. The army of the centre is disorganized, in want of munitions, and cannot stand against the enemy. There is nothing to prevent the Austrians from being in Paris in six weeks."

"Have we worked for three years for the grandest of revolutions only to see it overthrown in a day?" continued Roland. He was talking to Barbaroux. Madame Roland was present, for the meeting was at her house. "If liberty dies in France, it is forever lost to the rest of the world. All the hopes of philosophy are deceived. The most cruel tyranny will reign upon the earth. Let us prevent this disaster." The good man's feelings overcame him. He broke down and wept. Barbaroux and Madame Roland were also melted to tears, their souls oppressed with grief, their hearts dismayed by the danger which confronted themselves and liberty.

Not far away is another group, fashioned from the same

clay, torn by anxieties just as cruel! At the Tuileries there is panic and tears, because royalty is about to fall; at Roland's there is terror and tears, because republicanism is doomed. Marie Antoinette sees assassins hiding in the corridors, watching for the chance to kill her; sees Jacobins mustering to assault the palace; sees ruin, and bemoans the fate of her children, who will never wear the crown. "It ends with us!" Madame Roland sees, with equal clearness, that there is nothing to hinder the Austrians from reaching Paris in six weeks, crushing the Revolution, restoring the old order, and soaking the soil of France with the blood of the patriots who had sought to establish liberty.

Realizing her danger, what has the queen done? She has rejected the offered hand of La Fayette. She declines a similar offer when made by the Duke de Rochefoucauld-Liancourt—he who had said on the Bastille night, "Sire, it is a revolution." She scorns the constitutionals, and says she had rather die than be saved by them. What, then, is her hope—for the danger is appalling, time presses, and something must be done. She hires claqueurs to applaud royalism and hoot radicalism! She buys, or thinks she buys, venal patriots. According to Sergent, the disbanded constitutional guard is kept in pay, ready to be summoned if needed. According to the same author, there are two hundred additional guards smuggled into the palace force, and to animate their courage, the skylight is enlarged so that they can run off, if need be, by way of the roof! But her favourite expedient, her main-stay, her life-boat in this awful storm, is the foreign invader. If she can but hurry up the Austrian-Prussian advance, all's well! She knows the plan of campaign of the invaders and she tells Madame

Campan on what day the Prussian army will reach city after city on the route to Paris. Her "two months shut up in a tower" is the same thought as Roland's, "six weeks and the Austrians will be in Paris." Between the hope of the queen and the fear of her enemies there is a difference in time only.

The Rolands wept, Barbaroux wept; but that was not all. They discussed plans; they unrolled the map of France, and hunted for a province into which republicanism might retreat, as into a fortress. Where could they prepare the strongest defence? Where could they make a stand for liberty? The Vosges, the Jura, the Loire, were proposed. Or, should they try the east, the Doubs, the Aisne, the Rhone? Or, would the west be better, the Vienne, the Dordogne? If all these strongholds failed, could they not fall back to Corsica?—Corsica, which had never yet rested quietly under the yoke of tyranny? All these plans were debated; but before the little council ended they had come to the bolder resolution to fight first, and retreat afterwards.

But could another revolt be organized? Would Santerre try his hand again? Would Pétion and Sergent run the risk of more cuffs and kicks? Would the rabble throw itself against the devoted Swiss who manned the king's strong château? It was doubtful. Even if the mob would attack, would it stand fire? Like sheep, they had scattered at the first volley in the Field of Mars—could the ill-armed workmen of the two great wards of St. Antoine and St. Marceau drive disciplined troops out of the strong-walled Tuileries? Hardly. Then what must be done? Reënforcements must be got. Men must be brought who had not been shot at and put to rout; men

who were drilled and equipped and accustomed to fighting; men who would not shrink from bloodshed, nor from death. Where could they be better had than in Marseilles, the southern seaport, where hot-blooded men thought no more of fighting than of feasting.

Barbaroux was the hero of the patriots at Marseilles — had been prominent there ever since the electoral campaign of Mirabeau. He now promised to aid the projected revolt by bringing up from Marseilles a battalion of six hundred picked men, — "men who knew how to die."

During the hot days of July, 1792, the men of the south march towards Paris, dragging their two cannon by hand. Along their line of march hangs a cloud of dust, upon which France soon rivets her gaze as though it were the cloud that led the Hebrew host. Royalists frown or tremble when they see this dusty battalion pass; royalist doors are closed; royalist municipals are cold. But patriotism offsets all this. Patriotism shouts its welcome, opens its door, sings for joy, and cries, "God speed you!" all along the route.

As the volunteers marched, they sang, thrilling the patriot soul with a song which had not been heard before — known soon to the world as the *Marseillaise*. "Let me write the songs of the people, and I care not who writes their laws," might not have sounded like bombast if Rouget de Lisle had said it in 1792-1793. How he came to compose this famous hymn of the *Marseillaise* is rendered doubtful by contradictory stories. The romantic one is that which is told by Lamartine, but it is not supported by later authorities. Discarding Lamartine, there is the version which makes De Lisle write the song and compose the music at the instance of Dietrich, the

mayor of Strasburg, who suggested a popular song to serve as battle-hymn for Luckner's army. Another version is that De Lisle, an aristocratic young officer of engineers, having been imprisoned in 1791 for his refusal to take a second oath to the Constitution, was composing a patriotic song in his cell. While doing so, he heard the music of a march which Alexander Boucher, a violinist, had composed in 1790, and at the suggestion of De Lisle's jailer the words of the song were set to Boucher's march. The success of the hymn was immediate. Under the name of the "Battle-song of Luckner's army," it was taken up by everybody, became the inspiration of local patriots, passed on to Marseilles, and became the rage there. As the volunteer battalion marched upon Paris, the towns along the road heard it for the first time, and the song, named after the singers, became the *Marseillaise*.

At Vienne, the battalion made a halt on July 14th to celebrate the Festival of the Federation. On the eve of their arrival the Abbé Pessoneaux composed an addition to the hymn, which was adopted as its last strophe. These lines, added casually to the song of the Revolution, afterwards saved the author's life. During the Terror, a priest was led before the Revolutionary Tribunal, — a priest who had refused to take the oath. He was not very old, though his hair was snow-white. The room was crowded with the men and women who flocked to the court, day after day, to see doomed men tried, to hear them sentenced to death. Seated round an oblong table, covered with black, were the judges, men to whom the passing of the fatal sentence had come to be almost synonymous with the arraignment of the accused. Before the priest had come several others. They had had their

trial, — that is, their names had been recorded, the indictment read, and the death penalty pronounced. As the priest came forward, the crowd showed interest — the Revolution took a special delight in condemning obnoxious priests. "Who art thou?" asked the president. "I am the Abbé Pessoneaux, former tutor at the college at Vienne, and the author of the last strophe of the *Marseillaise*." There was a complete silence; no one spoke, no one moved. The guards were as men turned to stone, looking towards the judges. The people could hear each other breathe, and they looked towards the judges. The president turned to his colleagues, — a brief consultation, — then they stretched out their hands, which meant, "He is free!" and then a deafening cheer rang through the room. The abbé went forth a hero!

While the men of Marseilles are marching up from the south, firing the patriotic passions of the people as they come, the Girondins in the Assembly are returning to the charge and doing their utmost to deepen the suspicion that King Louis is in sympathy with the enemies of France. The revolutionary leaders had become convinced that the monarch would never sign their two decrees. They had tried everything to move him, and had failed. Unless the nation was to yield, and allow the veto to override the will of the people, Louis must be deposed. In order to work up public sentiment to this pitch, the oratorical batteries of the Girondins again began to play upon the Tuileries. To identify the king with the foreign foe — that was now the object aimed at, and Vergniaud opened the attack on July 3rd, 1792, in one of his most elaborate and powerful speeches. Said he, among other things almost as forceful: —



"It is in the name of the king that the French princes have tried to raise all the courts of Europe against France; it is to vindicate the dignity of the king that the treaty of Pillnitz was signed, and the monstrous alliance made between the courts of Vienna and Berlin; it is to defend the king that the former companies of the Body-Guard have hurried to Germany to serve beneath the standard of rebellion; it is to come to the help of the king that the emigrants ask for and obtain employment in the Austrian armies, and get ready to tear the bosom of their fatherland; it is to join these gallant defenders of the royal prerogatives that other gallants of the most scrupulous honour are abandoning their posts in the presence of the enemy, are breaking their oaths, are stealing the military chests, are labouring to corrupt the soldiers, and are thus setting their glory in cowardice, perjury, bribery, theft, and assassination; it is against the nation or the National Assembly alone, and for the maintenance of the splendour of the throne, that the emperor of Germany is making war upon us, and the king of Prussia marching towards our frontiers; it is in the name of the king that liberty is being attacked, and if it should be overthrown, the empire would soon be dismembered to indemnify the allied powers for their expenses."

Louis was arraigned for his double-dealing, his violations of his repeated oaths, his refusal to aid in preparing for national defence, his obstruction of measures taken by the Assembly for the salvation of the country. In a tempest of wrath, the speaker apostrophized the king, asking of him, as though he were present. "Did the Constitution leave you the choice of ministers for our happiness or our ruin? Did it place you at the head of our army for our glory or

our shame? Did it give you the right of sanction, the civil list, and so many prerogatives, constitutionally, to lose the empire and the Constitution? No! No! Man, whom the generosity of the French people could not affect, whom the love of despotism alone actuates, you are now nothing to the Constitution you have so unworthily violated, and to the people you have so basely betrayed!"

The profound impression made by the speech of Vergniaud was not lessened by that of Brissot. "Our peril," he exclaimed, "exceeds all that past ages have witnessed. The country is in danger, not because we are in need of troops, not because those troops want courage, or that our frontiers are badly fortified and our resources scanty. No; it is in danger because its force is paralyzed. And who has paralyzed it? One man—a man whom the Constitution has made its chief, and whom perfidious advisers have made its foe. You are told to fear the kings of Austria and Prussia; I say the chief force of these kings is at the court, and it is there that we must first conquer them. They tell you to strike the dissentient priests throughout the kingdom; I tell you to strike at the Tuileries and fell all the priests by one blow. You are told to prosecute all factions and intriguing conspirators; they will all disappear if you once knock loud enough at the door of the Cabinet of the Tuileries, for that Cabinet is the point to which all these threads tend, where every scheme is plotted, and whence every impulse proceeds. The nation is the plaything of this Cabinet. This is the secret of our position, this is the source of the evil, and here the remedy must be applied."

While this great debate was going forward, and the

issue was shaping itself somewhat slowly, the directory of the department of the Seine, which had been investigating the charges against Pétion in connection with the riot of June 20th, suspended him from office. During the same evening the last spasm of brotherhood convulsed the deputies of the Assembly. Lamourette, a priest, being suddenly moved thereto by the spirit, rose in the midst of the debate, and proposed that every one present should swear to have "but one spirit and one sentiment." "Let us form ourselves into one and the same mass of freemen, equally terrible to anarchy and to feudalism. The moment the foreigner sees that we are all united will be the moment when liberty triumphs and France is saved." With immediate and boundless enthusiasm the young lawyers, who have been hammering each other in debate, rush into each other's arms, hug and are hugged, kiss and are kissed, weep and are bewept. Everybody decides then and there to be good. Everybody swears to turn over a new leaf, live better, love his enemy, and not despise his neighbour. Girondin hugs Jacobin, Jacobin Girondin; and all the radicals embrace all the conservatives. While these hysterics were in full progress, the king arrived. The "Lamourette kiss" had aroused enough good feeling for the king to have a share. The deputies welcomed him as kings had of old been welcomed in loyal France. "Live the king!" was shouted vociferously, and the Assembly appeared to have been caught up into a whirlwind of loyalty.

By July 10th, the La Fayette ministers deserted the king, and three days later the Girondins decreed the reinstatement of Pétion. The factions were raging hotter than ever. On July 11th, the Assembly decreed that "The country is in danger," and authorized the enrolment of

85,000 volunteers. On July 14th, the Feast of the Federation was held, as in previous years, but the old enthusiasm was gone. The visiting delegations were small, the ceremonies tame. The royal family attended, but not one voice from the crowd cried, "Live the king." "Pétion! Pétion! Live Pétion! Pétion, or death!" was all the cry. Released from his suspension, he was the hero of the day. He whispered to his friend Sergent that the National Guards wished him to become dictator.

Louis had acted with his usual want of judgment. According to programme he was to have marched with the Assembly. He did not do so. The women of his family, in fear of assassination, had put a breastplate of quilted stuff upon him, and he went to the Field of Mars in the midst of his brilliant military escort. Close to the Altar of the Fatherland was a tree, upon which hung the symbols of feudalism—crowns, mantles, cardinals' hats, St. Peter keys, titles of nobility, coats of arms, etc. According to programme the king was to have set fire to this display. He excused himself from doing so—saying that feudalism was already destroyed. As soon as he had taken the oath he went away. The tree of feudalism had to be fired by Pétion and the president of the Assembly.

Paris was expected to furnish 3000 volunteers under the decree of July 11th. Lajard, the Minister of War, acting in the king's name, ordered registers placed in the offices of the various notaries. This quiet method yielded no volunteers. Scarcely two hundred enrolled themselves. At that rate, the army which was to drive back the invader would never materialize. Sergent proposed a plan to put life into the decree: turn the enlistment into a popular festival. Announce it for Sunday, July 22nd. Let signal

guns be fired, let cannons boom at every succeeding hour through the day. Let municipal officers ride on horseback through the streets, bearing huge banners inscribed, "Citizens, the country is in danger!" Let these men shout loudly as they go. Let the horsemen be followed by detachments of the National Guard and by artillery. Call out all the bands; have every one of the sixty playing at the same time in the different parts of the city. Let flags wave at all public places, and upon these flags inscribe the words, "The country is in danger!" Beat all the drums, blow all the horns, ring all the bells.

Such, in substance, was the Sergent programme, as per *Memoirs of Sergent*. He believed that his method would wake the city up, create enthusiasm, and produce volunteers. It was tried, and it accomplished all that Sergent claimed for it. The city was wakened, enthusiasm created, volunteers produced. Instead of dingy offices in by-streets, where blinking notaries sat, and no fellow-citizen, male or female, stood by to praise the brave volunteer who offered to go forth and do battle in behalf of endangered fatherland, here was the public square, a tent all garlanded with flowers, the red bonnet and the tricolour flying, municipal officers in uniform sitting at tables resting on drums, bands playing, cannon booming, and crowds cheering. Sergent had made no mistake. The books were no sooner opened under these conditions than five thousand men rushed forward to sign, eager to become heroes in the eyes of applauding men, women, and children.

As each volunteer signed his name, a venerable officer embraced him and gave him a laurel wreath. The roll of the drums told the people that another hero had volunteered. Where the drums left off the band struck in, and

where the band ceased the cheers of the people commenced. The Sergent method, adopted throughout the country, produced more volunteers than the decree demanded. France had all the troops she wanted — troops who were fired by enthusiasm, devoted to fatherland, and intense partisans of the Revolution. To these volunteers the Assembly gave the right to elect their own officers. Under this law commands were obtained by Moreau, Pichegru, Soult, Massena, Jourdan, and Davoust.

The Parisian volunteers camped in the Field of Mars, waiting for orders to march. About the city lounged the delegates who had come up to the Feast of the Federation, — drinking at the cafés and blustering on the streets. Everybody knew the Marseilles battalion was coming; everybody was on the lookout for something decisive. The volunteers swore they would not leave their wives and children behind to be butchered by the royalists, while they, the volunteers, were driving back Austrians and Prussians on the frontier. Something must be done to intimidate the traitors at home. With difficulty the king got together another ministry — his last — men of no weight or importance. The time had come when ministers could do nothing. All power, all initiative, was in the municipality or in the Assembly.

The attitude of the Girondins became doubtful. Some of them began to draw back — appalled by the violence of the passions they had themselves inflamed. Brissot was one of these. He had spoken for dethronement in the Assembly, but forcible dethronement, accompanied by murder and chaotic afterclaps, was quite a different matter. Vergniaud in a masterly memoir drawn up by him, and signed by Gensonné and Gaudet, urged the king to

actively identify himself with the defence of the country, repudiate Coblenz and the coalition, publicly declare that he would never separate from the Assembly, summon to his side ministers and advisers in whom the people had confidence, and confound his accusers by putting the reins of government in the hands of men who were known to be staunch friends of the Revolution. "I close my letter," wrote Vergniaud. "It is already too long, since I know it will be useless. My heart is oppressed with the deepest sorrow." What was the king's answer to this noble letter, this advice so wise and timely? He made none.

On the 26th of July, Gaudet reported to the Assembly an address to the king, which was in the nature of a last appeal. "By what fatality, Sire, is it that none but enemies of the Revolution pretend to serve you? The Constitution has charged you with the defence of the country, yet it is in your name that the league of kings has been formed, a league hostile to that liberty which you have so often sworn to defend. You complain, Sire, of the distrust of the people; but what have you done to remove it? Your palace is filled with the families of the rebels at Coblenz. It would be vain to look near you for a man who has been useful to liberty, or who has not betrayed it. But all divisions must cease; when the empire is threatened, all must unite in its defence. You may yet save your country and your crown with it. Let your ministers be men whom the people trust. The nation can no doubt defend itself; but it once more requests you, Sire, to unite with it to defend the Constitution and the throne."

To this appeal the king remained deaf. He refused the extended hand of the repentant Girondins, as he had

rejected that of the repentant La Fayette. Did the king really understand the situation? Did he know the extent of his danger? In spite of all that has been said to the contrary, it would seem that he did not. While he knew there was peril, he hoped to escape. The case was by no means desperate—as he thought. He gave Gouverneur Morris a large sum of money to be used in bribes, and he seems to have believed that Pétion and Danton had been bought, but he refused to abdicate, or to attempt an escape. Once more a noble-minded sympathizer came forward and tendered aid. Madame de Staël had no reason to love either the king or the queen. They had mistreated her father; they had recently dismissed and insulted her lover, Count Narbonne. Nevertheless, this brilliant and resourceful woman sincerely deplored the situation into which the royal family had now fallen. She proposed a plan, bold, ingenious, and practical, by which she could save them. It was coldly rejected. The king and queen declined to accept any service at the hands of Madame de Staël!

On July 20th, the king of Prussia declared war, and on the 28th came the famous proclamation of the Duke of Brunswick, commander-in-chief of the Prussian army of invasion. In this manifesto, the duke denounced those who had usurped the reins of government in France, overturned the legitimate government, used violence against the king and his family, and suppressed the rights of the German princes in Alsace and Lorraine. He declared that the allied sovereigns were advancing to put an end to anarchy in France, to arrest the attacks made on the altar and the throne, to restore the king to the liberty and security he was deprived of, and to place him in position



to exercise his legitimate authority. He summoned the National Guard and the authorities to return to their ancient fidelity, and reminded them that they would be held responsible for all disorders which might occur prior to the arrival of the invaders. He declared that the inhabitants of towns which stood on the defensive should be treated as rebels, and their houses burned. As to the city of Paris, it was threatened with total destruction if any harm should be done the king.

This proclamation was not the work of the Duke of Brunswick himself. It emanated directly from the king and his emigrant brothers. Louis XVI. had commissioned his confidential agent, Mallet du Pan, to prevail upon the allied kings to issue a manifesto, and while the one which was published was more violent than that Louis desired to have issued, in principle it was much the same. An emigrant noble, De Limon, was the actual author of the document, and the king's brother, D'Artois, approved it. The Duke of Brunswick afterwards said that its most violent paragraph was added, without his knowledge, after he had signed it. The effect of this address was electrical. It was a challenge, thrown insolently at the French nation, and the French rose as one man to make defiant answer. It did more to precipitate the crisis than all the speeches of all the Girondins, Jacobins, republicans, and socialists. It put the friends of the king in the most cruelly embarrassing dilemma. They could not defend him without seeming to be false to the nation. Republicanism menaced by foreign powers became patriotism; royalism in league with the invaders became treason. What hope could it cherish after that?

In the meanwhile, the Jacobins set to work to arrange

an attack on the Tuileries. Recognizing the king as the one great obstacle to national unity, safety, and peace, they determined to get rid of him. Danton, Santerre, Westermann, Lazowski, Carra, Camille Desmoulins, Marat, Alexandre, were all active in the "Directory of Insurrection." The Marquis St. Huruge was not aiding this time. The marquis was in jail, at Peronne, for having abused Marshal Luckner. Robespierre, cool and crafty, held aloof. He was no man for pikes and muskets.

"Where were you on Sunday, before the 10th of August, 1792?" Danton was asked at his trial.

"Danton is a good son," answered the doomed patriot, proudly. "I wanted to say farewell to my mother, and to settle my affairs."

By settling his affairs he meant that he had gone to his native town, conveyed his house and land there to his mother,—to go to his stepfather in the event she died first. Then Danton returned to Paris to make the final arrangements for the insurrection. It was a touch and go business—victory or death.

Even at this stage the friends of the king strove to effect his escape. The Duke of Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, a nobleman whom Louis had always liked, proposed a plan which looked hopeful. He was to convey the royal family to Rouen, a loyal town, which was distant but ten hours' journey from Paris. The duke had two regiments there which were absolutely loyal, and the Jacobins had only a small following in the city. The plan was well on its way, and 300 of the troops had already been cantoned along the route, but the queen refused to go.

This was on the 6th of August. The friends of the royal family felt that the situation was desperate. Count

Lally-Tollendal had returned from England, and, at the risk of his life, was lingering in disguise in Paris hoping to aid the king's escape. Malouet, Clermont-Tonnerre, Montmorin, Laporte, and Bertrand de Molleville, were all earnestly at work on the plan. Everything was ready, the king's consent obtained, success seemed certain. Failure meant no greater peril than already menaced them. Let Molleville, an ardent royalist, tell the story: "The king and queen sent me word to suspend the preparations for their departure till further notice, as it was their intention to reserve that step for the last extremity. These fatal words were like a thunderbolt to me. What do they mean by last extremity? I cried, in rage and despair. Who can be the idiots and traitors who have suggested such a pernicious resolution?" The queen upset the plan because she hated Liancourt, one of the liberal nobles who had begun the Revolution. "Monsieur Bertrand does not consider," said she, "that he is throwing us into the hands of the constitutionals."

Think of this talk for the 6th of August, when the committee of insurrection had already perfected its vast and deadly machinery to batter down the throne! This Duke of Rochefoucauld-Liancourt whom the queen so distrusted had already loaned the king \$16,000, and had promised to lend \$160,000 more. "Besides," says Bertrand, "they had just heard that the Prussian army was in motion. Nobody doubted that the Duke of Brunswick's plan was to march straight to Paris. It was believed that the French army could not stand against the disciplined veterans of Germany. The queen's advisers wished to believe this, and believed it. On these chimerical grounds the deluded court founded their hopes."

Sunday, the 5th of August, Bertrand de Molleville, who had been very ill, visited the palace. "I collected all my strength to attend the king's levée on that day. Never was the court more brilliant, or rather, more numerous." On the faces of many he thought he saw reflected the thought that saddened himself, that this was the last levée. He left the palace, his eyes streaming with tears. It was the last levée: Infatuated to the last, the queen pursued her wilful way — vindictive, unforgiving, incorrigible. Despondent one moment and pitiaibly subdued, arrogant the next and haughtily unreasonable, she obeyed the law of her nature and her training, rushing upon ruin rather than say to the Revolution, "Let us embrace and be friends."

## CHAPTER XXX

### THE TENTH OF AUGUST; KING LOUIS DEPOSED

AFTER La Fayette's abortive attempt to punish the rioters of June 20th, his followers in the Assembly began to learn that urgent engagements called them elsewhere, and they resigned from the Assembly, quitting the field.

On the 26th of July, the Jacobins had intended a rising, but the plans, badly laid, miscarried. Timely warning had been received by royalists, who hurried to the mayor, and Pétion showed sufficient energy to discourage the leaders of the mob. Sergent was in the confidence and the secrets of the revolutionists, and when he advised that the bell should not sound the signal for revolt on that night, it was not rung. "Wait till the men of Marseilles come, — then we shall see."

On the next day, July 27th, 1792, loungers at the Palais-Royal heard screams in the garden, heard shouts, savage curses, cruel blows, and they saw a man, covered with blood, running like a stag to escape his pursuers. It was D'Espréménil. The National Guards opened their barracks to give the hunted man shelter. The mob serried around the building, yelling for their victim, and threatening to batter down the doors. Pétion came, but fainted at sight of the blood! Sergent was sent for, and succeeded in pacifying the crowd. Taking the bleeding

royalist in his carriage, Sergeant carried him to the Abbaye (prison), from which he was able to escape five days later. If he said to Pétion, as some writers report, "I also have been carried on the shoulders of the people," it was a remark which the fickleness of fortune gave Pétion no time to forget.

At last the dust-cloud which hung over the highroad from the Mediterranean during the sultry July days, nearing the capital day by day, rolls in sight, the battle-hymn of the Revolution within hearing, and the leaders of the revolt rush out to meet at Charenton, on the evening of July 29th, the braves who are to storm the king's castle. Barbaroux greets his band; and the heart of Madame Roland may now swell with hope—the Marseillais have come.

Under the lead of Barbaroux, the battalion entered Paris on the 30th of July; their sonorous voices making the streets vibrate with their martial hymn. A relieving column, moving to the rescue of a sorely beleaguered city, could hardly have met a more joyous welcome. Shout after shout followed their progress, mobs of admirers hung on their movements, wine was pressed upon them at every step; windows, doors, sidewalks, were lined with radiant faces. First going to the Town-Hall to cheer Pétion, they marched off to the Elysian Fields to the banquet Santerre had provided.

It was not every Parisian who looked with favour upon these men of Marseilles. It was not every revolutionist who approved of the insurrection which was known to be in preparation. Baron Thiébault, for instance, writes:—

. . . "So the anarchists had to make up their minds to wait for the men from Marseilles. On July 30th, these

hideous Federals, spewed forth by that city, arrived at Paris. I do not think anything more horrible can be imagined than those 500 madmen, three-quarters drunk, almost all in red caps, bare-armed and bare-chested, followed by the dregs of the people, constantly reënforced by the overflow from the wards of St. Antoine and St. Marceau, fraternizing from one public house to another with bands no less dreadful than their own. In this fashion they marched through the principal streets and part of the boulevards, where I saw them pass."

We can easily believe that the Marseillais who had marched on foot across France in the hot, dry month of July, dragging their cannon by hand, and who had slept on the ground at night, did not present in Paris the glossy appearance expected at a dress-parade. That they looked gaunt, wayworn, dirty, and ragged we have no doubt. That they drank the wine tendered them by hospitable patriots is no less probable; but the record which these men made in Paris itself was not that of mere toughs and cutthroats, but of fierce republicans who came up to the capital to make an open, courageous attack upon the well-guarded castle of the king, to meet the royalists in fair fight, and to beat them in battle. They slew no unarmed men, outraged no women, pillaged no houses, massacred no prisoners. Selected from the National Guard of Marseilles because of the character they bore for honesty and courage, they justified those who chose them; and when they reached home again, October 22nd, 1792, Marseilles met them with civic honour. Afterwards they were incorporated in the army of the Pyrenees, and so were lost to history.

It happened that on the evening the battalion was taken

into the Elysian Fields to be feasted, some grenadiers of the National Guard were regaling themselves with a banquet in the same vicinity. These grenadiers belonged to the regiment called Filles St. Thomas, which was royalist in sentiment, being composed of substantial citizens of the wealthy middle class. The rabble which followed the Marseillais could not resist so tempting an occasion for a row, and they began to guy the grenadiers. From jeers they passed to the throwing of mud pellets and stones. The grenadiers rushed out upon the rabble, the rabble ran, and as it ran it yelled, "Help! Help! Marseillais!" No quicker asked for than given, was this help; and the men of Marseilles, being better armed than the unsuspecting grenadiers, drove them back, —killing one, wounding a score, and capturing two.

The prisoners were placed in the barracks where the Marseillais had been quartered. The mob surrounded the building, and demanded the heads of the grenadiers. The men of Marseilles were horrified at the ferocity of the Parisians, and refused to surrender their prisoners! At nightfall Sergent and the Marseilles men aided the grenadiers to escape.

Were the royalists in ignorance of the approach of the band from Marseilles? Not at all. What, then, did the court do? First, they applied through the ministers to Sergent and to the Directory of the Department of the Seine to stop the entry of the battalion. The Directory was royalist, its chief being the Duke of Rochefoucauld, and they favoured the request of the ministry. Not so Sergent, whom royalists had vehemently cuffed and kicked a short while ago. He was one of the organizers of the



revolt, or, at least, was heartily in sympathy, and meant to give it all the aid in his power. He therefore tartly declined to take any action whatever. Deserted by the city authorities, surrounded by mustering legions of foes, upon what did the court rely? Upon the Swiss Guard, upon a handful of courtiers, and upon certain battalions of the National Guard which were believed to be loyal. Money was also relied on. Madame Elizabeth, sister of the king, told Montmorin that the attack would not be made, that 750,000 francs had been furnished to Pétion and Santerre to gain over the Marseillais.

There were 1500 of the Swiss, under capable officers, and the troop was loyal to the core. No doubt was felt about these men; no doubt of their courage or their fidelity. Indeed, the tendency was to rate them too high, and rely upon them too implicitly; for the Baron de Vioménil assured the queen that with these troops alone he would undertake to drive the rabble back to their dens. The revolutionists dreaded the Swiss, and the Assembly, in July, had removed them from Paris to Reuil and Courbevoie. However, when the city authorities of Paris declined to give the royalists the protection they asked, the ministers took the responsibility of ordering the Swiss back to the palace. For this bold measure they afterwards lost their heads. Besides this force of 1500, there were in the Tuileries some 1500 of the old "Constitutional Guard," 2000 National Guards, and a considerable number of nobles. Thus the king mustered some 6000 defenders.

In the Assembly there was seemingly an intention of waiting for developments outside. The members knew that a revolt was being organized; nobody knew how it

would result. The deposition of the king was become the burning issue, but it was felt that mere oratory could not decide it. "Blood and iron" were thought to be necessary. Paris pressed the question on the Assembly; the Assembly adjourned it back to Paris.

On August 3rd, Pétion had gone to the Assembly to demand the dethronement of the king, in the name of the authorities of Paris. The Assembly had referred the matter to a committee. On the 8th of August, the impeachment of La Fayette was discussed. He was acquitted, but those who voted in his favour were insulted and hustled by the mob at the close of the session of the Assembly. On the 9th, the excitement was intense. Deputies who had voted for the acquittal of La Fayette complained that their lives had been threatened. The most violent elements in Paris kept up constant disorder in the galleries of the Assembly, and when the president read a letter from an absent member in which he stated that threats had been made to cut his head off, the savages in the galleries greeted the reading with a loud and universal peal of laughter.

In the meantime it was announced that forty-seven of the sections of Paris had declared that if the dethronement of the king were not decreed that very day, the people would sound the alarm bell at midnight, beat the drums, and attack the palace. The Assembly broke up without coming to any decision.

The plan of the insurrection was to relieve Pétion of responsibility by detailing 400 National Guards to hold him prisoner at his house; and to supplant the general council of the city, which was composed of rich bourgeoisie opposed to the Jacobins, by an insurrectionary municipi-

pality. Westermann, a fearless and able soldier of experience, was to lead the attack on "the king's castle."

The time fixed for the assault was the morning of August 10th. All the evening of the 9th, Paris was in a tumult. Preparations for the morrow were going on. "This will not be a civic parade as the 20th of June was," said Danton. The Marseillais were moved from their barracks, and quartered in Danton's ward; Sergent issued ammunition to the rioters, refusing it to the defenders of the king. Pétion saw all, and did nothing. Messengers came and went; couriers galloped to and fro; troops marched, orators held forth, mobs gathered. The St. Antoine district, a huge warren of the labouring people and the poor, was the hotbed of the insurrection; Santerre its prominent chief. Beer, unlimited beer, was supplied from his brewery to the gathering thousands. Patriotic songs, revolutionary catchwords, carmagnole dances, the clash of pikes and swords and guns, fierce cries against kings, priests, and aristocrats, all united to make the night terrible, as these Goths and Vandals of the lower orders came together to march upon the palace.

In the Tuileries, the king and queen waited and watched. No secret was made of the intended attack; its very hour was known to the court. Mandat, the commander of the National Guard for that month, was loyal. He had made excellent dispositions for the defence of the palace. The Swiss were placed within, together with some two or three hundred of the nobility and gentry who had volunteered their services. Around the palace he had stationed battalions of the National Guard, well supplied with artillery. At the bridge which separated the two districts of the city which were leading the insurrection, he had placed a troop

with cannon. Mandat himself, attended by his staff, remained with the king, intending to fight it out, and believing that he could win. His confidence was shared by the king and queen; and therefore the uproar in the city had not thrown them into a panic.

The ministers of State were at the Tuileries, as well as Røederer, the syndic of the department, and Pétion had been sent for. The king wanted to know from him the state of Paris, and to obtain formal authority to repel force by force. Pétion came, and smilingly assured the king that the rising would all end in smoke, and that there was no need of alarm. The king was disgusted with his levity and attempted imposition. Pétion retired from the royal presence, and went down into the gardens of the Tuileries, leaving his carriage in the court. Summoned by some deputies to report to the Assembly on the state of affairs, he cheerfully acquiesced, smoothly answered all questions—then went home. His empty carriage driving away from the palace, but too plainly intimated to the king that Pétion, his candidate for mayor, had left him to his fate.

At midnight the alarm bell sent its solemn sound over the turbulent city. Steeple answered steeple till all the tocsins were pealing forth the signal of insurrection. The bells have had their poets,—their Schiller and their Poe,—but there is one bell that has received no mention in song—it is the midnight bell of revolution and murder.

It was a warm, still, starlit night, and all the windows of the palace being open on account of the heat, the lights shone brilliantly from within, and the Tuileries had the appearance, all along its immense frontage, of being illuminated for a festival. The king, the queen, the mem-

bers of the family, the ministers, a few courtiers, and the servitors, waited and listened, huddled together, etiquette forgotten for this one time, and all distinctions levelled by danger. Some sat on chairs, some on tables, some on stools, some on the floor. Broken was De Brézé's golden wand.

Above all the clamour which rose from the streets pealed the bells, sounding the death-knell of the monarchy. The Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois still swung aloft in its steeple the iron-tongued monsters which had summoned the murderers from the palace to slay the people in the streets on the day of St. Bartholomew, two centuries ago. This night they signalled the murderers from the streets to slay those who dwelt in the palace. All things had changed save the bells.

The drums beat to arms; the insurgents began to fall into ranks; the machinery was in motion; by daylight all would be ready. At one o'clock Danton and Camille Desmoulins, who lived in the same house, came home, their part of the great work of organization being done. They were fagged out. Their wives were sitting up waiting for them — the lovely, devoted wives of these men of force and murder. Danton had been making a final war-talk to the Marseillais in the neighboring church of the Cordeliers. He left them wound up to the highest pitch of excitement, and he came home to fling himself upon the bed and snatch an hour of rest. Camille rested his head on his wife's shoulder, and slept.

The usurping municipal officers who had taken possession of a room at the Town-Hall set themselves to work to undo Mandat's plans. They sent Osselin and two others to the New Bridge, where artillery had been placed to pre-

vent the junction of the insurgent forces. After speaking to the troops, Osselin had the satisfaction of seeing them draw their cannon out of the way, in spite of the protests of their officers. The alarm gun was fired, and the sections began to march. They were to effect their junction at the Town-Hall.

At daybreak the king went down into the gardens of the palace to review the troops. And such a review of troops as he did make! The blood of Henry IV. may have been in his veins, but no flash of Henry's genius lit his mind, no thrill of Henry's electric vigour fired his heart. Danton had spoken to the Marseillais, and his immense magnetism had carried them away in a whirlwind of enthusiasm. Louis was about to speak to his Guards—his life at stake, his queen, his empire—and yet he could find nothing to say! Nothing but mere triviality and commonplace. Dressed in a violet coat, his wig out of place, his eyes dull and blood-shotten, his face pale and swollen, his voice and his words without ring or fervour, how could he electrify the troops to whom he presented himself? They could only look upon him with pity. Some of the National Guard cried, "Live the king"; but the gunners of the artillery cried, "Live the Nation," and Madame Campan, who was looking on from the windows of the palace, says that she saw some of them approach the king, and shake their fists in his face. The king came back into the palace "as pale as a corpse." "All is lost," said the queen. "This kind of review has done more harm than good." She sank into a seat overcome with despair.

Mandat, it appears, was still at the palace: the Commune ordered him to report at the Town-Hall. Twice

this order came, signed by Pétion. The king and Roederer advised Mandat to obey.

Hesitating no longer, he went to the Town-Hall, appeared before the Commune, was questioned concerning his conduct during the night, and was dismissed. Near the room where this took place, the insurrectionary committee was in session, and there was collusion between some members of the old Commune and those of the new. When Mandat was released by the old council he was seized and carried before the insurrectionary Commune. Fiercely questioned about his disposition of the troops, he justified himself by saying that Pétion had authorized the king to repel force by force. But Pétion had not authorized the beating the *rappel*, nor the increase of the number of the National Guards in the palace; and Mandat had acted upon his own responsibility in ordering the National Guards to attack the insurgents in the rear, on their march to the Tuileries. When this order was produced, the Commune ordered Mandat to prison,—especially as he refused to reveal any of the plans of the defence, or to sign an order withdrawing the National Guards from the palace. But Mandat did not go to prison. Rossignol, an intimate of Danton's, shot him down on the steps of the Town-Hall, and his head, struck off, and put on a pike, was sent to encourage patriotism in its assault upon the Tuileries.

When Danton was on trial for his life, accused by bloodier monsters than he of not being a good patriot, he pleaded by way of defence that he “planned the 10th of August. I was at the revolutionary Commune and pronounced sentence of death on Mandat, who had orders to fire on the people.” This murder deprived the defenders of the château of their leader at the moment the action was

about to begin. He alone enjoyed at once the confidence of the court and of its revolutionary defenders. His loss threw everything into confusion, and cleared the way for the insurgents.

Santerre was appointed commander of the National Guards in Mandat's place, the new Commune then ousted the old — with the exception of Danton, Pétion, and Manuel, who had been in the plot. Santerre came marching up with his armed rabble, was soon joined by Westermann's battalions, detached the four hundred National Guards to restrain the willing Pétion; and was soon joined by the bands from across the river, at whose head marched the men of Marseilles. These men from across the river were the men of St. Marceau. Santerre had a speech to make, and it was half past nine before this combined force of the insurrection reached the vicinity of the Tuileries. By this time the king had already abandoned the house of his fathers forever.

After Mandat's departure, the royalists had become alarmed by the gathering of a crowd in the Place du Carrousel, which was crying "Down with the Veto." This crowd was merely a spontaneous gathering of the idle and the curious. It was not armed, and it was in no way connected with the insurrectionary movement proper. The king's party, however, did not know this, and Mandat's absence threw them into a panic. Then it was that Røederer urged the king to seek safety by taking shelter in the hall of the Assembly. The queen hotly objected: "We have forces here. It is at length time to know who is to rule, the king or the factions."

Røederer said he would go out and ascertain what defence could be made. He soon returned, accompanied by La



Chesnaye, who commanded in the absence of Mandat. He was asked if he had taken the proper measures for the defence of the château. He replied in the affirmative, but added, in a tone of anger, that the palace was crowded with "all sorts of people, who impeded the service." "This is untimely," replied the queen. "I will answer for all who are here."

The people whose presence was complained of were the nobles. They were well known as anti-revolutionists, and the National Guards neither wished to fight with such men nor for them. Their presence was a mistake. It gave no additional strength to the defenders of the palace, and it brought division and disgust among the guards. Even Mandat had urged the queen to send them away. Not only did she decline to do so, but she had the imprudence to point to the nobles, and say to the National Guards, "Those are the men to show you courage." A lot of warriors who presented a less inspiring appearance than these nobles it would have been impossible to find. They looked, not like braves equipped for battle, but like masqueraders playing at war. Had the nobility no martial representatives but these? Where was the chivalry of the old régime — gallant wearers of the Cross of St. Louis, knights of the golden spur? Where were the titled and oath-bound defenders of royalty, whose honours had been given them in the olden time because the wearer of the title lived up to its duties? The stalwart marquis had guarded the marches, battle-axe in hand; the duke had led the hosts, helm on head; the knight had worn no spurs till first he had won them. Where were they now, sworn champions of the king, when the old, old Bourbon monarchy was reeling under these final blows?

There is Marshal de Mouchy, some eighty years of age, with his court rapier trembling in his palsied hands. Yes, the marshal is plucky to the last, and he has come to die at the feet of his king. Even Malesherbes was seen here the other day with his sword, the good old lawyer of eighty winters who can do as much with a sword as a waiting-maid can with a howitzer. But there are others. Some 200 courtiers have come running to the palace to defend it. They are dressed as for an evening reception, wear silk or satin coats, knee-breeches, and delicate little swords and pocket-pistols. Not all of them have even derringers and swords. Some have to arm themselves with sticks, some with pokers, some with the fire-shovels. Weapons being scarce, the fire-tongs are divided, and the noblesse of France stand on the defensive with a pair of tongs to each couple. To this ludicrous war-footing had come the hereditary chivalry of the old régime.

No wonder the National Guard scorned this array of boudoir warriors, and asked the queen to send them home. What revolutionist wished to fight by the side of the nobles, to win a victory over the people which the nobles could claim, and would utilize? What hero of the July days wanted to fire upon the people in behalf of these remnants of a detested system? To cap the climax of imprudence, one of these nobles approached a battalion of National Guards, and said encouragingly, "Now is the time to show your courage." Human nature could endure no more, and the guards replied, "We will show courage, never doubt, but it will not be on your side;" and they marched off to join the insurgents.

The midnight gun had aroused the members of the Assembly, and members flocked to their hall, and opened

session. One of the royal ministers sent and begged that a delegation of the members be appointed to protect the king by their presence. The request was not granted.

To Rœderer, who went back and forth between the palace, the Assembly, the troops, and the assembling crowds; it became evident that no defence could be made. He was not a military man, and had no conception that a thousand steady troops in a fortress like the Tuileries could beat off a rabble of forty or fifty thousand. He saw the mob gather in dense masses, its noise was appalling, and he quailed in the face of the danger. The worst feature of the situation was that the guardians of the palace could not be trusted. Excepting the Swiss, all were doubtful. The cannoneers, especially, trained their guns against the palace and not against the insurgents. Rœderer lost heart, and so reported.

A hurried council of the king and his ministers was held. A municipal officer announced that the columns of the insurgents were advancing on the Tuileries. "Well, and what do they want?" asked the king. "Abdication," said the officer. "And what will follow abdication?" asked the queen. The officer bowed in silence.

At this moment Rœderer arrived. "Sire, you have not five minutes to lose! your only safety is in the Assembly." The king hesitated, saying querulously, "I have not seen many people on the Carrousel." Rœderer still urged. "Let us go," said the king at length, rising. Surrounded by his family, his ministers, and some National Guards, he slowly left the palace. "We shall return," said he to his valet, ordering him to continue the service at the palace as usual. "We shall return," said the queen to those of her ladies who remained.

And so they quitted the Tuileries, and took their way across the gardens towards the Assembly Hall, walking slowly under the yellowing trees. The little dauphin amused himself by kicking the dead leaves as he went. "There are many leaves; they fall earlier than usual this year," remarked the king. The gardens were already becoming crowded with a terrible throng, yells and howls stunned the ear, shots were heard and bullets flew across, and it was with difficulty that a passage for the royal party could be made to the Assembly door. In a dark and narrow corridor the king and queen of France waited what to them seemed a half-hour before they could gain admittance.

Vergniaud was in the chair; and, addressing him, the king said, "I have come here to prevent the commission of a great crime. I think I cannot be safer than with you."

"Sire," responded Vergniaud, "you may rely upon the firmness of the Assembly. It has sworn to die in maintaining the rights of the people and the constituted authorities."

Louis took his seat beside the president, but a member made the objection that under the Constitution, the Assembly could not deliberate in the king's presence, and he was put into the reporters' box, — he and his family, ministers, and friends.

In this little stall, some ten or twelve feet square, sat King Louis, in full hearing and in full view of the Assembly, for seventeen agonizing hours. He could hear the battle raging in and around his palace. He could hear the fierce shout of the Marseillais and the screams of their victims. Bullets struck the walls of the Assembly, win-

dow-panes were shivered, the building trembled as the cannon roared. No one inside the hall knew what the issue would be. Rebels might win, royalists might; the event hung in the balances. "Let us leave the building," cried some of the members. "No. No. Our place is here," answered the more courageous.

The king calmly pointed out the speakers of the Assembly to his son, and told him their names. He penned the order for the Swiss to cease firing; he heard a ruffian propose to the Assembly, then and there, to slay the king; he heard the shrieks of the Swiss as they were murdered after they had stopped fighting in obedience to his order; he heard the shouts of victory raised by his foes; then he heard Huguenin, in behalf of the revolutionary town government of Paris, demand that the Assembly decree his deposition.

The Assembly hesitated no longer: insurrection had settled the question; and upon motion of Vergniaud, by a unanimous vote, Louis XVI. was deposed.

## CHAPTER XXXI

THÉROIGNE'S MASSACRE; THE SWISS; TUILERIES STORMED  
AND SACKED; "I HAD HOPED IT WAS ALL A DREAM";  
GIRONDINS IN POWER AGAIN; LA FAYETTE AND FRED-  
ERICK THE GREAT

WHILE the king was on his way to the Assembly, Théroigne de Méricourt had maddened a part of the crowd into the commission of one of the foulest crimes of the Revolution. A small band of royalists, disguised as National Guards, had made the effort to join the defenders of the palace, but had been arrested by the patrols of the Feuillant district. This section of the city embraced the Tuileries and the Assembly, and the building in which the prisoners were put was connected with both palace and Assembly.

Baron Thiébault, then an officer of the National Guards, and in command at this point, became alarmed for the prisoners when he saw the mob gathering. The cries of the insurgents, he says, were appalling, and he sent for reënforcements. Failing to get them, he mounted one of the two gun-carriages there, and harangued the crowd, endeavoring to satisfy them that the prisoners could not escape and should not be harmed. His speech had seemed to take effect, and he was congratulating himself upon his success, "when a woman appeared in the courtyard, wearing a black felt hat with a black plume,

and dressed in a blue riding-habit, with a pair of pistols and a dagger in her belt. She was a dark girl of about twenty, and with a sort of shudder I say it, was very pretty, and made still more so by her excitement. Preceded and followed by a number of maniacs, she cleft her way through the crowd, crying, 'Make room! Make room,' went straight to the other gun, and leapt upon it. She was, as I learnt, Théroigne de Méricourt. . . . As long as I live that creature will be present before my eyes; the sound of her voice will ring in my ears.

"'How long,' she shrieked, 'will you let yourselves be misled by empty phrases?' I tried to answer, but I could no longer make myself heard. A thousand voices greeted with applause every word she uttered, and began hooting whenever I tried to speak." Hoarse and discouraged, Thiébault gave up the attempt to debate with Théroigne, left her mistress of the field, and beat a retreat into the guard-room. In his absence, Théroigne, "the beautiful fury," presided over a mock trial in which he was unanimously condemned to death. The mob failed to force the door which was guarded by Thiébault, but broke in somewhere else, for soon the shout arose, "We are in the buildings!" In a few minutes the shrieks of the prisoners were heard; then there was a gloomy silence, broken after a while by the crash of the corpses on the pavement as they were flung out of the windows above.

One of the prisoners so murdered was Sulleau, the royalist writer who had published so many obscene and brutally cruel things about Théroigne de Méricourt. There are historians who say that she killed him with her own hands, cutting him down with her sword on the Terrace of the Feuillants. The heads of the four victims of Thé-

roigne oratory were chopped off, fixed upon the points of pikes, and borne about in triumph, followed by a rabble of yelling cannibals. Not much later boys were seen playing with these four heads, tossing them back and forth, and catching them on the ends of sticks.

The king had surrendered before a shot had been fired at his palace; why, then, should there have been a fight between the insurgents and the Swiss? Why did not the monarch order his troops back to their barracks, and tell his friends and his servants to save themselves? In so vast an establishment as the Tuileries, the departure of the king could not be seen save by those near him; how then were the Swiss, the courtiers, and the servitors of the palace, scattered from room to room through a building which was hundreds of yards long, to know that they had been abandoned?

The friends of Louis were ignorant of his retreat, and so were his advancing foes. Nobody unfurled the flag of truce. Nobody threw up hands, grounded arms, or proclaimed the king's surrender. How, then, were the insurgents to know it? So far as they could see, the monarch was standing his ground, ready to fight and to die in this, the last ditch of the old régime. The towering château looked as formidable as ever, and at every window gleamed the bayonets and flashed the red uniforms of the Swiss. Surely those massive walls would not topple to the ground, as those of the Bastille had done, because of a mighty mob and a mighty noise: the Tuileries would never open as the Bastille had done, simply because Rebellion came there and knocked. Surely there would be a difference between an old dotard like De Launay, and



a king in the prime of life,—the one surrounded by a hundred mercenaries, and having at stake only an insignificant fortress; the other encircled by as gallant a band as ever shouldered muskets, and having at stake empire, life, honour, wife, and child.

Therefore, the insurgents expected hot work. On they came, the Marseillais and the Fédérés from Brest in front, cleaving their way through the disorderly crowd which had massed in the Place du Carrousel. An entrance into the court of the palace was easily forced, for the Swiss had abandoned the yard, and retired into the building. The defenders were drawn up on the Grand Stairway, and at the windows. There was a pause as the opposing forces met, each hesitating to begin the fight. Westermann, on horseback, rode up and asked the Swiss, in German, to evacuate the palace, offering in that case to draw off his own forces. They refused, pleading their orders. The Swiss tossed cartridges to the Marseillais in token of friendship; and the French made patriotic speeches appealing to the Swiss to join them. The Swiss officers held their men to their places, and their general, Boissieu, endeavoured to reason with the attacking multitude. He was answered by hoots and insults. Then a shot was fired, nobody knows by whom—and the fight was on. The Swiss poured a deadly volley into the mob, and it broke to run. As they ran they bellowed, "Treachery!"

The Swiss, sallying out, captured two cannon, and were masters of the field. The court of the palace was cleared, and so was the Place du Carrousel. Napoleon Bonaparte, who witnessed the combat from a neighboring house, wrote at St. Helena, "In ten minutes the Marseillais were

driven as far as the Rue l'Échelle, and only came back when the Swiss retreated by order of the king."

Westermann, aided by Théroigne de Méricourt, rallied his men and brought them back. The fight was fiercely renewed, and the insurgents were forcing their way into the court, when the Swiss ceased to fire. They had killed more than a hundred of the assailants, had not lost a single position, had hardly lost a man, and were behaving with the utmost steadiness. The king's order came, and they ceased firing; but the mob knew nothing of the king's order, cared nothing for it, and they kept shooting. The fight became a massacre.

Of all the blunders of Louis XVI., this is the most tragical. A word from him would have caused the Swiss to evacuate the palace at the time he departed. He leaves them there at their post of duty, though he knows their assailants are closing in upon them; and though he hears them fighting for their lives, he orders them to lay down their arms, without any thought of what the insurgents will do!

It is a heartrending story. The Swiss were murdered, savagely murdered. Denied the stern privilege of dying like men, the king's command made cowards of them, and they were bayoneted on statues, in cellars, in closets,—where they had fled for shelter or concealment, and were crouching in agonies of fear. The brave Durler led a detachment out of the palace and through the gardens, under a destructive fire which they could not return. A few of them ran the gauntlet, and found shelter in the church of the Feuillants.

The king had left his castle,—pity the faithful defenders who knew it not! The Swiss were brave, but not they

alone. There were two ushers of the council-room who had been told to guard its doors. No orders to the contrary had come. They stood where duty put them, fought to the last, and died at the door they had been told to defend. Pallas and Marchais were their names, as worthy of remembrance as those of Bayard and D'Assas. Madame Campan saw them in their last moments. With hats set firmly on their brows, and their swords in their hands, she heard them say, "This is our post; we will die at it." At the door of the queen's bedchamber was its guard, M. Diet. He did not know the queen had fled. It was his duty to defend the door, to die there if need be. He had received no orders to retire, and he died at his post.

The roaring multitude streamed into the palace, wrecked and looted it from top to bottom, murdered the wounded soldiers, slew the few nobles who had not been able to escape, turned deaf ears to all prayers for mercy, cut down unarmed soldiers who had surrendered, cut down the servants, butchered the very cooks in the kitchens, the pot-boys, the scullions. Only the women were spared. An old doctor who had the nerve to keep his chair in his room, and to present to the mob a venerable, spectacled, and good-humoured countenance, tickled their passing fancy to a degree sufficient to secure pardon. A tipsy ruffian sat upon the king's magnificent throne; a drunken harlot sprawled in the queen's dainty bed. Furniture, carpets, tapestries, were torn to pieces, flung out of the window, and set on fire in the yard below. The throne was hacked to pieces, and cast into the flames. Circling the blazing pile danced men and women, drunk with wine

and fury, and yelling like savages as they whirled around the leaping flames.

But even in this wildest of orgies, there were limits to French ferocity. Priceless furniture was destroyed, the finest mirrors smashed, but the works of art were spared. They slashed the queen's portrait and the king's, but no other paintings were injured. So careful were the patriots of their works of art that they would not shoot the Swiss soldiers who had climbed up on marble statuary until they had by bayonet prods made the doomed wretches jump down. This done, the murder was accomplished, and the statue preserved from injury. The stables of the Tuileries were in flames; the firemen came; the mob would not allow the fire put out. "Burn, let it burn! Feed the hungry flame with the luxuries of the old régime, with the purple and fine linen of worn-out royalty, and with the dead bodies of the unhappy who died for a king who would not even stay while they fought!" The fire roars, and rushes on, leaping from building to building, reddening the evening sky with angry glare, or darkening the sun with black columns of smoke, while these maniacs laugh and dance and curse and yell and slay! So hideous a revel had not been seen in Paris since the day following the night of St. Bartholomew.

On that day, a king had stood at the window of the Louvre, hard by this palace of the Tuileries, and had fired the shot which sanctioned the wholesale murder. The signal bell had been rung at the word of a queen; the plot had been laid at the instance of a pope. The assassins, who poured into the streets to slay every Huguenot they could find, had been led on in the name of God, by priestly fanatics. The banner of that murderous host had been

the cross of Christ. The indiscriminate lust of religious rage devoured men and women and children. Gray hairs were not respected; the sick and the wounded were not spared; prayers for life were not heard. There was neither mercy for the living nor pity for the dead. Riding too near to the rotting carcass of the gibbeted Coligny, the king, Charles IX., was warned to come away — was reminded that it stank. “No, no;” said God’s anointed, his most Christian Majesty; “the carcass of a dead enemy always smells good.” In the St. Bartholomew fell some tens of thousands, no one knows precisely; in the Tenth of August fell about 1200. Most of these last were Swiss — hireling foreigners who had sold their valour to a king who used it against the people. Hence the fury with which the people hated them.

Along the slopes and valleys of the Alps ran a dirge of grief when the word came the Swiss Guard was no more. Many a cottage home was darkened, many a loving soul filled with despair. The traveller in Switzerland may see and will reverence the monument dedicated to the memory of the brave and faithful men who died in France in the cause of the king. The “Lion of Lucerne,” near the waters of the blue lake, and overlooked by the eternal grandeur of the mountains out of whose rock it is carved, has been pierced by a mortal wound, and has fallen in death upon a shield bearing the lilies of France.

It must not be supposed that the insurgent forces were made up entirely of the riffraff of Paris. The real strength of Westermann’s army was furnished by the battalions from Marseilles and Brest, by the National Guards of Paris, and by the workmen from St. Antoine and St. Marceau. The riffraff gathered round in multi-

tudes and did much yelling before and much looting and murdering afterwards; but the fighters whom Westermann led belonged to the respectable, substantial middle class.

Dr. John Moore saw the return of these soldiers to their homes after the battle was over. "Many of the women," he writes in his diary, "rushed into the ranks to embrace and felicitate their husbands and brothers on their safety. I saw one father of a numerous family met at his own door by his wife and children. After embracing each as they crowded round him, he entered the shop, carrying one of his children in each of his arms, his daughter following with his grenadier's cap in her hand, and his two little boys dragging his musket."

The accidental fire, into which were thrown some of the dead Swiss, furnished Lamartine and his imitators the hint for the picture of a holocaust in which the ruins of the palace were heaped into a funeral pyre, and the bodies of the dead, French as well as Swiss, were burnt upon it.

Dr. Moore writes: "From the gardens of the Tuileries I walked through the centre gate of the palace into the court and the Carrousel, where the action began. At the very beginning, a number of the crowd were killed and wounded at the bottom of the great stairs, by an unexpected fire from the top of the first flight of stairs. Some of the Swiss themselves, who were intermingled and conversing with the people, were killed by this fire. The bodies of the Swiss were lying in various parts of the area. The barracks of the Swiss guards, which divide this large area from the Carrousel, had been set on fire yesterday, and are still burning. Many of the bodies were thrown into the flames. I saw some half consumed."

A very important man at this crisis was Sergeant, who was, in effect, chief of police and acting mayor of Paris. His Memoirs are full of interesting details. One of the plans of the Committee of Insurrection seems to have been that Sergeant should take possession of Pétion. No party fully trusted the mayor. He was a moderate Girondin, willing to wink at violence, but not ready to take an active part in it.

The mayor had remained so long at the palace that his wife and friends became uneasy. Sergeant wrote Vergniaud and Brissot, and messengers were sent by the Assembly to look for Pétion. Sergeant says they found him in the nick of time. Royalists had him out in the gardens of the Tuileries, where the lamps had been kicked over, and darkness reigned. At the approach of the Assembly messengers, the alleged assassins retired, leaving Pétion much shaken and frightened. Summoned by the Assembly, he made his report to them and did not return to his carriage at the palace. Sergeant says the Assembly sent him home. At all events, he got home, and Sergeant put him to bed. Not only put him to bed, but mounted guard over him.

At daybreak Dr. Bozé, Royer-Collard, and others, members of the old Municipal Council, came to Pétion's, demanding to see the mayor. "He's in bed," they were told. Sergeant consented to let them come up. Pétion was waked, and the municipals told him what was going on at the Town-Hall. Among other things they told him that a new lot of municipals were there, in possession, and claiming to be the town government. "What does all this mean?" asked Pétion of his former schoolmate, Sergeant. "It means that the people of Paris are going to put down

the royalist conspiracies, and thus prevent bloodshed," was the tranquil answer of Sergeant. Pétion cried out, "Oh, the wretches, they want to destroy the country just when the Assembly was about to decree the Regency," and he hid his head under the bedclothes.

Sergeant says that the false Swiss and National Guards who had been uniformed in the manner already described were either killed, or escaped by the skylight over the roof. Count Lally-Tollendal, he says, was in the palace among the other returned emigrants.

If all these details are not very important, they are certainly interesting. At the time they were published Sergeant no longer had any motive to falsify. Another generation had come—the world was a new world. He was an old, old man, living in poverty at Nice. Ninety years of age, he was all alone in his little room, overlooking the sea, and there he calmly waited for the end. His lovely wife had long been dead. A dress of hers hung on the door—close to the sword of her brother, the brilliant and lamented young republican general, Marceau. In a marble vase, under the sword, were some of the dead hero's ashes. Old Sergeant sat blinking dimly at the window, gazing toward the sea and the sunset. His canary bird sang in its cage, his few friends would drop in occasionally to hear him talk of other days; and with his trembling hands he occupied himself in weaving wreaths for his wife's grave. To the royalists he was a ferocious old beast, a man who had rioted in crime, had stolen a crown jewel of enormous value, and had plunged into revolutionary bloodshed for the pure love of the diabolical. To the republicans he was a genial, benevolent, intelligent veteran of the wars of freedom—a man who



had acted in accordance with his honest beliefs, and who had come out of the revolution poor. They knew that the jewel had not been stolen, had been returned to the government, and was blazing in the hilt of Napoleon Bonaparte's sword.

While the pursuit of the Swiss troops was yet in progress, and they were being ruthlessly massacred, — not by the Marseilles men and the National Guards, but by the rabble, — the usurping town government of Paris pushed forward with its programme. A deputation, headed by the same Huguenin who had read the petition on June 20th, demanded admittance into the hall of the Assembly. This deputation announced that a new municipality had been chosen and that the old one had resigned. In the name of this newly chosen city government, the deputation demanded of the Assembly that the dethronement of the king be declared; and the Assembly, as we have seen, obeyed its new master, the Commune of Paris. More than half of the members of the Assembly had vanished; of those who remained many were already trembling with fear.

At two o'clock on the morning of the 11th, the royal family was relieved of its long martyrdom in the reporters' box, and was conducted under heavy guard and through howling crowds to the unoccupied convent of the Feuillants, where the king, queen, royal children, Sister Elizabeth, and the others were given room in the dilapidated cells. Guards were set, and the prisoners dropped exhausted upon their beds. The queen slept till long after sun-up the next morning, and when she awoke and glanced round she was at first bewildered. As the fearful reality

came rushing upon her, her faded lips parted in a cry of grief: "Oh, I had hoped it had all been a dream!"

Madame Campan says that the queen would sometimes pace up and down her room at the Tuileries lamenting the misconception which the French people had of her.

"Twice did I see her," says Madame Campan, "on the point of going forth from her apartments in the Tuileries, into the gardens, for the purpose of addressing the immense throng assembled there to insult her. 'Yes,' exclaimed the queen, as she paced the room with hurried steps, 'I will say to them, — Frenchmen, they have had the cruelty to persuade you that I do not love France! I! the mother of a dauphin who will reign over this noble country! I, whom Providence has seated upon the most powerful throne of Europe! Of all the daughters of Maria Theresa, am I not the one whom fortune has most favoured? And ought I not to feel these advantages? What should I find at Vienna? Nothing but sepulchres! What should I lose in France? Everything by which honourable pride and sensibility can be flattered.'"

But the queen was human, — the speeches she thought of making were quite different from those she actually made. The speeches she intended to make might have saved her; those which she did make helped to dethrone her.

On the 11th of August, Madame Campan, whose own house had been burned the day before, hastened to her afflicted queen, whom she found in one of the cells at the Feuillants' convent. "We are ruined!" said the queen after the sad greetings were over. "All alike have contributed to our downfall. The reformers have urged it

like mad people, and others through ambition for their own interests, for the wildest Jacobin seeks wealth and distinction, and the mob is eager for plunder. There is not one lover of country among all this infamous horde. The emigrant princes had their intrigues and schemes; foreigners sought to profit by the dissensions in France: every one had a share in our misfortunes." All excepting the queen!

Her critical humour for once did not spare the king. "Perhaps," said she to him, "all might have been different had the Marseillais been arrested earlier in the day." "By whom?" asked the king, with asperity.

The placid manner in which the king had preserved and indulged his appetite, while confined in the reporters' box, greatly annoyed the queen. She saw that others noticed it and made comments. All were surprised at such insensibility. Very delicately the queen spoke of this domestic trouble to Madame Campan. "She was not a little hurt at the king's conduct," etc. "His failure to put any constraint upon himself," etc. "His great appetite had prompted him," etc. "All of which had produced a bad impression," etc. "Deputies who loved him had remonstrated," etc. "No change could be effected," etc. In other words, Louis was more of an animal than a spirit, and sentiment had less power over him than appetite. The monarchy of a thousand years might be at an end, but that was no reason why fowl should lose its taste or wine its flavor. Therefore, Louis, while his faithful servants lay stark and stiff at the posts where he had left them, while his ancestral palace was in flames, and his throne in ruins, sat stolidly in the little twelve-by-twelve room in the Assembly, and nourished

himself with a chicken and a bottle, — in a robust manner which caused his wife to blush with shame and his foes to smile with contempt.

The Assembly built rapidly upon the new foundations. The late ministers were formally dismissed, and the Girondins called back. Roland, Servan, and Clavière took their old positions; Monge was made Minister of Marine, Le Brun of Foreign Affairs, and Danton of Justice.

The Constituent Assembly of Mirabeau, La Fayette, and Siéyès had seen power pass from them to the middle-class insurrectionists, when National Guards and market-women forced the king from Versailles to Paris. The municipal government was then composed of rich burgesses, substantial types of the middle class. The National Guard represented the same class, was made up of sons of well-to-do people who had property interests in the State. After October 6th, the Assembly had become the shadow of the Revolution; Paris and the clubs and the National Guard really were the substance.

In like manner, the Legislative Assembly lost the lead after the Tenth of August. The Commune of Paris, representing the fiercer hordes of republicans, democrats, socialists, and anarchists, saw their opportunity, and took the advantage of it. Danton might well boast that he entered the ministry through the breach made by the cannon of the Tenth of August; but if the breach was wide enough for his advance to power, it was wide enough also for others yet more ruthless than himself. Danton and the Marseillais had levelled the walls to the ground, and the ragged squadrons, who had halted while the issue was in doubt, now came rushing on. Wolves never trooped

about a stricken quarry with fiercer howls and deadlier appetites. In Marat, Tallien, Collot, Billaud, Fournier, ~~were~~ personified a ferocity of hatred borne by the lower classes against the upper which was to bring a shudder even to the robust brutality of Danton and the cold pitilessness of Robespierre. The middle class had triumphed over the royalists on the 6th of October; on the Tenth of August the lower orders triumphed over the middle class.

The soul of the movement which bore the rabble into power was Danton. It was he who organized the insurrection and inspired it. When the faint-hearted would have drawn back, it was he and his lieutenant, Westermann, who held the waverers in line. Santerre had little stomach for earnest fighting, and his columns would never have moved on the morning of the Tenth had not Westermann's nerve supported the hesitating brewer. It is even said that Westermann took Santerre by the throat and threatened to kill him if he did not march. Even after marching, he did not fight. Most of his National Guards remained out of range, and the brunt of the battle was borne by the Brest and Marseilles battalions.

A wonderful change swept over the city after the Tenth of August. All royalist decorations and symbols disappeared. Painters might be seen scampering up ladders to paint from signboards catchwords of royalism, and to replace them with those of the Revolution. The royal arms, flowers, colours, vanished as if by magic. Terror won converts by the thousand, and the rich burgess bowed humbly to the pike-bearing workman, even as the silken courtier had bent deferentially before the burgess. The rabble rose in the might of numbers and of noise, and by

brute force took the lead and held it! The respectable, wealthy, educated municipal government was pushed out by Danton's revolutionary committee. The famous decrees which the king had vetoed were enforced, and about 4000 priests, who persisted in refusing to take the oath, were banished. Commissioners were sent to the armies to explain what had occurred in Paris, to make sure of the generals, and, if necessary, to put others in their places.

The triumph of republicanism was made complete by the removal, on the evening of August 10th, of the restrictions upon the right of voting. The franchise was given to all male Frenchmen who were twenty-five years of age; and thus the rich burgess was reduced to a political level with the day labourer, the moneyless peasant, the idler, the vagabond, and the criminal. Already, upon motion of Carnot, the National Guard had opened its ranks to all citizens without distinction. The government was no longer in control of limited monarchy men or wealthy bourgeoisie; the republicans held the ministry, the ballot-box, and the military.

Madame Roland was radiant; her salon was the throne-room of the new order, and she the uncrowned queen. After the 20th of June she had gloated over the misfortunes which had befallen Marie Antoinette, and had exclaimed, "Oh, that I had seen her weep!" She now had every reason to be content. Her Roland was minister again, and she was holding court in the palace, while Marie Antoinette was bending beneath the burden of woe, a crownless queen, a prisoner whose life hung upon a thread. Not yet did the proud Madame Roland realize how little she counted for in this desert-dance of events. How could she know that her eloquent and

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elegant Girondins were mere carpet-knights when compared to the stronger, fiercer, more practical men of the Commune and the Mountain? To all appearance the Girondins had nothing to fear. Theirs was the majority in the ministry and in the Assembly. The legislative Committee of Twenty-one governed France, and Madame Roland governed the committee—or thought she did. Brissot was its president, Vergniaud its reporter, Gaudet, Gensonné, Condorcet, its leading members. All these men were her friends. They all drank inspiration and tea at her house. They were in power, they were going to remain in power, they were going to refashion the nation, and bring about a reign of sweetness and light. Condorcet was so sure of it that he reduced it all to writing; and in a constitution of 414 paragraphs outlined the Girondin ideal, in which the people were to rule themselves by elections, and the executive power was shorn of its oppressive strength.

On the Roland horizon there was at least one cloud which might have warned them of storms to come. They had enraged Marat, and Marat was venting his wrath in editorial abuse. After the 10th of August, Marat had petitioned the Assembly for four of the royal presses in place of his own which La Fayette had destroyed. This request was refused by the Assembly, but was granted by the city government of Paris. Of course the presses did not any more belong to the town council of Paris than they did to Marat; but its consent was good enough title for him, and he straightway took possession of the coveted property. This procedure shocked Roland, and he rebuked Marat sharply. He likewise refused to give Marat any portion of the public funds which the Assembly had put at the

minister's disposal for the spread of good revolutionary literature. Marat thought his paper was the best of revolutionary literature, and demanded 15,000 francs of the money. Roland did not care to distribute officially a journal whose motto was pillage, and whose gospel was that of riot and murder, and he therefore refused Marat's demand. Accumulated provocations like these were quite sufficient for the irritable doctor, and he trained his guns upon the Rolands.

The 10th of August put the climax to La Fayette's embarrassments. Spurned by the monarch whom he had wished to save, distrusted by the revolution he had sought to restrain, his position had been weak enough before; but now that the monarch was in jail, the monarchy legislated out of existence, and Marat leading the yelping Jacobins who were hot upon his trail, it became quite clear to La Fayette that it was time for him to rise up and go. On August 19th he took a last look at the political sky, found it threatening, and he rode across the frontier. With him went Alexander de Lameth, whose purity of republicanism had led him to decline the dangerous distinction of dancing with the queen, his mother by adoption, in the last ball at Versailles.

If the brave Bouillé rode away with grief-stricken face when the king failed to reach Montmédy, what must have been the feelings of La Fayette, flying for dear life, and leaving wife, children, relatives, and friends to the vengeance of his foes? Where were now those beautiful dreams of a regenerated France? Where was now that generous enthusiasm for liberty, that belief in loftier ideals, that faith in the saving grace of brotherly love?



His home life, domestic peace, and happiness, the alluring advantages of wealth and noble birth, had been sacrificed, — and for what? Had any good thing come out of it? Chaos and elemental passions devoured all that opposed them. The throne was prostrate, the Church in ruins, the noblesse proscribed, the middle class terrorized, and mobocracy triumphant. Did he curse his folly in loosing the wolves of rapine, as he saw them rending society and fighting over the fragments? Or did he take the larger, loftier view, lifting his thoughts and his faith to the future, serenely confident that after the darkness would come light, after the tempest purer air and clearer sky?

Whatever were his reflections they were soon rudely interrupted. The Austrians snatched him, threw him into prison, and kept him there until Napoleon Bonaparte demanded his release several years later.

In 1785, on La Fayette's return from America, he had travelled about to enjoy his celebrity. Revolutionary enthusiasm was in fashion at that time among those who had most to lose by revolution, and La Fayette was received with distinction by kings, potentates, and powers. Among others, he visited Frederick the Great. La Fayette was dressed as became a gallant and famous young nobleman of the politest nation on earth. Frederick was dressed very much like a man who thought it made no difference what sort of clothes he wore. La Fayette was scandalized at Frederick's appearance, and wrote to Washington about it immediately. Frederick was clad in "an old, dirty, ragged uniform, all covered with Spanish snuff, his head leaning over one shoulder, and his fingers almost dislocated by gout." However shabby and filthy Frederick's dress was, La Fayette says his eyes were fine, — the finest he ever saw, — sometimes fierce, sometimes soft.

The king invites La Fayette to dinner, and La Fayette talks copiously and enthusiastically of Freedom. America has led the way, the world will follow, mankind will throw off the shackles of the past, fraternity, good-will, and peace will bless the world, and so forth and so on. Old Frederick listens, his head hanging over to one side, his eye as bright as a bird's, his lips parted in a sarcastic grin. "America will return to the good old plan," ventures Frederick. "No! Never!" says La Fayette. "No monarchy, no aristocracy, will ever exist there." The king is silent, his look incredulous.

"Do you think," says La Fayette, warmly, "that I went to America to win military renown? No. It was for liberty I went there. He who loves liberty can only remain quiet after having established it in his own country."

The old king listens with his grim smile, and says:—

"Sir, I knew a young man who, after having visited countries where liberty and equality reigned, conceived the idea of establishing the same system in his own country. Do you know what happened to him?"

"No, Sire," answers La Fayette.

"He was hanged," says Frederick.

Had La Fayette lingered in France just a few days longer, the prophecy would have been literally fulfilled. He had appealed to his army, and to the generals of the other armies, in behalf of the king and Constitution; had imprisoned three deputies who had been sent to his army by the Assembly, and had been declared by that indignant body guilty of rebellion, conspiracy, and treason. Orders for his arrest were issued on the 19th of August—the very day that La Fayette's good judgment told him it was time to mount and ride.

## CHAPTER XXXII

THE DOMICILIARY VISITS; MASSACRE OF THE PRISONERS;  
VALMY; THE ROYAL PRISONERS; THE PROLETARIAT IN  
POWER

“THE garment is well cut out, my son, but the sewing together is yet to be done.” This remark of the old Queen Catherine de’ Medicis to Henry III., after that feeble monarch had murdered his great subject, the Duke of Guise, applied now to the revolutionists who had imprisoned the king and abolished the monarchy. A worm can gnaw out the heart of the giant oak or imperial pine, undoing in a week nature’s work of a hundred years,—it being so much easier to destroy than to create. The vast destructiveness of the French Revolution was apparent enough, the question now was, what would be its power of reconstruction. The garment was cut, who would do the sewing? Everything was disorganized, chaotic, without form and void. La Vendée was in revolt, and the royalists of the south were raising the old war-cry of Church and State. Invading armies, more than 130,000 strong, were on the march. One form of government had been swept away, but nothing in its place firmly established. One constitution had been laboriously made, vehemently sworn to, and hurriedly violated; no other had yet been adopted. The executive was represented by ministers and committees; a permanent form

had not even been discussed. The proletariat Commune of Paris was dictating to the bourgeoisie Assembly; and no one could say whether the mangled remains of the monarchy would be devoured by Girondins or Jacobins. Government raised its quavering protest through the words of Roland; while over the feebly guarded frontiers of law and order rushed, pike in hand, the Marat-led hordes of the slums.

On July 30th, the allied forces had entered France. There were 70,000 veterans of the wars of Frederick the Great, led by the Duke of Brunswick and accompanied by the king of Prussia. There was the Austrian army of 45,000 men who had seen service in the Turkish wars. Besides there were 6000 Hessians, and 12,000 French emigrants. The raw recruits of the newly born Republic were, therefore, to encounter 133,000 experienced troops, splendidly equipped, and confident of success. The armies of France, poorly equipped, were commanded by generals of the old royalist army, or by men, like La Fayette, who heartily despised the Jacobins. With nobles at their head it is little wonder that the French troops had no confidence. Fear of being betrayed paralyzed their courage. The royalists in Paris felt sure that the seasoned soldiers of the invasion would easily brush aside the volunteers from the shops and the fields, and that the Prussians would be in Paris by the 23rd of August. This programme of the allied armies was so well understood that the queen, while confined in the reporters' box at the Assembly, had expressed her defiance of the decrees ousting the ministers, and her confidence in the Prussian advance.

On the 20th of August, Longwy was invested; on the

21st it was bombarded; on the 24th it fell; and Brunswick advanced to the siege of Verdun. If this city was taken, the road to Paris would be open. That it would be taken was considered certain.

When these tidings reached Paris, the excitement was extreme. The wildest rumours circulated; it was believed that the Prussians were in full march upon Paris. The ministers hastily met the legislative committee of the general defence, to deliberate upon the steps necessary to be taken. Roland proposed to retire to Blois, others to await the enemy under the walls of Paris.

Danton repudiated both suggestions. "I have brought my old mother here — my children also. If Prussians take Paris let it be a Paris burnt to ashes!" It would never do to give up the city, nor would it do to wait for the invaders. France must rise, gird on her armour, and go forward to meet her enemies. The 10th of August, he said, had divided the French into two parties, royalists and republicans. Of these two, the former were the more numerous. The sole reliance of the Republic for military defence was on the minority party, the republicans. But the situation was full of peril. If the republicans marched from the city to meet the invaders, the royalists would excite Paris in favor of the foreigners; and thus the army of the Republic would be caught between two fires, and would perish. If the republican army should be victorious over the foreigners, they would nevertheless lose thousands of men, and therefore the majority which the royalists already counted would be still further increased. "It is my opinion," he exclaimed, with a terrible suggestiveness, "that to disconcert their measures and stop the enemy, we must make the royalists fear."

On the evening of the 28th of August, he went to the Assembly and made one of his electrical speeches. With his leonine head thrown back, and his frightful face lighted up with the fire that burnt within him, he thundered: "Our enemies have taken Longwy, but France did not live in Longwy. It is only by a great convulsion that we have annihilated despotism in the capital; it is only by a national convulsion that we can drive out the despots. When a vessel is in the storm, threatened with shipwreck, the crew throw overboard all that endangers its safety; in the same way all that can endanger the nation must be cast out. Hitherto we have made war in the sham fashion of La Fayette. Our warfare is to be more terrible. We have shut the gates of Paris. All conspirators must be seized. It must be done to-morrow. We must make house searches. Suspected persons must be thrown in prison, even though there be 30,000 of them. We must seize all arms; there should be 80,000 muskets in Paris. Those who have arms must fly to the frontier. What would France say if Paris, in a stupor, should wait for the enemy? Communicate with all other municipalities; send delegates with ours into the departments and influence public sentiment. Give the municipalities power to seize everything that is necessary to the public defence, upon proper indemnity to the owners. All belongs to the fatherland when the fatherland is in danger."

Without debate, the Assembly voted as Danton demanded, and the decree was posted up that very night. The Commune of Paris adopted its regulations, and put the law into effect at once. The gates were already closed, and they remained so. Citizens were required to be at their own homes, business was suspended, shops shut,

vehicles stopped, the streets deserted. The drums beat the *rappel*, and at ten o'clock at night the terrified inmates of the houses heard the knock of the searchers as they went from door to door.

A dead silence had reigned over the city since nightfall. Few understood what was meant, few felt secure. The vast majority of the people crouched in fear and trembling, dreading the coming of the searchers. Patrols of sixty pikemen were in every street. The tramp of these armed squads, the loud knocking at doors to compel the inmates to open, and the crash of doors that were battered down, made the nights of the "domiciliary visits" the most universally fearful that Paris experienced during the whole career of the Revolution. Here and there guns were found, here and there enemies to the Republic were seized; and by August 31st the prisons of the city were crowded with 3000 priests, nobles, anti-revolutionists, and victims of private malice. Danton's design was accomplished — the royalists were completely cowed.

On September 2nd the Commune posted the notice that the Prussians were at hand. The black flag was run up at the Town-Hall: "The country is in danger!" Sixty thousand volunteers were called for; the tocsin began to peal forth from the church steeples, and the alarm cannon boomed over the frantic city. Danton was at the Assembly, and while the bells rang and cannon roared, his fierce energy burst into speech: "Legislators! what you hear is not so much the alarm cannon. It is the 'Forward march' against your enemies. To conquer them, to hurl them back, what do we need! To *dare*, and *again* to dare, and *always* to dare,—and France is saved!" Electrified by his tremendous force and audacity, the Assembly de-

creed death against any citizen who, having arms, refused to surrender them or fight in person.

While the bells pealed from thirty steeples, while the cannon boomed, the black flag flew from all public buildings, and the streets resounded with wild cries of "The country is in danger!" Danton hurried to the Champ de Mars to harangue the volunteers, and fire them as he had fired the Marseillais.

But shall the volunteers leave Paris to the royalists? Who could say what might befall the wives, children, and mothers left behind? Had not royalists been making their boasts of late? Was there not a rumour of plots among the 3000 prisoners to rise when the volunteers had left Paris, and to massacre the undefended patriots? Had not Jean Julien, the wagoner, who was pilloried at the Place de Grève on yesterday, grossly insulted the Republic and loudly declared that the day of reckoning had come, and that the royalists would now have their turn? Had he not said that the prisoners were armed, and that, as soon as the volunteers were gone, the prisoners would break out and massacre the people?

Even as the voice of Danton had echoed and reëchoed through the hall of the Assembly, the shrieks of the doomed prisoners rang wildly through the streets. The September massacres had begun. Some 200 butchers were let loose upon the helpless men and women huddled in the prisons, and told to wreak vengeance upon them. Commissions signed by municipal officers, authorized suitable agents to hold courts in the prisons, to deliver instant judgment, and to have immediate execution done.

The prisoners are dragged from their cells, are halted for a moment before this sham tribunal, are examined



with brevity, and are delivered over to the murderers, who stand ready at the door.

An aged priest, mild and venerable, comes to the bar; his crime is that his conscience will not allow him to swear allegiance to the State. It is enough. "Away with him!" says the judge, and the white-haired victim goes out of the door where the butchers stand. The iron bars come down with a crash, the brains ooze from the silvered head, and the poor old priest is dead. An ex-minister of Louis XVI. is dragged in, Montmorin, for example. He had been a royalist, had plotted for his king against the Revolution. At heart he is still a royalist, hence would harm the Revolution if he could. It is enough. "Away with him!" And the haughty Montmorin, who even now thinks he must have a carriage, and calls for one, dies miserably under cruel wounds. Another is a noble, an aristocrat pure and simple; he has been an avowed royalist; he detests the Revolution; in his name foreign kings have made war on France, and he rejoices thereat. By birth, education, interest, and principle, he is a monarchist. If the opportunity presented itself, he would do all he could against the Revolution. It is enough. "Away with him!" Down come clubs, sabres, or pikes, and the noble is a bloody corpse! A soldier is brought, an ex-member of the National Guards,—La Chesnaye, for instance. He had been stationed by Mandat, his commander-in-chief, at the Tuileries on the Tenth of August; his orders had been to defend king and palace against the insurgents; his oath and his duty held him to that post. It is enough. "Away with him!" and the brave soldier sinks under a shower of stabs and cuts and blows. The Princess de Lamballe is led forth. She had

asked time to arrange her dress. "It does not matter; it will do as it is," and she is hurried in. What a grunt of satisfaction must there have been; what a fierce opening and shutting of hungry mouths, what a gleam of deadly eyes! This is the foreigner who enjoyed with the Polignacs the favours of the queen; this is the enemy of the Revolution who went to England to see Pitt. In her rooms the Austrian committee met and conspired against the Republic. She hates what the people love; she loves what the people hate. "Swear to love the nation, liberty, and equality; swear to hate the king, the queen, and royalty," demands the judge. "The first oath I will take, but not the last: it is not in my heart," answers the lady,—as loyal now to broken royalty as in the days when the Bourbon throne stood erect, and the world bent before it. "Swear, or you are lost," whispers a patriot, moved to pity. "The first oath, but not the last!" Death, but not dishonour,—the answer of all heroic souls, yesterday, to-day, and forever! "Conduct Madame out," says the judge; and Madame is led to the door, is struck, is stabbed, is brutally beaten, till life is gone, is hewn asunder, her head fixed on a pike, her dripping heart held up to the shouting mob, and—the rest cannot be told.

For three days this massacre went on. A mere handful of wretches did the work, tolerated by the silence of the people, encouraged by the Commune, and not checked by the government.

The capricious humour of a French mob was never more strikingly illustrated than in some of the acquittals which were pronounced by the judges and cheered by the mob. Cazotte was spared because of the desperate devotion

with which his daughter clung to him and begged for him; subsequently he was guillotined. Sombreuil was saved, not by the blood drunk by his daughter, for she drank none, but because it was reported that the broken-down soldier-pensioners (*Invalides*), whose governor he was, spoke well of him. He perished afterwards by the guillotine. Weber, foster-brother of Marie Antoinette, escaped, and so did Bertrand de Moleville — to the amazement of their friends, who welcomed them on the morrow as men risen from the dead. "Don't kill that one; that is the good Abbé Sicard, the friend of the deaf and dumb!" This cry, raised by a man whom the crowd probably did not know, was sufficient to save the priest, and convert him into a popular hero. Another prisoner had the presence of mind to shout, as he entered the hall, "Live the Republic! Live Liberty and Equality." Acclamations broke out on all sides, and he went forth free. The Chevalier de Bertrand, having been pronounced innocent, two of the murderers asked permission to go home with him that they might witness the joy of his family. They went, they considerately waited in the parlour until the Chevalier could prepare the ladies to see their blood-stained visitors; they looked on with tears in their eyes as the Chevalier was embraced by his family; they remained some time, made themselves agreeable, refused money offered to them, and went back to the slaughter-pens quite refreshed by the tender scene which they had witnessed. At the convent of the Carmelites 150 priests, including the archbishop of Arles, were butchered. All the forgers of assignats were slain, all the captive Swiss, and all the priests. These were regarded as public enemies and were slaughtered without pity. At the Salpêtière prison thirty-five women were

massacred. Madame Roland states that they were outraged before they were murdered. Nearly 1200 prisoners perished in Paris; at Versailles some fifty, including the Duke de Brissac, lover of Madame du Barry, and ex-Commandant of the king's Body-Guard. His gory head was stuck upon one of the pickets of the iron fence of the palace, close to the gate.

After the bloody work was ended in Paris, and Tallien had made his announcement to the Assembly that "the prisons are now empty," Marat and Billaud issued, in the name of the municipality of Paris, a circular letter to other municipal bodies urging them to imitate what had been done in Paris. In some cities the advice was acted upon, and the prisoners murdered.

Was Danton less guilty than Marat and Billaud? It is hard to say. His speeches had lashed the passions of the mob into a fury; the logic of his suggestions led to some such atrocity. To put the royalists in fear, to inaugurate a terror, was plainly his policy, daringly expressed. While the murders were in progress he gave no sign. He did not support Roland when Roland sought to compel Santerre to call out the National Guards and put a stop to the carnage. Can one make such inflammatory speeches as Danton had been making, and escape responsibility for the natural consequences? Can one toss a match into the powder magazine and disclaim the explosion? It may be that the stories told by Madame Roland, Prudhomme, and others are untrue; he may not have said when asked to interfere, "Damn the prisoners!" but his conduct said it if his lips did not. That he was not afraid to beard the assassins is shown by his successful efforts to save Duport, the Abbé Berardier, and Charles Lameth.

Why, then, did he say nothing for the others? Because he cared nothing about them. "Damn the prisoners! Let them take care of themselves!"

Nor is it difficult to understand this feeling,—to sympathize with it even. Who were these prisoners? In the main they were traitors who had been parties to the bringing of foreign armies against France, incendiaries who had preached resistance to law, and who had gloated over the prospect of the bloody revenge which royalists would take when the Prussians came. The very word *Terror* had been coined at Coblenz, and the policy which Danton had preached in Paris had been previously proclaimed across the Rhine. Each party meant to put the other in fear—Danton's struck first.

Verdun made but a slight resistance to the besiegers. Beaupaire, its commander, blew out his brains to escape the disgrace of surrender. The tricolour was lowered, and with drums beating the Prussians entered the town.

Ten days had been lost by Brunswick in the taking of Verdun. Even then he was slow about continuing his advance. It was necessary for the king of Prussia to order him forward, sharply and peremptorily, before he would budge. After he did get in motion, he proceeded but slowly.

Through Danton's influence Dumouriez had been appointed commander-in-chief of the French armies, after the defection of La Fayette. His troops were principally the undrilled levies of the recent enlistments, peasants just from the fields, workmen from the shops, mixed with much of the scum of Paris. They were wretchedly armed, and made a force which it was impossible to rely on with confidence against the Prussian veterans. Dumouriez at first

threw himself on the passes of the Argonne, a hill and forest chain, through which Brunswick's line of advance would carry him. The Prussians, however, seized upon two of the passes which were least defended, and were about to take the French in the flank. Dumouriez fell back to a strong position at St. Menehould, and called Kellermann and Bournonville to his support.

The Duke of Brunswick followed, very deliberately, and came up on September 19th. On the next day he cannonaded the French position, and the French cannonaded his. Then the Prussian line of battle was advanced to attack the French position; the French stood their ground, and kept on cannonading. The Prussians, greatly astonished because the French did not run, retired to think it over. The more they thought of it, the less inclined they were to make the assault, and they did not make any — and thus the famous "Cannonade of Valmy" came to an end. Less than five hundred men had been lost on the side of the French, and not many more than that number by the Prussians.

Dr. John Moore, Scottish traveller, taking shelter under the piazza at the town hall at Calais, from the rain, on September 21st, notes that it has rained incessantly for several days, and he reflects that "if the same has been the case where the Duke of Brunswick's army is, it must greatly impede his progress, and distress the soldiers." The doctor never guessed better in his life. The weather was even worse where the duke's army was than at Calais. The Prussians had almost literally stuck in the mud. Men mired up to their knees along the line of march, the wagons sank to the hubs, and the artillery could hardly be moved at all. On the bleak plains of Champagne the

duke could find no food for his host. His own provisions were well-nigh consumed. Falling upon the unripe grapes of the country, the hungry troops devoured them greedily. Dysentery resulted, and thousands sank under it. Sick of the emigrants, sick of the weather, the mud, and the grapes, the Prussians wanted to go home.

The emigrants had promised them a military promenade to Paris, had represented that the roads of Champagne were good, the supplies plentiful, and the towns ready to open their gates. They had said that the raw levies of revolutionary troops would stampede at the first boom of the cannon. None of these predictions had come to pass. Just the opposite had happened. The Prussians, therefore, had got enough, and they began their march homewards, cursing emigrants, French grapes, Champagne weather and roads, and never resting till they had waded back across the frontier.

The tardy movements of the Duke of Brunswick, and the unexpected collapse of an invasion from which so much had been expected, have caused much speculation. The skirmish between the opposing armies had not crippled the Prussians; the Austrians had not even engaged,—why then should the two armies of invasion retreat? It is said that Brunswick's heart was not in the work; that the long and sanguinary wars so recently waged between Prussians and Austrians made their effective coöperation impossible. It is said, further, that the emigrant nobles had excited in Brunswick, and among the Germans generally, a profound contempt, which made the invasion hopelessly unpopular. But it is also said that the invaders were bought off. There is a story that the Princess Lichtenau, mistress of the king of Prussia, was bribed by Danton, and that it

was her influence which caused the king to accept the first check as an excuse for abandoning the invasion. It is certain that Westermann and Fabre-d'Églantine set off on Wednesday night, five days after the Republic had been proclaimed, on a secret mission to the Prussian camp—that Danton sent them, and that the object of the mission was a negotiation for the withdrawal of the invaders.

On the other hand, it is charged that, after Valmy, the Prussians bribed the French not to molest them while in retreat. One story is, that the king of Prussia secretly agreed to allow Dumouriez a free hand against the Austrians in Belgium; another is, that money was paid. Mr. Morris wrote to Washington that “it was believed that the retreat of the Prussians was worth \$50,000 to Westermann.” This accusation against that daring adventurer was one of those which brought him to the scaffold.

The skirmish of Valmy, contemptible from a military point of view, was magnificent in its political effect. It roused revolutionary ardour and confidence to the highest pitch. It seemed to make good by test of battle the new doctrines of regenerated France. It seemed to beat down, finally, all hope of counter-revolution—of royalist reaction. It seemed to be a decisive triumph of peoples against kings, of equality against privilege, of popular sovereignty against the “Divine right.” Unbounded gladness thrilled the hearts of the millions in France; and the burst of joy was as great as the suspense had been depressing.

Success had also attended the French armies in Italy and Germany. General Custine, formerly the Marquis de Custine, who had served with distinction in the American



war, crossed the Rhine in September, entered Spire on September 23rd, and was put in possession of Worms the day following. The German people were ready to embrace the principles of the French Revolution, for the Masonic lodges were numerous in western Germany, and had long been doing missionary work in the cause of political liberty. Custine, himself a Mason, was in communication with the German lodges, and while the German princelings and archbishops fled or looked on helplessly, the German Freemasons opened the gates of German cities and welcomed the French as brothers, as deliverers. Custine issued proclamations in the same spirit, announcing that the French had no war to make upon the German people, but only upon feudal princes. So well did this policy meet the hopes and the necessities of the Germans, that Mayence, one of the strongest fortresses in Germany, opened her gates to the French on the 20th of October. Frankfort followed, and Custine's flying columns penetrated as far as Cassel. So long as the invaders did nothing to offend the national pride of the Germans, their progress was a triumph. It seemed that the principles of the Revolution were about to make brothers of all men, that feudal tyrannies everywhere had seen judgment day arrive, and that thrones and crowns, kings and priests, were about to be shorn of all their well-cultivated divinity. As Gouverneur Morris wrote at the time, "The Declaration of Rights, like the trumpets of Joshua, caused towns to fall without a blow."

General Montesquiou, formerly the Marquis de Montesquiou, pursuing the same policy in Italy, met with the same success. Entering Savoy in September, the people welcomed the French as liberators, and prayed that they be incorporated as a department of the Republic. This

was done, and Savoy became the eighty-fourth department of France. Geneva seemed equally anxious to unite her fortunes to those of the Republic, but the aristocratic party there was strong, and Montesquiou declined to accept the invitation of the republicans. For this reason he lost favour with the revolutionary leaders at Paris, and was recalled from his command. General Anselm, aided by the future marshal of Napoleon, André Masséna, adopted towards the province of Nice the same conciliatory and effective plan of campaign which had won such brilliant and bloodless results in Savoy and Germany. The city of Nice threw open her gates to the French, and the whole province was occupied.

It was the success of Custine methods in Germany which inspired the Convention to pass the famous decree of November 18th, 1792, declaring that the French Republic was fighting to free all peoples from all kings.

After three days spent in the reporters' box in the Assembly, and as many nights in the convent cells, the royal family had been committed to the Temple. This building, part palace and part fortress, had once been the home of the proud Knights Templars; more recently it had been the city residence of the king's brother, the Count of Artois. Comfortable quarters were here provided for the royal captives, and they were supplied with everything necessary to their physical wants. The prison records show that the cost of their table for two months was \$5749. Five cooks and three aids were put at the king's service, and he made use of them. His appetite continued good, and it is recorded that on the day he appeared before the Convention, for trial, he ate for supper, "six cutlets, a

considerable portion of a fowl, two eggs, and drank two glasses of white wine, one of alicante,—and immediately went to bed.” Besides the cooks, other servants were assigned to the prisoners, and their rooms were supplied with good furniture.

The royal prisoners in the Temple had been told of the Prussian advance, the Prussian successes. With desperate tenacity they clung to this hope, but they fully realized their peril,—held, as they were, as hostages by the frantic people. On September 2nd, they noticed the extraordinary bustle and excitement about their prison. They had gone down as usual into the garden, but their attendants hastily drew them back into the tower, to avoid the stones thrown at them from neighbouring houses. Towards night a municipal guard rushed like a madman into the queen’s chamber, where all the royal family were, and shouted, “You do not know what is passing! The tocsin has been sounded; the drums are beating the call to arms; the alarm cannon has been fired! The emigrants are at Verdun! If they come we shall all perish, but you shall perish first!”

Fearful cries were heard before day next morning. During the day tumult increased. A squalid band of savages surrounded the Temple, shouting threats and insults. After a while the prisoners could hear the words, “The Lamballe! The Austrian!” The murderers of the princess had come to show her head to the queen. In the fountain of the Temple they washed the naked, mutilated body; they had dragged it through the streets, and now wanted the queen to see it. The bloody chemise was stuck on the end of a pike; they waved it as a trophy, amid hoots and yells. Bearing the head of the murdered

princess on the end of a pike, the crowd rushed to the prison gate. The prison officials, not daring to do more, stretched a tricolour scarf across it. Before this sacred barrier the savages halted, muttering.

Refused admission to the tower, they were allowed to enter the garden. They left the body in the street, but the head they brought with them. They were bent on showing it to the queen. It gave them infinite delight to shout to aristocrats, "Kiss these lips!" Young Permon, brother of the Duchess of Abrantès, had already been frozen by the sight of this ghastly head. The crowd which was bearing it had recognized him as an aristocrat, had hooted him, and had surrounded his carriage. "Make him kiss it!" yelled the maniacs. At first the young man did not see what it was. Something on a pole drew nearer—then he saw. "O my God,"—and he fainted. Downstairs in the Temple tower, Cléry and Tison and Tison's wife, servitors of the royal family, were just sitting to dinner. Suddenly the woman screamed, and she fell as if shot,—she had seen the livid face, looking in at the window, from the end of the pike!

It is not true that the queen saw the head. God spared her that one pang. The royal family were upstairs, the guards shut the door, and drew the curtains of the window. Down below the crowd yelled; the hideous head was brought as close to the wall as the wretch who bore it could reach. Four men from the mob were allowed to enter, to satisfy them that the captives had not escaped. One of these brutes insisted that the prisoners appear at the window. The municipal guard protested. A quarrel ensued. "What is it all about?" asked the king, for the royal family had not learned the horrible truth. The

man of the mob replied, "Since you wish to know, I will tell you. The people wish to show you Madame de Lamballe's head." The queen fainted. The men of the mob left. The crowd who bore the head, after long parleys and much persuasion on the part of the guards, consented to go away.

The Duke of Orleans had a son, Louis Philippe, who was serving on the staff of Dumouriez. The young man came up to Paris, and gave rein to his tongue, denouncing the September massacres freely and forcibly. Danton took him to one side indulgently and said in substance: "Young man, you talk too much. You are a promising lad, and I like you, but your place is in the army. You don't understand politics. You go back, now, to your camp, and do your duty there. I will look after things here. If you want any favours, come to me, Danton. Servan is Minister of War, but he amounts to nothing. He's a Miss Mary-Ann; don't waste time on him. But stop talking so much. You do not understand how we were situated. We were in the minority, and the counter-revolutionists were in the majority. To keep France from going back to the old régime, we had to separate the old from the new by impassable barriers. We have done it. We have rolled between the Revolution and its enemies a river of blood! But France does not want a Republic. She will go back to the monarchy after a while, and then you will be king!"

Danton, from his point of view, was right. He had seen the necessity of showing to the wavering that the day of neutrality was past. "You must be hammer or anvil," said the Revolution to every citizen of the country. To "lighten the ship in the storm," as Danton said, we must

throw the imprisoned aristocrats overboard! After the September murders, the ship was immensely lightened, and she breasted the storm with terrific energy. It was not till October that Gouverneur Morris noted in his diary the belief that France was now in favour of a republic. "There were not five republicans in France," Pétion said at a later period, alluding to the spring of 1792. There were plenty of them now. The river of blood rolled between the fatherland and the emigrant princes; on the French side of the red stream the cause of country drove all patriots to the service of the tricolour.

A marchioness of the old régime, a descendant of Colbert, sought Barrère for advice. "How can I save my three boys?" "Send them to the army, Madame. Nobody will harm you or them, after they have volunteered to fight for France." The advice was taken, and the event proved its wisdom.

Thus fear and patriotism marched side by side, and the young sons of the noblest families in France moved forward to join the cobblers, the tailors, the mechanics, and the peasants, in defence of the Revolution and the fatherland.

The last act of the Legislative Assembly was in line with the domiciliary visits and the September massacres. Every citizen, male and female, was required to obtain from the municipal authorities a card, certifying name, residence, and occupation; to carry this card about the person, and to be ready to show it whenever required so to do by any police officer or suspicious fellow-citizen. Failure to produce this card brought the person, so failing, under the sweep of Robespierre's law of suspects, making him liable to arrest and judicial examination.

Thus terror has become a system, and the radicals mean

to rule by it. They are in the minority; only by intimidation, by audacity, by unscrupulous brute force, can they hope to reign. Danton says: "We are the rabble! We spring from the gutters! We can only rule through fear."

Not only does Danton browbeat his subordinates, he intimidates his ministerial colleagues. He is as much at the war bureau as at the ministry of justice. He dominates them all by his imperial will, his ferocious energy, his confidence, his mental and physical power. The learned Monge, one of the ministers, excuses himself for having agreed to some objectionable measure: "Danton wants to have it so; if I refuse, he will denounce me to the Commune, and have me hung." He draws money from the public treasury for the Secret Service, disburses it to suit himself, bribes and subsidizes right and left, and adds the tremendous leverage of cash to the sources of influences he already possesses.

"A nation in revolution is like the bronze boiling and foaming and purifying itself in the caldron. Not yet is the statue of Liberty cast. Fiercely boils the metal; have an eye on the furnace, or the flames will surely scorch you." Champfort had said, "Revolutions are not made with rose water;" Danton's thought is the same, but how much more superb the figure, the expression! Bolder and brawnier than Robespierre, more of a ruler and statesman than any revolutionist after Mirabeau, he dashes onward with dauntless courage and confidence, while others equally intellectual become faint-hearted, nerveless, and despondent.

It must not be supposed that Frenchmen indiscriminately took part in the Revolution. Such was not the

case. The majority indorsed it and supported it,—were ready if need be to fight for it,—but only a few could give their time to it. Work in all the fields of labour had to be done. Families had to be clothed and fed. Somebody had to wash and scour and cook. Some had to dig and delve, sow and reap, grind and bake. Only the politician, the agitator, the radical few, did the active work of the revolutionary movement. All butchers did not quit their stalls when Legendre turned statesman. There were star-gazers left to keep an eye on the constellations after Bailly laid down the telescope. Rossignol did not carry with him into the whirlpool of street politics all the clock-menders. Every brewer did not follow Santerre's lead, and let the Revolution drink up all the beer. That the amiable Doctor Guillotin had gone to lawmaking, and had invented a new machine for cutting off people's heads, was no reason why other doctors should cease rolling pills and measuring powders. Because some lawyers went to Paris and worked for fame and country, were all the attorneys to quit labouring to win cases and fees? Where one Madame Roland or De Staël rivalled the men in eloquence and pointed the way to ideal government, a thousand good housewives sedately kept their husbands' shirts in order, and pointed the way to clean beds and wholesome dinners. A hundred hell-cats of the slums might drag naked bodies about the streets and dance around the pole on which heads were borne, but a thousand honest matrons closed the shutters in horror and followed the routine duties of life.

Paris remained Paris — the gayest, brightest, wickedest city in the world. Evening parties did not cease because the States-General would not disperse at the king's com-



mand. Theatres didn't close when Necker went and came. Receptions continued, though the mob did bring the king to Paris. Balls were danced and feasts were spread, even though there was a massacre in the Field of Mars. "What of that? We must, nevertheless, amuse ourselves!" Did the queen really say it, in 1788, when they told her the people were starving? "No bread? Well, then, why don't they eat cake?" Did she really say that?

At any rate, the Parisians put in practice now what the queen had practised then. Business held onward its steady way. Goods were bought and sold, speculation drove its bargains, usury spread its nets, legitimate energy pushed its plans, the commercial pirate roamed in search of prey. Pleasure was never more inviting, nor vice more shameless, nor did reckless dissipation ever cry with louder voice, "Eat, drink, and be merry: to-morrow we die."

The 20th of June affected those who took part in it. Paris at large did not feel it at all. Even the 10th of August was local. Not until the evening papers told the tale did the average Parisian know what had happened.

Brunswick's manifesto touched those who were in charge of events, and who were directly connected with the agitation. It was scarcely spoken of by the mass of the people. The domiciliary visits carried excitement into all quarters, brought the Revolution face to face with every citizen. Even Gouverneur Morris, American minister, had to submit to search. But this passed away. The September massacres created no general consternation. They concerned a few noble families, not the people at large. The call for volunteers took away those who wished to go — no others.

The aggressive Few ruled the movement,—and their lives were stormy enough,—but while the majority of the French people favoured the Revolution, they took no active part in it. The Revolution, to the tenth man, was a battle, a house on fire, a ship in a storm—anything you like; but to the other nine men it was a thing which he saw and heard, something that passed with awful sights and sounds, something which made his lot better or worse, but which did not alter his habits, his work, his eating, drinking, or sleeping, his comings and goings, his sorrows or his joys.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION MEETS; ROYALTY ABOLISHED;  
THE REPUBLIC ESTABLISHED; MARAT; ROBESPIERRE;  
GIRONDINS AND JACOBINS; THE ROLANDS

THE Legislative Assembly expired on the 20th of September, 1792, the day on which the National Convention met. The leaders of the Revolution were too wary to allow any interval between the ringing out of the old and the ringing in of the new. The elections had been favourable to the Girondins, and they found themselves in the majority in the Convention. All the former leaders were returned, and to their number were now added Pétion and Barbaroux, besides many other names of lesser note.

Historians lament that the first National Assembly disqualified its members for seats in the second, and they say that the violence of the second Assembly grew out of the fact that the experienced men were absent. In the third National Assembly no such disqualification barred out the experienced men, and nearly all of them were there. Inasmuch as this third Assembly proved to be the most violent of the three, it would seem that the historians are wrong in laying so much stress on the self-denying ordinance of the first.

The National Convention began its labours September 21st, 1792, by abolishing the monarchy. This motion was made by Collot d'Herbois, the same who had composed, and

recited to applauding audiences, the royalist ode on the birth of the first son of the king and queen. On motion of a priest, the Abbé Grégoire, constitutional bishop of Blois, the Republic was proclaimed. Between Girondins and Jacobins open hostilities commenced immediately.

The Girondins favoured a republic, with the fullest recognition of popular rights. Condorcet said, "The English Constitution is made for the rich, the American for the well-to-do; the French should be made for all men." They believed in elections for every office. They indorsed the principle of the *initiative* and *referendum*; and in the draft of a constitution, drawn up by Condorcet, they adopted the method of procedure which gave this extreme principle of popular sovereignty its fullest scope. Their plans embraced a comprehensive system of public schools, from the lowest grade to the highest. They opposed special privileges and hereditary distinctions; they opposed such measures as create inequalities. They advocated manhood suffrage, and the election of all officers by the people. They favoured brief terms of office, and frequent renewals of all authority. So far as pen, ink, and paper could fashion it, their Republic was Utopian in its perfection. Every one was king and subject; law was to govern all alike. Justice prevailed, and love ruled instead of fear. Brute force was abolished, ravening appetites subdued, lawless impulses restrained, — all by accurately written laws, administered by perfect rulers.

As the Jacobins, also, were republicans, what was the issue between the two sects? It must be remembered that there were differences among the Girondins themselves, and that Condorcet's constitution did not represent the views of all the members of his party. The Brissotins, for exam-

ple, were almost identical in principle with the Jacobins; they differed in methods mainly. Roughly summarized, it may be said that the vital difference between Jacobins and Girondins was this: the latter favoured extreme distribution of political power, local self-government, and the recognition of private control of property and of individual action; while the former favoured centralization, a powerful executive, and state control of property and of persons.

The first feuds between the leaders of the two parties seem to have been personal rather than political. In spite of the democracy of their theories, the Girondins were rather aristocratic in manner and association. They were men of finished education, cultivated tastes, classical thought and speech, genteel in dress and deportment. Their democratic principles had not destroyed their fondness for the refined habits of good society. Their "Queen of Sheba" was an elegant and brilliant lady; their sagacious and orators were proud and cultured gentlemen. Buzot did not lodge with a carpenter as did Robespierre; Brissot did not migrate from cellar to garret as did Marat; Vergniaud did not hobnob with the men of the lower orders as did the brawnier Danton.

In a general way, then, it may be said that the Girondins, while extremely democratic in theory, created the impression that they were aristocrats in fact. Their ideal republic, it was feared, was only for the good, the educated, the genteel. They were not in touch with the masses. Their republic was too much of an abstraction. They were companions of books and students of systems, while the Jacobins were mixers with men and students of events. The Girondin position was too conservative for the real republicans, and too radical for the middle-class constitutionalists. Thus they took root nowhere.

The great trouble with these Girondins as a political party was that there were too many different sorts of them. They were divided into too many groups. Hence, while in official control of the government, they could not govern. The responsibility was upon them, yet they could not act. They could get together at Madame Roland's, and discuss the vague generalities of universal benevolence, but when it came to putting anything into practical shape, they disagreed. Madame, in love with Buzot, attached undue importance to Buzot; and other Girondins, being human in their feelings, while angelic in their intentions, drew away in disgust. Poor old Roland himself was a dejected, broken man, for there was something which weighed upon him even more heavily than the September massacres—his wife had felt it to be her duty to tell him that she loved Buzot.

There was just one line of policy which the Girondins heartily united upon, and that was continuous abuse of the Jacobins, especially of Marat and Robespierre. In Madame Roland's salon the Girondin journalists met of evenings, and from her eloquent tongue came many of the suggestions which were elaborated into editorial attacks upon these detested foes.

While the Girondins took seats on the right in the Convention, the Jacobins collected upon the upper benches of the extreme left—a lofty position, from which they took the name of the Mountain. The advantages on the side of the minority party were that they had Paris with them, that their leaders were united, and that these leaders were practical, thoroughgoing, masterful, and ruthless men. Besides Danton, the leading Jacobins of Paris who secured seats in the Convention were Robespierre, Collot-d'Her-

bois, Manuel, Billaud-Varennes, Camille Desmoulins, Marat, Legendre, Panis, Sergent, David the painter, Fréron, Augustin Robespierre, Fabre d'Eglantine, and Philip, Duke of Orleans, who was elected under the name of Philip Égalité.

It has been said that in catering to the populace Orleans gave himself this absurd name. Sergent tells a different story. He says that the electors objected to the name Orleans, and that the duke, still cherishing the ambitious dreams which finally put his son on the throne, applied to the municipality for some other name. "Égalité," suggested Manuel; and it was so ordered by the council. Says Sergent, "I saw the duke shrug his shoulders. As we were leaving the Town-Hall, he said to me: 'I call you to witness that I did not present myself to the council in order to change my name, and that this one has been imposed on me. You heard that loud, Manuel. What could I say or do? I came to solicit in favour of my daughters, whose mother keeps them in England, and who will be declared emigrants. It was this motive which induced me to sacrifice my repugnance to adopting this ridiculous name.'"

While the Parisian members more particularly represented the masses, it was Marat who embodied the very spirit of the lower orders. He suspected that every noble, every priest, and every man of wealth was at heart an enemy of the Revolution, and his peculiarity of doctrine was that these enemies should be slain to keep them from slaying the Revolution. Hating everything above him, he advocated the pillage of the rich in the interest of the poor. If Marat can be given a party name at all he was a communist, and a rabid one, at that. He

believed in mixing a good deal of murder with his robbery. If the man of property did not divide out his surplus among the needy, with a cheerful readiness indicative of a keen relish at making the sacrifice, Marat seemed to preach that the killing of the proprietor should be the first care of patriotism and a division of the spoil the second. In fact, Marat dared to put in print what the men of the gutters were thinking and wishing, but not yet venturing to proclaim. He was a stalwart radical where so many others were cowardly trimmers. He was in advance of the leaders always, and, while they never kept up, they ever followed his line of march. Where he had pitched his tent yesterday the other leaders would camp to-day; and by his abandoned camp-fire of to-day they would bivouac to-morrow. It was noticed that whatever Marat proclaimed became sooner or later the adopted policy of the Revolution, no matter how loudly this policy might have been hooted when first mentioned.

The leaders did not love Marat. He had become repulsive. Persecution had made him live the life of a homeless dog, and it showed on him, — in his temper, his habits, and his person. He was not sociable, not convivial, not a man who could throw off the cares of the country-saviour and become a genial companion. He cared nothing for sumptuous living of any kind: was too intense for trifling, and too much of a fanatic to unbend into commonplace suavities.

For other causes the leaders were not prone to love Marat. His logic was too inexorable. Compromises he abhorred, half-way measures he despised. With the enemy he would have no relations; and, next to a traitor, he detested the lukewarm patriot. Fearless, unpurchasable,



suspicious, restless, sanguinary, he was a terror to those leaders of the Revolution who wished to turn it to personal profit, or who wished to side-track it, or who wished to sell it out. Even Danton looked askance upon this little man of brazen front and watchful eye, who had no weaknesses royalists could use, no appetites money could tempt, no conservatism which reason could sway, no softer feelings to which suffering humanity might appeal with hope of being heard. His monomania had made him savage; he rejoiced when Mirabeau died; he gloated over the September massacres. Yet, according to Sergent, when the murderers came to the Town-Hall to be paid off, on orders signed, "Maillard," Marat said to them sternly, "Begone!"

If the leaders did not and could not love Marat, the people of the lower orders did. He was the hero and the apostle of the discontented poor. He had braved their oppressors, had fought their battles, had suffered for their sake, had risked his life in their service. They could see that he was no sham, no impostor, but a terrible reality—terrible to the real foes and to the pretended friends of the Revolution. He was not in the reform movement for what he could make out of it. He could have sold himself for millions; his estate when he died consisted, so far as cash could be found, of just twenty-one cents!

Yes, the rabble loved this small, bleary-eyed, never-resting agitator. He was always on the watch-tower, always preaching a policy or pointing out a peril. His heart was in the case; his hand ever on the pulse; his eye following every change of symptom. The people felt that here was one man who never forgot them, never slept while work was to be done; a man who would not be bribed, intimi-

dated, duped, or caught napping. Mirabeau they had admired as men of the earth admire the star; he was above them, his orbit far beyond their ken. Instinctively they felt that a patrician, playing reformer, was, after all, a patrician. They never trusted him fully.

Vergniaud they were proud of, and followed and respected; but between himself and grimy toilers of the shops and mills, what real bond of sympathy could there be? The brilliant orator, soaring aloft on imperial wing, was a vision to dazzle the eye and captivate the mind. But Vergniaud was not of the people, and he was never taken to their hearts.

Even Danton was something of the grand gentleman of the masses. He must spread a bounteous board; he must have his rare old wines; he must have his boon companions around him; and when his guests were about to stretch their legs under his mahogany, he did not relish a visit from such a sewer-rat as Marat. In terms sufficiently plain he made himself so understood; and, upon one occasion at least, he advised Marat to wash and put on a clean shirt.

Therefore, even Danton was not the idol of the mob, nor was Robespierre. Maximilien was too prim, too pedantic, too rigid, too cold, too shy, too clean. He lived with a carpenter,—yes, but he welcomed few visitors, and he was not the kind of man to smile gratefully if you slapped him on the back. Familiarity stood abashed in his presence. One could propose a night's revel to Mirabeau, a game of poker to Barnave, a bottle of wine to Danton, a lark with opera girls to Barbaroux; but no one ever dreamed of dissipations and gay self-abandonment in connection with Robespierre.

Marat, however, was all right in every way. He was of the people, with them, and for them, ate and drank with them, did not mind coarse familiarity, had no time to object to dirt, and cared nothing about the look of his clothes. Bath-tubs were not unknown to him, for he was killed in one; but he washed his body oftener than his raiment, and in every respect, in principle, habit, look, life, and association, Marat fitted to the name by which he called himself and others called him, — The Friend of the People.

Both Marat and Robespierre had obtained places on the new town-government of Paris, and therefore their hands lay upon the inner-machinery of the Revolution. Using the king's printing-presses to indemnify himself for those La Fayette had destroyed, Marat was now getting out his paper in the best manner, and it had become a national institution. As a moulder of sentiment it has never been surpassed. In the army there was not an officer, in the Assembly not a statesman, who did not shrink at the thought of being denounced in Marat's journal.

The Jacobin programme was far ahead of the age. It embraced a system of popular education such as we have now; the training of girls and boys to useful vocations, the pensioning of worn-out labourers, the maintenance of the poor, the support of helpless widows, the pensioning of maimed soldiers, the suppression of speculation in the necessities of life, the separation of Church and State, the protection of the wife in her property rights, the abolition of slavery, the closing of the stock exchange, the granting of lands to the soldiers and to the poor, the uniformity of laws, of weights, and of measures.

Nobler speeches were never delivered than those in which Robespierre, Danton, Lepelletier, and many other Jacobins advocated these far-reaching measures.

National education, especially, was to them a matter of profound interest. Danton said: "When you sow the vast field of the Republic, do not, I beg you, count the cost of the seed! Next after bread, education is the first necessary of the life of the people." Not only did this great practical statesman favour national education, supported by the taxes of the rich, but he favoured compulsory education, thus antedating the German system by almost a century.

For doctrines like these, Danton and Robespierre were rabidly hated by the upper classes of the time, and their names have been covered with infamy. Hear Danton again: "Citizens, next after giving France liberty and conquering her enemies, nothing will be more glorious than to secure to coming generations an education worthy of our liberty." "Whatever is good for society is and should be the concern of each." "My son does not belong to me, but to the Republic." "It is also said that our peasants object to being deprived of the help of their children. Let us establish classes where they, perhaps, may be induced to send their children, at all events, on Sundays!" What is stranger than a man? Who would expect to see the author of the policy of Terror pioneering the cause of Sunday-schools for the poor?

Robespierre preached the same gospel. He favoured compulsory education in all the primary branches. He believed that in each school manual labor should be a part of the duties of the scholars. The schools should be workshops. The cultivation of the soil was to be the first of these labours, because it most directly nourishes the

labourer, excites the least cupidity, and creates the least vice and misery. The child was not only to learn reading, writing, and arithmetic, but was to be taught the universal laws of morality, the laws of his own country, was to familiarize himself with the most excellent poems, speeches, and essays, and was to choose for himself his own religion when his mind should have sufficiently matured to understand what he was doing.

Robespierre also proposed to tax the rich to support the infirm, the aged, and the poor. Yet he was no communist. He denounced the doctrine of the community of goods as "a phantom created by scoundrels to frighten idiots." "We had better render poverty honourable than to proscribe wealth."

With respect to taxes, he proposed that all citizens whose incomes did not exceed the necessities of a support should be exempted from taxation; others should pay progressively in proportion to their fortune.

The Girondins drew back from these extreme principles, the *Maximum*, and the Progressive Tax on Incomes, just as they opposed proscriptions, requisitions, and forced loans, and they who had so long been the radicals became the conservatives. They found themselves thrown upon the defensive, pressed at every point by the lawless elements they had aroused, and by the revolutionary methods they had themselves originated. While they were extreme republicans, they were neither socialists nor communists. They opposed the continued appeal to the baser passions of the more savage classes. They had loosed the mob upon the king, but they were conscientiously opposed to having it turned loose upon themselves. Girondin riots were tolerable, but Jacobin riots would

injure society. By violent means they had got what they wanted, and they now wished a return to law and order. With the Jacobins, there was no inclination to halt. They meant to push straight on. The Revolution should not stop where the wealthy would reap all the benefit. It should march on, until every citizen in France should glory in its coming.

It has been stated that the Girondins were in the majority in the Convention; by this is meant that, so far as parties were distinctly formed, theirs was the dominant group. But in the Convention itself, and perhaps in the kingdom at large, there was a numerical majority which had not aligned itself either with Jacobins or Girondins. As the Jacobin party in the Convention was called the Mountain, because its members occupied the high benches on the left of the president's chair, and as the Girondins, for similar reasons, were known in the hall as the Right, so the centre of the convention was occupied by more than 600 members who had joined neither party; and they were known as Men of the Plain, or Frogs of the Marsh. They held the balance of power in the Assembly. They constituted the jury, to which the advocates of each extreme addressed their appeals. Their vote carried victory with it.

Chief among these men was Barrère, the plausible, agile, quickwitted, unscrupulous deputy of Bigorre. With the Men of the Plain sat Siéyès, who was not so certain, now, that things were running right. He was very much disposed to pause and think—leaving to others the perils of prominence. Rewbell, Treilhard, Larévellière-Lepeaux, Grégoire, Camus, Merlin of Douai, the great lawyer who was to help in the framing of the Code Napoleon; Boissy d'Anglas and Dubois-Crancé, the organizer of the

Republican party ; Cambon, the great financier, who was to give Robespierre an ugly push on the day of his downfall ; Cambacérès, the future chancellor of Napoleon ; Thibaudeau, the historian ; and Barras, the future director—all sat in the Centre. It will be seen, therefore, that there were some mighty men among these Men of the Plain. At each critical period in the fight of the factions it was the arrival of this column which decided the day.

Rabaut St. Étienne was elected to the Convention by a department wherein he had not a single acquaintance. Thomas Paine, who, in the war of independence in America, had wielded by his pen so great an influence in favour of the colonies, had served the Revolution in France with equal ardour, and was elected to the Convention. He was an earnest republican ; had proclaimed his faith at a time when he was almost alone in his radicalism. He was soon to be cast aside as a conservative.

In the first clash between Girondins and Jacobins the Girondins were worsted. They had asked that Roland, who had been elected to the Convention, be allowed to hold his seat in that body without resigning from the ministry. To hold both these offices at once was a violation of the Constitution, and the request was a blunder. It gave the Jacobins an opportunity which they promptly seized. "If Roland is admitted, why not let his wife come in also?" asked Danton, ironically. Roland was not exempted from the law, and he resigned his seat in the Convention.

Irritated by this defeat, the Girondins invited others. Kersaint moved an investigation of the September massacres, which was ordered, and which never accomplished anything. Buzot made a more serious blunder. He moved

that each of the eighty-three departments furnish a quota of troops to constitute a guard for the protection of the Convention. This faulty manœuvre of Madame Roland's lover gave to Danton the opportunity to pose as the champion of Paris; and to Robespierre the triumph of a counter-motion that the French Republic was and forever should be, "one and indivisible."

The plan of the departmental guard furnished the Jacobins all the excuse they wanted for bringing against their adversaries the charge that they wished to array the departments against Paris. The accusation that they desired to sever France into separate but federated republics was fatal. The provinces did not favour it, and Paris rose as a man against it.

Just as the extremists had once poured all their volleys upon the queen and the court, they now began to assail the Girondins. As fiercely as they had ever abused the queen, they abused Madame Roland. Marat and Hébert gave her no rest and no mercy. She was "Penelope Roland," "Madame Coco"; her love for Buzot was made public, and her husband held up to ridicule and scorn. "We have destroyed royalty, and in its place have raised tyranny still more odious," said Père Duchesne. What was this new tyranny? The sway of Madame Roland! She had now taken the queen's place as intriguer. She was plotting against patriots. She was imitating the Pompadours and the Du Barrys. She was holding meetings "at the hour of the bats," "in the same place where Antoinette had plotted a new St. Bartholomew with the Austrian committee." She and her husband were corresponding with emigrants, and plotting for the reëstablishment of the king!



Roland had invited this storm by his attempt to keep the Revolution clean. True, he had encouraged the 10th of August, — he and Madame and Buzot and Barbaroux and the rest; but he had not intended any massacre. The Girondin plan contemplated an “investment” of the Tuileries, a law-abiding violation of law, the quiet and bloodless capture of the king.

The respectable insurrection which the Girondins had planned fell into the hands of sterner men. Danton, Billaud, Collot, Tallien, Westermann, had plans of their own. Taking possession of the Girondin resources, they added theirs; and when the smoke cleared away, lo! instead of a neat, decorous, unpolluted, and ladylike revolt, waving the palms of victory to the sound of soft music, mobocracy stood triumphant, bloody from head to heel, and fiercely rolling its eyes around as it roared, “Who shall I murder next?”

“Great God! what cannibals!” cried Vergniaud. “The wretches! They have defiled the Revolution. I am ashamed of it,” exclaimed Madame Roland.

When the Jacobins elected the authors of the September massacres to the Convention, and sent the blood-stained murderers to sit side by side with the gentlemen of the Gironde, the wrath of the men of law or order knew no bounds. They assailed the criminal deputies, and reproached Paris for having elected them. The Commune of Paris took up the challenge, and the bitterest factional fight ensued. Every Jacobin newspaper in the city fell furiously upon those members from the country who sought to condemn Paris for its choice of representatives.

The Girondins made the error of identifying the Jaco-

bins with Paris. The Convention, sitting in Paris, was under Parisian influence. To attack the Jacobins in such a manner as offended and alarmed Paris, gave to the Jacobins the advantage of popular pressure. The Girondins might be able to resist it, but the men of the Plain would naturally be coerced by the influence of environment. Roland became heavily disgusted with the trend of events; lost sleep and lost influence. The Commune of Paris had the audacity to order his arrest. With difficulty Danton got the warrant out of the hands of Marat, and tore it up.

## CHAPTER XXXIV

### RIVAL FACTIONS; JEMMAPES; TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF LOUIS XVI

THROUGHOUT the months of October, November, and December, 1792, rival factions deepened their enmities and redoubled their intrigues. Between Girondins and Jacobins were hurled back and forth the deadliest accusations. Roland, from his place in the ministry, continually harped upon the September massacres, demanded the punishment of the assassins, and laid the crime at the door of the Commune of Paris and its representatives.

Robespierre was accused of aspiring to the dictatorship; Danton of plotting to establish a Council of Regency of which he should be president; and Marat of instigating pillage and murder. Robespierre denied, Danton denied; but Marat gloried in the indictment, and prospered on the persecution.

The Jacobins, accused by the Girondins, turned upon the accusers. Roland and his wife were charged with being in correspondence with the emigrants, of being in league with the enemies of France. The minister warmly and successfully repelled the absurd accusation, and his wife, appearing at the bar of the Convention in all her radiant beauty, shamed her defamers into silence, and went forth triumphant, amid the plaudits of the deputies. The crowd in the gallery, however, was ominously silent.

"See yonder," said Marat, to one who sat by him, "the people are wiser than we! They do not applaud."

In October, Dumouriez came to Paris to enjoy for a brief season his position as conquering hero. Even at this early day the Revolution instinctively dreaded the military power. A Napoleon was expected long before a Napoleon arrived. Hence, when Dumouriez returned to the capital, he was made to feel in many ways that the Revolution did not consider him the indispensable man. Visiting the Convention, he was kept in the antechamber cooling his heels for an hour, while orators more or less dreary wound up the routine debate. Attending a ball at Talma's, he was refreshed by a visit from Marat, who arrested the festivities of the brilliant company till he could interrogate the victorious general concerning certain matters which had displeased Parisian patriots, and could warn him that Paris had her eye upon him. Visiting the club, the victor of Valmy was glad to accept the escort of Robespierre, receive the compliments of Danton, and be embraced as a brother by Jacobins who reeked of fine sentiments and bad liquor.

On the 17th of October, Dumouriez set out from Paris to return to his army. That night Dr. Moore attended the meeting of the Jacobin Club, and had the pleasure of hearing Marat tell of the visit he had paid to Dumouriez at Talma's ball. Marat's grievance was that the general had degraded certain Parisian troops, and sent them home with heads shaven, arms tied behind them, and a guard in charge of them. Some of these soldiers had been guilty of cowardice, some of mutiny and murder, and Marat embraced the cause of the culprits. In his paper he described Dumouriez as a debauchee and an old valet of

the court. He accused the general of having connived at the escape of the Prussians, when they might have been captured, and blamed him for quitting his army, at so critical a time, to come to Paris and carouse with drunkards and opera girls.

"I was never more surprised in my life," says Dr. Moore, "than when Marat, having ascended the tribune at the Jacobins, began to repeat these assertions. The man's audacity is equal to anything. . . . When he is in the tribune he holds his head as high as he can, and endeavours to assume an air of dignity. He can make nothing of that; but amid all the exclamations and signs of disgust and hatred which I have seen manifested against him, the look of self-approbation which he wears is wonderful. So far from having the appearance of fear or of deference, he seems to me always to contemplate the Assembly from the tribune either with the eyes of menace or contempt. He speaks in a hollow, croaking voice, with affected solemnity, which, in such a diminutive figure, would often produce laughter were it not suppressed by horror at the character and sentiments of the man."

Marat regaled the Jacobins with an account of his visit to Dumouriez on the evening before, describing how he had found the general in the midst of a splendid assemblage of officers, politicians, ladies of fashion, and men of pleasure. According to Marat, Santerre was usher, or doorkeeper, to this social gathering, and the Girondins were there in all their pride of place.

Marat was reasonably certain that numerous politicians, who did not wish him to see them there, had slipped away when they heard Santerre announce his name. Confusion had fallen upon the revellers, as the ominous face and

figure of Marat was seen entering the door. "At sight of me," said Marat, "Dumouriez was appalled." "At this," writes Dr. Moore, "a number of the society of Jacobins burst into laughter, and a person near me remarked, 'That is what he was not at the sight of the Prussian army.'" Marat waited, imperturbably, till the laughter was over, and then deliberately repeated, "At the sight of me Dumouriez was appalled." If there was any more laughter, Dr. Moore fails to mention it. Marat then proceeded to tell how he had demanded of Dumouriez a private interview, and that in this interview he had asked for his reasons for degrading the Parisian troops. "I have already made my report to the War Department," answered the general, curtly. Marat then demanded explanations of other matters, whereupon the general turned on his heel, leaving Marat to his reflections. "Sneaked off with affected disdain," said Marat to the Jacobins—so much does everything depend upon the point of view.

On October 18th, Dr. Moore writes, "When I went to the Convention this morning, the first thing that struck me was the murky figure of Marat standing on the steps which lead to the tribune, watching an opportunity of entering it. There was a great unwillingness to hear him, and he waited near two hours before he obtained the right to speak, some other member being always pointed to by the president. Marat often exclaimed against this to no purpose, and, seizing a moment when the tribune was empty, he began to address the Assembly without the president's permission; but his voice was drowned in the outcry against him from all corners. At length I heard the president say to those near him, 'I believe we had best allow the fellow to speak.'

"Marat then entered the tribune and began the same invective against Dumouriez that I had heard him pronounce last night at the Jacobins. He was interrupted by cries of indignation from all sides; one member addressed the president to silence him, and not permit a man who was a disgrace to the Assembly to calumniate citizens of the greatest worth; another added that the calumnies were praise; all seemed to hold him in execration.

"During the uproar, Marat stood with an undisturbed air, looking down on the Assembly. When the clamour abated so that his voice could be heard, he said, with an air of irony, and in a tone of sorrow, 'I am really grieved to behold such indecent behaviour. Is it not extraordinary that you should be so much prejudiced against a man animated with patriotism?' Here there was an universal laugh; but when he attempted to resume his invectives against Dumouriez, the clamour recommenced, and the Assembly showed the utmost impatience."

Kersaint informed the Convention that the soldiers in question had acknowledged themselves in the wrong, had tendered their apologies to Dumouriez, and had, themselves, delivered up for punishment the ringleaders who had excited them to mutiny and murder. Marat then had the impudence to assert that he had never justified the conduct of the soldiers; upon this he was assailed with a storm of abuse, and a member gave him the lie direct, by recalling the speech he had made at the Jacobins the night before. The same member moved that the tribune be purified before any one else should enter it. Marat came down, nothing abashed, and "strutted about through the hall, affecting to despise the murmurs which rose against him."

On October 26th, Dr. Moore writes in his journal: "Marat has carried his calumnies to such a length, that even the party he wishes to support seems ashamed of him; and he is shunned and apparently detested by everybody else. When he enters the hall of the Assembly he is shunned on all sides, and when he seats himself those near him generally rise and change their seats. He stood a considerable time yesterday near the tribune, awaiting an opportunity to speak. I saw him at one time address himself to Louvet; and in doing so, he attempted to lay his hand on Louvet's shoulder, who instantly started back with looks of aversion, exclaiming, 'Do not touch me!' Nothing can disconcert Marat; he persevered in soliciting the privilege of being heard," to state a fact—a fact regarding the public safety.

The fact which Marat craved permission to state proved to be one of his everlasting suspicions. This was so clearly shown that Barbaroux judged it to be a favourable opportunity to assail the assailant. He charged Marat with having attempted to corrupt the new Marseillais, —a body of troops which had been enrolled in Marseilles at the instance of the Girondins and forwarded to Paris to defend Girondins from Jacobins. These Marseillais were the mainstay of the Girondins, and Marat had evidently been trying to win them over.

While Barbaroux was speaking a violent outcry arose against Marat. "Traitor!" "Assassin!" was heard in all parts of the hall. One member declared that Marat had lately been heard to declare that there would be no tranquillity in the State till two hundred and sixty-eight heads had been cut off. "I am the person," said another member, "who heard him say so."



Dr. Moore writes: "I threw my eyes on Marat, to observe how he would look on hearing such an accusation. 'Very well,' said Marat, 'I did say so, and it is my opinion.'" Dr. Moore continues, "I should have thought I had mistaken, or heard indistinctly, if he had not resumed: 'I repeat it; that is my opinion, and you will not pretend that men are to be punished for their opinions. As to this silly story of Barbaroux, it is a malignant misconstruction of my patriotic civilities and hospitality to the Marseillais. If these are crimes, cut my throat,'—and he swept his hand suggestively across his throat." "No danger can terrify him; no detection can disconcert him; his heart as well as his forehead seems to be of brass."

On the 10th of October, the Girondins had assailed Robespierre in the Convention, accusing him of aspiring to the dictatorship. Rebecqui, one of the deputies of Marseilles, opened the attack. Danton sought to turn the attention of the Assembly to another subject by moving that sentence of death should be decreed against any person who should attempt to destroy the unity of France. This was a blow at the alleged federalist principles of the Girondins. Buzot answered the challenge. "Who is it," cried he, "that thinks of disuniting France? I propose that a guard for the Convention shall be furnished by the eighty-three departments, with a view to union, and thereby to signify that the Convention is under the care of them all. Those who oppose this measure appear rather to wish disunion." Robespierre opposed this, and began a long-winded speech in which he, as usual, dwelt approvingly upon his own patriotic services to the Republic. In the end he seconded Danton's motion. Barbaroux, supporting Rebecqui, declared that on his arrival in Paris, just before

"the 10th of August," some friends of Robespierre, Panis particularly, had suggested that Robespierre should be made dictator, for a while, in imitation of the ancient Romans. Panis urged that Barbaroux had misunderstood him. "Is it possible that Barbaroux, whom I love, can believe I ever meant such a thing?" Barbaroux persisted that there had been no misunderstanding. "Who besides yourself," asked Panis, "can witness that I ever made such a proposal?" "I can," cried Rebecqui, "for I heard you."

"This," says Dr. Moore, who was present, "seemed to disconcert both Panis and Robespierre, and to silence and confound the whole party, till Marat ascended the tribune. He no sooner appeared than murmurs and execrations arose in every corner of the Assembly. 'It would appear,' said Marat, without any mark of emotion, 'that some of this Assembly are my personal enemies.' 'All! All! We are all your enemies!' resounded from every quarter." Marat affected to lament this evidence of perversity of feeling upon the part of his colleagues; and he proceeded to say, with unruffled composure, that he alone had ever conceived or advocated the idea of a dictatorship. The exigency of the times required, in his opinion, that the public affairs should be placed in the hands of an honest, resolute man, an enlightened patriot, who, without fear or respect of persons, would apply the axe to the necks of the guilty. "Such is my opinion. I have published it, and if your ideas have not soared to the height of mine, so much the worse for you." "Such a declaration," says Dr. Moore, "issuing from a little, dirty mortal, whose murky visage scarce overlooked the tribune, turned the indignation of the Assembly into mirth, and many of the members burst into laughter."

But Vergniaud entered the debate, and restored its gravity. He read the circular letter which Marat and his fellow municipals had sent out to the various cities of France, defending the murders of the prisoners in Paris, and advising that similar methods be adopted elsewhere.

The reading of this infamous document created renewed clamours and confusion, in the midst of which Couthon moved that the Convention cease to concern itself with factional accusations and pass on to matters more important to the State. The motion was carried; upon which Marat, who had remained in the tribune all this while, drew a pistol from his pocket, held it to his head, and said, "I now declare to you, citizens, that if the fury you have displayed on this occasion had carried you to the length of an accusation against me, I should have blown out my brains."

On November 3rd, the attack on Robespierre was renewed. Roland brought in a report in which he arraigned the Commune of Paris for all of its usurpations and acts of despotism since the 10th of August. He complained that he could get no satisfaction from the Commune in regard to public property which had been stolen, murders which had been committed, and conspiracies which were even then under way. To the report was attached a letter, in which a member of the Paris Commune demanded the death of the Girondins, and a dictatorship for Robespierre. "Ah, the villain," exclaimed a member, and the uproar became universal. Cries of rage against Robespierre rose from all parts of the hall. He ascended the tribune, but at first his voice was drowned. When he was allowed to proceed, he was heard with impatience and constant interruptions. He wandered from the subject, and the Convention called

him back to it. He wanted to sound his own praises, according to his invariable custom, whereas the Assembly wished him to speak to the question. At length he used this phrase, "A system of calumny is established, and against whom is it directed? Against a zealous patriot. But who is there among you who dares rise and accuse me to my face?" "I!" exclaimed a voice from the end of the hall. There was a profound silence; in the midst of which a lank, pale-faced man stalked along the hall like a spectre; and being come directly opposite to the tribune, he fixed upon Robespierre a steady eye, and said, "Yes, Robespierre, it is I who accuse you."

"Louvet," says Dr. Moore, "ascended the tribune, while Robespierre shrank to one side. Danton, perceiving how very much his friend was disconcerted, called out, 'Continue, Robespierre, there are many good citizens here to listen.'" But Robespierre had lost his nerve; he tried to continue, but could make no headway, and he came down from the tribune. Danton took his place—Danton, who had come to the rescue on October 3rd, as we have heretofore seen.

Danton proposed an adjournment of the consideration of Roland's report, and took occasion to say that he did not love Marat. "I have had some experience of the man; and I find him boisterous, quarrelsome, and unsociable." Louvet, however, was not to be set aside, and he delivered a terrible philippic against Robespierre, emphasizing each count in the indictment by the dramatic repetition of "Robespierre, I accuse you."

So intense was the excitement aroused by this scene, so great was the feeling against Robespierre, that more than one member muttered that he ought to be placed at the

bar under arrest. When he rose to make his defence, the Assembly seemed unwilling to hear him. At Danton's suggestion he asked for time to prepare his reply. The request was granted, and the Jacobins used the time to the best advantage. Robespierre prepared an elaborate speech, while his supporters prepared to pack the galleries of the Convention with partisans of the Jacobins. When the 5th of November came, the audience which heard the defence applauded Robespierre all the way through; and when Louvet wished to renew the attack, the Convention would not consent to hear. On Barrère's motion they passed it all over. Robespierre had run a great risk, but had made good his escape.

Twice had Danton come to the rescue and upheld the tottering fortunes of the egotistic pedant who never was personally popular in the Constituent Assembly or in the National Convention. Twice had the uproar of noisier and stronger men drowned the weak voice of Robespierre, and twice had Danton's stalwart figure and trumpet tones cleared the way to successful defence. Once more, before many months shall roll by, furious foes will again beset Robespierre in the hall, louder voices than his will drown his words, brawnier arms will crowd him aside; it will be a struggle to the death, as it had been on November 3rd, but Danton will not be there. Above the roar of the battle he will not be heard thundering forth encouragement, "Speak on, Robespierre! There are many good citizens here to listen." Danton will be dead—slain by Robespierre.

On November 9th, the Jacobins expelled Louvet, Rebecqui, and Barbaroux from their society. The new Marseillais paraded the streets, shouting, "Off with the

head of Marat." So great was the terror which these men from the south inspired, that the Jacobins did not venture to attack them. Dr. Marat was not to be seen on the streets, but his paper continued to appear.

Dumouriez, who had reached his camp on October 20th, 1792, lost no time in taking the offensive against the Austrians. On the 6th of November he won the battle of Jemmapes, which opened Belgium to the French. On the 7th of November the victorious general entered Mons, on the 14th, Brussels, and on the 28th, Liège. By the middle of December the French were masters of the Netherlands, the Meuse, and the Scheldt. The battle of Jemmapes was won by raw recruits over seasoned veterans. Dumouriez led his men in person; and, at the turning point of the struggle, he struck up the Marseillaise hymn. The effect was electrical. The troops fought as though inspired, and, while a thousand voices sang the thrilling song, the men dashed forward and the redoubts were carried with a rush.

What must be done with the king? The monarchy had been abolished, but the monarch survived; priests who rebelled and nobles who conspired had been slain or driven out, but the motive of rebellion and of conspiracy had not been removed; the Republic had been decreed, had organized itself, and had made good its case by wager of battle; but still Louis XVI. was in Paris, a prisoner, but also a burden and a danger. To keep him in confinement indefinitely meant an indefinite postponement of the day when the Republic could feel assured of its durability, and freed from constant uneasiness on account of royalist plots and

intrigues. To set him at liberty in France meant civil war. To banish him meant his return with an invading army at his back.

On the whole, it seemed to be the wiser course to bring the king to trial, and condemn him to death. The same political reasons which controlled the English in their execution of Charles I. now bore upon the French. Events had shown that Louis was not to be trusted, that oaths could not bind him, and that as long as he breathed he would never cease to lend himself to schemes of counter-revolutionists. To kill him would band Europe against France, but practically it had come to that, anyhow. The French were isolated, their principles abhorred, their representatives at foreign courts insulted, and the agents of the emigrants everywhere received. So intense was this feeling of hostility that the French envoy to Rome was murdered in the streets this very winter, because he had unfurled the tricolour. The killing of the king would not materially augment the passionate hatred aroused by the massacre of the prisoners in September, and it would forever burn the bridges behind the leaders of the Revolution, so that they could not retrace their steps to the monarchy.

Brissot carried some of the Girondins with him for the death penalty, by convincing them that the relations of France with foreign powers would be so embittered that peace would be impossible, that the war would continue, and that their generals, Dumouriez, Bournonville, Montesquiou, and Custine, would be their bulwark against Jacobin aggressions. The Jacobins, on the other hand, furiously clamoured for the king's death, because it would assure the Republic, and would more than ever inflame those ferocious passions upon which their own political

power rested. Besides, they felt sure that many of the Girondins would endeavour to save the king, and would wreck their party by a policy of moderation and vacillation. For several weeks the public mind had been worked upon by speakers and writers who agitated the necessity of bringing the case to trial and the king to punishment. In all places of resort in the city of Paris might be seen orators, mounted upon chairs and tables, declaiming vehemently to excited groups. Pamphlets and newspapers were brought to bear with all their weight, and the result was that an overwhelming sentiment in favour of the king's execution was created. So strong became this pressure that there was no resisting it. Danton had at first refused to have anything to do with the bringing on of the trial, but the force of the current carried him to the front of the prosecution. Madame Roland, her eyes wide open at last to the yawning gulf to which events were tending, spoke out bravely in the king's behalf, and advised the Girondins as a party to oppose the death sentence. "Save the life of Louis," she urged. "Save him by an open, manly defence. It is the only course that will assure your safety—the only course which can fix the stamp of public virtue on your government." In Madame Roland's boudoir such advice was easy to give; on the streets and in the Convention it was difficult to follow. Terror exerted its despotism over all minds, and the man who openly expressed sentiments favourable to the king did so at the risk of his life. Madame Roland was to have the mortification to see her lover vote "death," and to read her husband's name signed to the order of execution.

Every passion was played upon by the Jacobins in their determined efforts to inflame the public mind. St. Just



delivered a powerful speech against the king, in which he stressed the fact that a word from Louis would have prevented the carnage of August Tenth. To add force to this speech and to deepen its effect by a spectacular appeal to the passions, the wounded survivors of that day were marched in procession through the hall of the Convention, accompanied by the widows and orphans of those who had been slain. Some of the wounded were borne through on litters; and orators, chosen for the purpose, harangued the Convention, denouncing Louis as the criminal of August Tenth, the murderer of his people. In the name of the widows and orphans present, the punishment of death was invoked against the king. Of course this Satanic counsel quoted Scripture, as is the custom, "Hear you not the terrible voice from heaven, which proclaims unto you, Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed?" Thus the orator fiercely addressed the cowed statesmen of the Convention. The trembling statesmen had no need to hear any terrible voice from heaven; the terrible voice of the mob was quite enough.

Luck was all with the Jacobins. Gamain the locksmith, who had taught Louis in the days of old, went to Roland on November 19th, 1792, and told him of a certain secret safe he had helped the king to make in the wall at the Tuileries. Roland and Gamain went at once to the room, and Gamain pointed out the door. The key could not be had, and they broke the chest open. It was found to be full of papers. Roland took them into his custody, without inventory and without witnesses as to what they were. He carried them to his own office, and sorted them at his leisure. Conclusive evidence was furnished by these documents, that Louis had been playing

the double game all along; that he had never given up his opposition to the Revolution and his determination to reinstate the old régime. Coupled with those found in the Tuileries on August 10th, they made it clear that the conscience of Louis XVI. was that of a Jesuit. From his point of view, the Revolution was a sin with which he could never compromise. Whatever its power compelled him to yield was a concession to brute force. It did not bind him in honour or in conscience. No faith was to be kept with it. All means were justifiable to effect its overthrow. Pledges made to it, oaths sworn, and speeches made in acceptance of its hateful demands, meant nothing at all. They were only so many falsehoods told under duress.

While the iron-safe documents proved beyond doubt that the king had played false, they also proved that other men who had lived and died in patriotic favour had betrayed the Revolution. Mirabeau's bust was veiled, and in the Convention demand was made that his ashes be removed from the Pantheon. But were there no others who had been writing to the king? Had not the Girondins, for instance, done so? Jacobins hinted that they had. Did not the iron safe contain documents which implicated the Girondins? Was not that Roland's reason for calling no witnesses and making no inventory? Jacobins said, Yes. The Girondins denied with emphasis and eloquence, but the pressure was so strong that they felt driven to take position against the king. When they did so, Bozé, the royalist, betrayed to the Jacobins, through Gasparin, the letter which Vergniaud and other Girondins had written to the king prior to August 10th, proposing to maintain the monarchy.

This letter not only created a great division among the Girondins themselves, but gave the Jacobins a decisive advantage over the whole party in the war to the death which had been declared between the two factions. Robespierre did not scruple to bring against Brissot the absurd charge that he had sold himself to the Duke of Brunswick, and was in league with the enemies of France.

The guilt of the king being established, by the proofs already mentioned, was there any tribunal which could try him and sentence him? Was there any law which applied to his case? In the Convention these questions were debated with splendid ability. Robespierre and St. Just carried the majority with them by taking the high ground that the death of the king was a political necessity. Already condemned by being deposed, he should be put out of the way in the interest of the public peace and safety. Under this stern leadership, the Convention became prosecutor, judge, and jury — creating law as it went forward with the trial.

In the Temple, the royal captives waited and watched, hoped and feared, certain of death one moment, confident of rescue the next. It is not true that any harshness of treatment was inflicted upon them; they were strictly watched; they sometimes suffered from cruel looks and insulting words; but when the treatment they received is compared with that the Austrian relatives of the queen were then inflicting on La Fayette and his family, the Revolution does not suffer by the contrast. The Emperor of Austria compelled the wife and daughter of La Fayette to suffer all the rigours inflicted upon condemned felons, and to clean away the filth of the cells. The royalists can bring no such charge against republican France.

The king, as usual, was passive; the queen, as usual, was haughty. On November 1st, 1792, when a deputation from the Convention came to make inquiries concerning the prisoners, the queen was highly indignant to see that Drouet, the man of Varennes, was a member of it. He approached her respectfully, and inquired if she had any complaints to make. She gave him a look of scorn, and made no reply. Three times he asked her, and at the third she turned her back upon him, without ever a word. "Drouet, opening and extending his arms like a person astonished, bowed and went out."

The Convention decreed that Louis Capet, formerly Louis XVI., should be arraigned at its bar on December 11th, 1792. On that day, Chambon, the mayor of Paris, escorted the prisoner to his trial. Nearly 100,000 men were under arms in the city as the ex-king went forth from the Temple to answer for alleged crimes before his former subjects. Dr. Moore notes in his journal that Marat, in honour of the joyful occasion, appeared in the Convention arrayed in a new suit, and beaming with an expression of satisfaction. It is a curious fact that this maniac of the Revolution was the only member of the Convention who now dared to take the position that Louis should not be tried for any act, word, or writing prior to his acceptance of the Constitution. The Convention paid no attention to this demand.

While the arrival of the king was awaited, the Convention discussed the manner of his reception. "Let us receive him in the silence of the tomb," proposed Legendre, the butcher. This was altogether too suggestive, and murmurs were heard. Drouet thought it a good time to talk some more about the flight to Varennes: "Louis," said he, "is a

*cheat*, and wished to impose on the nation by saying that he only meant to go to Montmédy, for the *villain* was expected at the Abbey of Orval, and the *traitor* knew that a detachment of hussars was waiting for him a few leagues from Varennes, but the *monster* then had the intention — ” The remainder of the valuable speech is lost, for the Convention, having no fondness for ancient history, narrated with unvarnished brutality, quenched the fire of Drouet’s oratory in universal groans, murmurs, coughings, and hisses.

The king was led to the bar. Barrère, the president, announced that the trial was about to begin, and “Louis, you may sit down,” said the village lawyer to the king. The indictment was read, count by count, and at the end of each the accused was asked: “Louis, what have you to say.” His answers were noted. He had not known what charges would be brought against him. His answers made a favourable impression, and his mild and manly bearing excited considerable sympathy. After these preliminaries were ended, counsel of his own choice were assigned him, and a copy of the indictment furnished. The aged and illustrious Malesherbes undertook the defence, aided by Tronchet and De Sèze. The king had wished to secure the services of Target also, but he pleaded age and infirmity. His cowardice was universally condemned. It is said that the Dames of the Hall hung garlands upon the gate of Malesherbes, and went to Target’s house to mob him, — but he was warned in time to escape.

The king was allowed until December 26th to prepare his defence. On the day before he was to appear again at the bar of the Convention there was a further development in the matter of the iron safe. As the king was

leaving the Tuileries, on August 10th, he had handed to his chief valet, Thierry, a bunch of keys. Thierry was a victim of the September massacres, and upon his death the revolutionary government came into possession of the keys. It was suggested that one of these might fit the iron safe. On Christmas Day, Roland and Gamain made the trial, and it was found that one of the keys did fit.

Had Robespierre put Madame Campan upon the stand, the evidence against the king would have been even more complete. To her care he had confided the most damaging papers, letters from the emigrant princes, from foreign ambassadors, from the Lameths, and from Mirabeau. Together with these documents, Madame Campan received from the king the ancient seals of France. She supposed that he wished to have them near at hand, to use in case of a counter-revolution! Robespierre seems to have got wind of these papers, and he made some attempts to get at them; but Madame Campan's prompt destruction of them foiled him. The seals were thrown into the river.

On December 26th, 1792, the king was led again to the bar of the Convention. De Sèze read his defence, after which the king rose, addressed the Convention briefly, affirming the truth of what had been stated by his attorney, and expressly denied having given orders to the Swiss to fire upon the people on the 10th of August. The president ordered the keys, one of which fitted the iron safe, to be shown the king, and asked him if he knew them. In reply he stated that he had given a bunch of keys to his valet, from whom the Convention got them, but that he did not know whether these were the same.

As the king was carried back to the Temple, the cries of the rabble were louder and fiercer. They were becoming impatient for the sacrifice. The few courageous deputies, such as Manuel, Lanjuinais, and Kersaint, who endeavoured to secure a fair trial for the accused, were hooted by the galleries and insulted by the mob.

Writing to Mr. Jefferson, under date of December 21st, 1792, Gouverneur Morris makes certain statements which are interesting and curious. He predicts that the king will be executed because all parties favour it. The Jacobins must vote death because they fed the popular passions with that expectation. The Girondins must favour it to justify their dethronement of him, to assure the Republic, and to make certain their own safety. "The monarchic and aristocratic parties wish his death in the belief that such a catastrophe would shock the national feelings, awaken their hereditary attachment, and turn into the channels of loyalty the impetuous tide of opinion. Thus he, the king, has become the common object of the hatred of all parties, because he has never been the decided patron of any one."

Morris had excellent opportunities to know, and he was convinced that the party of the Duke of Orleans was urging forward the trial and execution of the king, with the view of securing the throne for a prince of the house of Orleans. He was correct in his prediction that no efforts would be made by any powerful party to save the king. Royalists were listless, stupefied, or cowed; they could think of nothing but the old resource of bribery. Theodore de Lameth, in disguise and at the risk of his life, made his way to Paris, entered the house of Danton, found the great leader in his bath-tub, and stated the

mission which brought him. "To save the king, I am quite willing," said Danton, "but I must have a million to buy certain votes, and I must have it in eight days." "I warn you, however," continued Danton, "that I myself will vote for death. I am quite willing to save the king's head, but not willing to lose my own."

De Lameth endeavoured to get the money, applied to Spain, appealed to England, but failed.

The fury of the Jacobins was frightful. Robespierre, St. Just, Legendre, Tallien, so plainly manifested their set purpose to kill the king that the trial was the veriest sham. Louis XIV. did not murder Fargues with a malice which was more deliberate and cold than that with which the leaders of the rabble now rose to butcher a king. The forms of law, in the one case as in the other, were preserved solely for the sake of appearances. Manuel was expelled the Jacobin Club for proposing an adjournment of three days in the trial, and Pétion narrowly escaped a similar fate for having opposed the motion to end the trial without any adjournment at all.

After the king's defence, the members of the Convention began to speak, but it was soon found that this would never do. It was consuming too much time. It was decreed that those who wished to speak have leave to print their speeches, and that these should be laid upon the table of the Convention to be read by such as felt inclined thereto.

The 14th of January, 1793, was appointed for making of the final verdict, but not until the 15th could the Convention decide upon the forms to be observed, and the questions to be decided. Finally, the members were required to vote, *viva voce*, on the following:—



1. Is Louis Capet, late king of the French, guilty of having conspired against the nation ?

2. Shall the judgment of the Convention be referred to the people for sanction ?

3. What shall be the penalty ?

On the first question the vote was unanimous. Every one who voted declared that the king was guilty. On the second question the vote stood, 283 for reference, 424 against, not voting, 10.

On the 16th of January, 1793, the final voting began, and lasted, with brief intervals, from Wednesday to Sunday morning.

Throughout the trial, the galleries were packed with the fiercest Jacobins in Paris, male and female. Brandy and wine were drunk in freest fashion, and at the rear of the hall there were stalls where fruits, liquors, ices, were served. Worn out by the long session, some deputies sprawled upon the benches asleep ; others laughed and chatted ; others looked at watches, wondering whether they would have time to go and get dinner before their turn came to vote. When a sick member, clad in flannel gown and nightcap, was borne into the hall to cast his vote for mercy, the spectre was greeted with a laugh.

The pressure from the outside was overpowering. Furiously intolerant and frightfully cruel, the Jacobin hordes camped round the Convention Hall, terrorized all the public resorts, and froze the courage of all save the resolute few. A newsdealer at the Palais-Royal, suspected of selling royalist papers, was set upon, beaten down, and butchered. A Bastille hero, Louvain, expressing the belief that the Republic might live without shedding the blood of Louis, was run through with a sabre by one of

the federals, and the dead body dragged about the streets by howling maniacs.

"I do not like Vergniaud," wrote Madame Roland. His speeches are "strong in logic, burning with passion, sparkling with beauties, sustained by a noble elocution; what a pity genius like his is not animated by love of the commonwealth, and by tenacity of purpose." Besides tenacity of purpose there was something else the great orator lacked—it was manliness, backbone. Who had spoken more convincingly against the death sentence than Vergniaud? Who had pleaded more sublimely for the rights of the king as guaranteed by the Constitution? In language worthy of the gods he had made his appeal to the higher feelings of humanity, and had protested against the crime about to be committed by the Jacobins. "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" asked indignant Hazael of the prophet—yet he did it, nevertheless. Vergniaud knew himself as little. "I vote death?" he exclaimed indignantly, speaking to De Sèze. "It is an insult to me to suppose me capable of such a disgraceful act." On the next day he voted death. His craven example sealed the king's fate, for it decided the vote of the Girondin waverers.

When Vergniaud's name was reached on the call, there was a hush as he mounted the tribune, and all eyes were upon him. When he voted "death," Danton turned to Brissot and whispered, "Your party is ruined. There are your orators! Sublime language and base conduct. Don't talk to me of doing anything with such men." Marat sneered, "The imbecile!" Madame Roland's lover voted death; so did Barbaroux and Louvet. Pétion spoke for mercy, was howled at, and voted death. Brissot, Gen-

sonné, Gaudet, Ducos, Siéyès voted death. The Duke of Orleans, cousin of the king, voted death. When it was so reported to Louis, he said, "It hurts me more than all else."

Among the brave, who would not bend to the storm, was Thomas Paine. Man enough to defy kings and priests, he was man enough, likewise, to defy a howling mob. In spite of Marat and the frantic savages in the galleries, he persisted in his protest, and had a clerk to translate into French an able argument in its support. Paine had been a power among the republicans before this, but his vote for mercy destroyed him. He was soon thrown into prison, and was marked on Robespierre's memorandum for trial, at the time the latter fell.

The majority on the death vote was fifty-three. Manuel had tried to falsify the count, and came near being killed for doing so. The venerable Malesherbes, with tears streaming from his eyes, pleaded yet again for delay — for an appeal to the people. No. "Death within twenty-four hours."

On Sunday at three o'clock the king was officially notified of the sentence. He asked for a respite of three days. It was refused. He then prepared for death. The Abbé Edgeworth was brought to him, and with him the king remained alone nearly two hours. At eight o'clock his family, which had been separated from him during the trial, was allowed to see him. Guards stood in the next room, and could keep the prisoners in view through the glass door. Over this saddest of meetings between king and queen, between doomed husband and doomed wife, between father and children, we drop the veil. It is too sad for words. The queen was full of human nature even at this dark hour. As she passed back to her cell, she

extended her hand to the four guards who stood in the antechamber, and cried passionately, "You are all a lot of scoundrels." After his family had left him, the king went back to the oratory and the confessor. At midnight his valet, Cléry, undressed him for bed. "Wake me at five o'clock, Cléry," said the king; and almost immediately he fell asleep.

Next morning Paris awoke to the sound of drums. The general call was beaten in all the sections. The entire National Guard was under arms. The city gates were closed. Windows along the route from the Temple to the Tuileries were ordered to be kept shut. The guillotine was erected in front of the Tuileries, and rested upon the pedestal which had supported the statue of Louis XV. It was in this square that the people had stoned the troops, in July, 1789, and had been ridden down in the charge made by the Prince de Lambesc.

When the city clocks began to strike five, Cléry awoke the king. "Has five o'clock struck?" he asked. "I have slept well; I needed rest." Then he rose, and Cléry dressed him. He wore gray silk knee-breeches, a white waistcoat, and a purple coat. The Abbé Edgeworth came in, an altar was extemporized, and mass began. Kneeling upon a horsehair cushion, the king received communion, and then went back alone into his oratory.

At seven o'clock he gave to Cléry his seal, his wedding-ring, a little package of hair. They were to be handed to the queen, for he had thought best to spare himself and his family another meeting. "Give them my farewell," he said, in a tone of deepest feeling. "God knows how I long to have one more embrace before I go!" It was growing light, the day being cloudy, cold, and sleety.

The tramp of men and of horses was heard in the courtyard below. The drums rolled continuously. "I think they have come," said the king. At eight the door of the room was flung open, and Santerre entered, accompanied by his staff and ten soldiers. "You have come for me?" asked the king of Santerre. "Yes." "Give me a moment." He went back into the turret-room, and came out with a paper in his hand. It was his will. To Jacques Roux, an officer of the Commune, Louis said, "Monsieur, I beg of you to give this to the President of the Conseil Général of the Commune." Jacques Roux answered, "We did not come here to do your errands, but to escort you to the scaffold." "Very true," said the king, quietly. Then he turned to Baudrais, an official of the Temple, handed him the paper, and Baudrais accepted the trust.

Time was passing. Santerre said, not uncivilly, to the king, "Monsieur, it is almost time we should be going." Once more Louis withdrew into the oratory to collect himself. He remained several minutes, then came out, but did not give the word to move on. Santerre again reminded him that it was time they should be going. The king stamped his right foot upon the floor, and said, "*Marchons*" — Let us go. Leaving this prison, where he had suffered all that it was in his nature to suffer, the king paused as he passed one of the jailers on the stairway, and said, "Forgive me, Mathey, I was a little too sharp with you day before yesterday."

One farewell glance the king threw upon the tower where his wife, his children, his sister, were confined, and then he entered the carriage of Clavière, the minister, and set out. He was going back to the Tuileries, back to the mighty palace his fathers had built, back to the

nome he had left without daring to meet his assailants at the door. On the 10th of August he had crept out at the back while the ragged battalions poured in at the front; and now he was going back—not all the way, for the guillotine, resting on the pedestal of his grandfather's statue, stood before the grand entrance, and cast the deadline of its black shadow across his path.

The king's carriage was two hours in going the two miles that separated the Temple from the Tuileries. Cannon and armed thousands moved in front; cannon and armed thousands moved behind; cannon and armed thousands lined every foot of the way, and commanded all avenues of approach. One hundred thousand men, in arms, were there to see that the king was killed. Who was there to see that he was saved? Pamphlets had been circulated calling upon royalist ladies to disguise themselves as women of the market, and to raise the cry of "Pardon," as the king passed. The authorities forbade the women of the market to appear at all. Suspected royalists were ordered to present themselves at certain places in their own sections at the time of the king's progress to the guillotine. A few cries of "Pardon" were heard, but they came to nothing. Four faithful royalists flashed out their swords, raised the cry of rescue—and then ran. The desperate hopelessness of the venture was too apparent. They were chased, two were killed, two escaped,—the Baron de Batz, and his secretary, Devaux.

So faint was this diversion that Louis knew nothing of it. During the whole journey he looked neither to the right nor to the left. He looked upon his Bible and read its words of comfort. "I think we have arrived," said the king to the Abbé Edgeworth, as the carriage drew up in

the Place de la Révolution. The executioners approached: Sanson and his assistants. It was a few minutes past ten.

Around the guillotine were the same elaborate precautions against a rescue of the condemned. A wide space had been kept clear, and this space was bordered with cannon. Inside the space were from sixty to one hundred drummers; dragoons on horseback formed a half circle. In the square were massed battalions of National Guards and federates.

Louis took off his coat, his cravat, and opened his shirt, so as to uncover the neck and shoulders. Then he knelt to receive the final benediction. As he rose, one of the executioners came with the rope to bind him. "Bind me! No! I will never consent to that." They were about to use force, when Sanson gave the Abbé Edgeworth a look. The abbé reminded Louis that this outrage was but a last resemblance between himself and Christ. The king yielded, was bound, and his hair cut.

Then he mounted the steps of the platform, which had been made slippery by the sleet, leaning on the abbé for support. In a strong voice the king shouted: "Be silent, drummers! I wish to speak." The drums were silent. The king said:—

"I die innocent of the crimes laid to my charge. I forgive all who are the cause of my misfortunes. I trust that my blood may assure the happiness of France"—Santerre waved his sword, signed to the drummers to go on, and the words of Louis were drowned in the noise.

The executioners seized him, bound him to a plank. A loud cry was heard. The knife fell, and the head that had worn the crown dropped into the basket. Gros, the youngest of Sanson's aides, caught up the head by the

hair, and held it on high so that the people might see it. And the people shouted "Live the Nation!" "Live the Republic!"

The body was thrown into a long wicker basket, and carted away to the graveyard of the Madeleine, escorted by a hundred dragoons. Into a pit twelve feet deep and six feet wide the uncoffined body was lowered, the head being laid between the legs. Two baskets of quicklime were thrown in, and then the pit was filled with earth, and the king left to his rest in the unmarked grave. He was thirty-eight years and five months old, lacking two days, at the time of his death.

While the execution was taking place, the Council of the Commune remained in session. When word came that all was over, much emotion was shown. Hébert, who had presided at the September massacres, wept; and, by way of apology for his tears, said, "The tyrant was very fond of my dog, and always patted him. I was thinking of that." While the bloody Hébert wept, the President of the Council, the ex-Marquis Durose, laughed, threw up his arms, and cried, "My friends, the affair is over. Everything went off admirably."

The coat and hat of the king were torn to shreds, and snatched as souvenirs. His queue-ribbon was sold for a louis; the hair even was peddled to relic hunters. Into the blood were dipped handkerchiefs, pieces of paper, rags, swords, pikes, and even dice. One wretch gathered up some of the clotted blood and sprinkled it over the crowd. When the reeking basket fell from the cart after the burial, the people rushed to it, rubbed rags and handkerchiefs against the bottom to get the precious stain of blood. Sansculottes were abroad in the streets, drinking,



yelling, dancing, — but most of the citizens of the better class remained indoors, and the shops were only half-open.

In a short while the city resumed its usual appearance; venders cried cakes and pies on the spot where the king's head had fallen; newspapers chronicled the fact as current news of the day, and the theatres were open as usual. Lepelletier de Saint-Fargeau, a former noble, had passed from extreme royalism in the early days of 1789 to extreme Jacobinism in 1792; he had compassed the king's death by earnest work and by his vote. A desperate veteran of the king's old Body-Guard, meeting Lepelletier the evening of the final vote, ran a sword through him, so that he died a few hours before the king his vote had slain. The Jacobin Club was in full attendance the night of the execution, but it was noticed that the oratory was confined to Lepelletier rather than to Louis; and the same thing was remarked at the Convention next day.

The queen had spent the night lying dressed upon her bed, shivering in horror, speechless with grief. The noise of the men and the horses, the bugles and the drums, told her when they came to take her husband away. At half-past ten the stricken captives heard joyful yells and noise of firearms. They knew what it meant. "Oh, the monsters! They are glad," whispered Madame Elizabeth; the children burst into screams and tears; the queen was silent in her infinite woe.

"The coalized kings of Europe threaten us! We hurl at their feet, as gage of battle, the head of a king!" It was Danton's defiant voice ringing through the hall of the Convention; and what Danton said the Convention applauded, and France indorsed.

## CHAPTER XXXV

COALITION AGAINST FRANCE; OPENING OF THE SCHELDT;  
MILITARY REVERSES; EXIT DUMOURIEZ; GIRONDINS  
ATTACK MARAT AND THE COMMUNE; GIRONDINS OVER-  
THROWN; MARAT MURDERED; DANTON AS RULER;  
JACOBIN LEGISLATION

**H**ISTORIANS say that the execution of Louis XVI. was a national calamity to France,—that it disunited parties at home and united enemies abroad. This statement may well be doubted. Parties at home were already so embittered, that during the fall months of 1792 the members of the two factions seemed to be at the point of cutting each other's throats. In self-defence, the Girondins, as we have seen, had summoned another battalion of Marseillais: these had arrived in Paris on October 21st, 1792, and the presence of men bearing this dreaded name was all that restrained the Jacobins from tearing the Girondins to pieces. Their arrival had given the Girondins temporary relief. The Parisians were afraid of them; their example encouraged the friends of Dumouriez and Westermann to resent the rancorous abuse of Marat; belligerent squads of soldiers shouted, "Down with Marat," under the windows of that aggressive patriot; Westermann, meeting him on the New Bridge, laid violent hands upon him and beat him soundly with the flat of the sword—and Marat dived down into the nether regions once more,

to let the little tempest pass. In a short while this brief reaction against the September massacres exhausted itself: the Girondins did not know how to organize and perpetuate their advantage; the current of radicalism rolled on again, more turbidly than before, and the indomitable Marat rode on its crest, with a louder screech on his tongue and a deadlier passion in his heart.

In vain the Girondins tried to bring the criminals of September to justice; in vain they sought to abolish the Commune of Paris. The authors of the massacres sat high in the Convention, answered the indictment defiantly from the tribune; and they were so well supported by the galleries, the newspapers, the clubs, the mob, and the city government of Paris, that they repulsed the Girondins all along the line. The Commune was infuriated, not abolished; the criminals of September were lionized, not crushed; the Jacobins were so attacked that the cause of Paris became the cause of the Jacobins, and thus the Girondins were fatally compromised. All this had occurred before the 21st of January, 1793, the day of the king's death. How, then, can it be said that the execution of Louis XVI. divided parties?

Nor did it arouse revolt in La Vendée. The revolt had already taken place. Nor did it arouse the foreign nationalities. They were already aroused. Menaced by European kings, revolutionary France, answering the challenge, had taken those aggressive steps which caused the fifteen foreign states to throw themselves against the young Republic. Savoy and Nice could not be republicanized without alarming and enraging every Italian potentate; Worms, Spire, Mayence, Frankfort, could not throw open their gates to the "Declaration of the Rights of Man,"

without profoundly disturbing every feudal power in Germany.

When the Convention, on November 18th, 1792, declared that the French Republic meant to aid all peoples in resistance to kings and aristocracies, all kings and aristocracies felt that here was a common foe which must be destroyed.

"The Convention is a Committee of Insurrection of all Nations," said Danton; and the Convention decreed that, "Wherever French armies shall come, all taxes, titles, and privileges of rank are to be abolished, all existing authorities annulled, and provisional administrators shall be elected by universal suffrage." This was in December, 1792. What plainer declaration of war could the Republic have flaunted in the face of European kings and aristocracies? Besides these general provocations, Austria, Prussia, and England had received special affronts in the Low Countries. In Belgium, the Austrian Netherlands, those who were in revolt against the Emperor of Austria had been vigorously aided and encouraged by the French; in Holland the house of Orange, which Prussia and England had held in power by use of armies against the people, found itself attacked by the troops and the principle of the French Revolution.

The interest which England felt in the house of Orange was purely commercial and selfish. It was only by holding the stadtholders in power that English merchants could keep the Scheldt closed to general commerce. This river was to Antwerp what the Thames was to London. To cork it up, to bar out all foreign vessels from its channel, meant that Antwerp would lose the trade of the world. The time had been when the Dutch city had rivalled London; vessels of all nations rode in its anchorage, and

emptied their goods upon its busy wharves. The riches of the continental trade, the wealth of the Orient, had flowed steadily toward Antwerp and had made it one of the world's chief commercial centres. English jealousy had been aroused; English armies, money, and diplomacy had been used; and the Scheldt had been closed to commerce. For a hundred years London had grown upon the open Thames while Antwerp lay stagnant upon the closed Scheldt. By treaties made between English governments and the house of Orange, the Dutch had suffered that England might prosper. By a stroke of the pen diplomats, statesmen, and merchants had abolished one of the largest channels of communication and traffic that God had seemed to think the world needed.

The leaders of the French Revolution, imbued with elementary ideas of justice and freedom, which will prevail when that day comes for which good men pray and brave men strive, declared, "We will throw open this river Scheldt to the use of all men, as nature intended." "But our treaties!" cried the English. "We have been making treaties with your continental kings for a century; and by solemn agreement France is bound to let the Scheldt remain closed." "Away with such pernicious bargains between kings!" answered France. "Such treaties shock human reason, age can never make them sacred, enlightened humanity holds them in abhorrence, and human progress, having rights of its own, will spurn such obstacles out of its way!"

It was on November 28th, 1792, that the Convention passed its decree opening the Scheldt; and, by so doing, gave mortal offence to the English government. It was this provocation, this violation of treaties, this menace of

English commercial interests that forced Pitt's hand, and swung Parliament against the policy of neutrality. And all this happened before the death of the king. Hence it will be seen that the execution of Louis XVI. brought no calamity which was not already on hand. The Count of Provence assumed the title of regent in the name of the little boy who was in the Temple, and the royalists had in Provence a far better leader than Louis XVI. had ever made them.

The position of England became the controlling factor in the twenty odd years of war which followed the death of Louis XVI. Her statesmen gave the key-note to European policy, her diplomats organized coalitions of the kings, her money fed and clothed the legions which marched against France. The two men who were chiefly responsible for the long wars which drenched Europe with blood were Edmund Burke and William Pitt. Both had been reformers in their earlier days, had seen many abuses in England and elsewhere which called for remedial legislation. Burke, especially, had become known the world over as an aggressive advocate of liberal principles. He had championed the cause of the slave, of the insolvent debtor, of the outlawed Catholic upon the one hand and the oppressed Dissenter upon the other. His sympathy and his active efforts went out to the soldier impressed for life, and to the American colonist arbitrarily taxed. Freedom of trade, of conscience, of expression, seemed to him to belong to the same general class, and he strenuously worked for them all. Gifted with a genius of the highest order, which shirked no labour, and which explored every province of learning, this marvellous man had won in England a position as unique as it was elevated.

He was an orator whose speeches no one could hear with pleasure, or read without delight. His shrill, harsh voice emptied the benches in Parliament, and through the printing-press reached an audience not bounded by England, nor by the English tongue, nor by the generation to which he spoke. A statesman without office, he influenced cabinets and kings. In no sense a parliamentary leader, he led those who led Parliament.

When the first notes of the French Revolution came booming across the Channel, the position of Burke was that of the most eminent philosophical reformer of his day. As the scholar, essayist, and orator of the powerful whig party, he was the idol of English liberalism, and the pet aversion of toryism and its king. But the alarms from France horrified Burke from the beginning; they "fell upon his ears like the fire-bell at night." He recognized in the Revolution the approach of anarchy. All institutions were threatened, all creeds imperilled, all landmarks doomed. To check the growth of French ideas, to make them hateful to the world, to drive them back within the narrowing circle of a general European crusade, to girdle them with steel and then to shoot the life out of them, became the desired result to which his furious energies were directed.

The whigs in England had welcomed the French Revolution and had encouraged it. Fox, Erskine, Mackintosh, Sheridan, Romilly, are only a few of the names of leading Englishmen who gave the French reformers hearty sympathy. Liberalism succeeding in France would strengthen liberalism everywhere. But the enemies of liberalism were alive to this fact also, and Burke, who saw further than Fox or Romilly, believed that a reign of terror would ensue in France and spread throughout the world, sub-

verting social order, political institutions, and religious faith. As far back, then, as 1790, Burke had issued the first part of his famous pamphlet against the French Revolution. Events favoured him. The crimes he foretold were committed. The destruction of the established order and the reign of confusion which he predicted had come to pass. At each stage in the mad whirl of events in Paris, Burke could croak in England, I told you so. As a logical consequence, Burke became the inspired prophet of an excited aristocracy, of an excited people. The tory looked up to him in awe; the king of toryism gazed down upon him with grateful pride—and the royal hand, reaching out into the cash-box of the people, generously gave a pension to this new high priest of the ruling classes. In Parliament and out of it, in speech and in pamphlet, Mr. Burke pursued the French Revolution with the rabid rancour of a monomaniac. From a source so foul no good could come. It was bad from beginning to end, bad in doctrine, bad in practice, bad in ultimate result. None of its apostles were pure. They were all bad, consciously bad, wilfully and maliciously steeped in sin. They were not honest fanatics doing harm blindly; they were rascally hypocrites and corruptionists who revelled in wrong because of the inborn diabolism of their natures. The French revolutionists were “a gang of plunderers,” “miscreants,” “murderous atheists,” “scum of the earth.” France was “a republic of assassins,” “cannibal castle,” “a nation of murderers.” Once upon a time Burke himself had said that it was impossible to indict a whole people; in earlier years he had scornfully rebuked tories who had reviled the Americans as he was now reviling the French. But times were changed, and men had changed



with them. Collectively, the French were a lot of villains and blood-drinkers; individually, they taxed the vocabulary of abuse. La Fayette was a horrid ruffian;—the Abbé Foulon having told it in London that La Fayette had murdered his father and torn out his heart. Condorcet, one of the most innocent dreamers who ever gave his life to an ideal, was, in Burke's eyes, "a fanatic atheist," who was capable of "the lowest as well as the highest and most determined villanies"; and the associates of Condorcet were "a desperate gang of murderers and atheists," "the positive outcasts of mankind." It was Burke who first suggested to the English the idea of forcible intervention in the affairs of France, it was Burke who cried on the dogs of war, it was Burke who most fiercely denounced all thought of peace.

Mr. Pitt was averse to war, had coldly repelled the Princess de Lamballe, and had declared the principle that France had the right to regulate her own affairs. But the pressure put upon him by Burke, the king, and the aristocracy, became too great to be resisted; in August, 1792, the English ambassador, Lord Gower, was withdrawn from France; the ambassador of the French was no longer recognized in London, and in January, 1793, he was expelled the country. Mr. A. W. Miles, the confidential agent in France of the British government, became convinced that France would make any reasonable sacrifice to avoid war, and he urged upon his superiors the wisdom of making peace. Under date of January 13th, 1793, Mr. Miles, then in London, writes that in consequence of secret overtures made by France, he assured the English cabinet that if England would recognize the French Republic, the Scheldt would be renounced, and the offensive

decrees of the National Assembly, in which war had been declared against feudal tyrannies in all countries, would be repealed preliminary to the friendly action of Great Britain. That this was no empty pledge is proved by the fact that, under Danton's lead, the Assembly did repeal these decrees shortly afterwards. "The cabinet was sitting when I arrived," says Mr. Miles. "Mr. Pitt came out and received from me the despatch of Marat with great good humour, and of course the marginal notes just as I had scribbled them. I requested that he would return it to me. He took it into the cabinet, and in about an hour he came out, freighted with the bill of the whole cabinet, aggravated by that of Mr. Burke, who, although not in the ministry, attended on this occasion. Would to God he (Burke) had been in the bosom of Abraham, for he has done us a world of mischief." In handing back the despatch, Mr. Pitt informed Mr. Miles that he was no longer to correspond with the French government on the subject of peace or war. Mr. Miles thinks he said to Pitt, "Remember, sir, if you go to war with France you will ruin your country." Lord Rosebery in his biography of Pitt alludes to Mr. Miles as "a fatuous busybody," — for reasons not stated. On this memorable occasion referred to by Miles, it would seem that he had official business with the cabinet, and that if anybody was the intermeddler it was Burke.

In a letter dated January 15th, 1793, Mr. Miles repeats to Lord Fortescue what he had already said to Mr. Pitt, — that the French minister was so extremely anxious to avoid a collision with Great Britain that the Scheldt would be given up, the objectionable decrees repealed, and that the offers of Liège and some of the Belgic prov-

inces to incorporate themselves with France had been rejected out of consideration for England. Mr. Miles proceeds to relate to Lord Fortescue his meeting with Mr. Pitt, the information laid before the cabinet, and the hostile reply—followed by the order that he, Miles, was no longer to discuss war and peace with French ministers. In a letter to Mr. Pitt himself, dated February, 1793, Mr. Miles tells the minister how many sacrifices the French government is willing to make to preserve the peace: the surrender of the Scheldt, of Nice, of Worms, of Mayence, Liège, and the Low Countries. If Mr. Pitt would but accept the overtures, a negotiator would at once be named by France to conclude the matter. Mr. Pitt steeled himself against the offers, and to France nothing was left but to get ready for war. It is perhaps on account of Mr. Miles's persistent efforts to induce Mr. Pitt to listen to French appeals for friendship that Lord Rosebery dubbed Miles "a fatuous busybody."

What is easier to start than a war? How fascinating becomes murder if done on a scale of grandeur! How the mangled corpses of dead men lose their horror if thousands be stretched in one field! Burke was a Christian,—humane, nobly endowed of mind and heart,—and yet he had no ear for peace. France must not be allowed to remove the causes of war. The correspondence must be closed, conciliatory overtures rebuffed, and two great nations thrown into a frightful combat which was to make Europe one vast camp, one vast cemetery,—a combat which, under Pitt alone, was to add \$160,000,000 to the public debt of Great Britain, and to send her sons to death on every sea, in every clime. Under William Pitt alone, England supplied to the princes of Europe \$45,000,000

with which to wage war against republican France. Doing this to put down French doctrines abroad, Mr. Pitt crushed them at home by repressive legislation, which made free speech a crime, public reading-rooms illegal, and public meetings without special license insurrectionary. Books which advocated the reforms England afterwards adopted were outlawed, their authors proscribed, their publishers punished. Good men, men of character and standing, men whose motives could not be questioned, were tried as felons, and condemned as felons, for the guilt and crime of reading republican literature. Thomas Muir was sentenced to fourteen years' transportation for advising people to read Paine's "Rights of Man" and "Common Sense." For similar offences Fische Palmer was sentenced to seven years' transportation. Government persecutions multiplied. Spies, informers, packed juries, and bigoted judges inaugurated a reign of terror. Mob violence went unpunished, if the victim of it happened to be a liberal. Incendiary speeches were encouraged, if the burden of the harangue was hatred to France. Only the stoutest hearts could resist such a pressure; only such men as Fox could carry their convictions through such a storm; and English liberalism shrunk into a persecuted minority.

Since August 10th, 1792, as we have said, the English government had declined to recognize Chauvelin, the French ambassador; after the 21st of January he was ordered out of the country. The Convention, finding that England had been in collusion with the enemies of the Republic ever since the opening of the Scheldt, declared war, February 1st, 1793, against England and the Stadtholder of Holland. Mr. Pitt, supplied with \$16,000,000 by vote of Parliament, began to negotiate the first of those

baroux, Isnard, Valady, Lanjuinais, and Kervelegan. But not one of the original Girondins followed him. Brissot, Vergniaud, Gensonné, and Gaudet thought it unpatriotic to array one part of France against the other. Vergniaud, especially, discountenanced the plan, ceased to visit at Roland's, and spent much of his time, lazily and despondently, in his room. The evil tidings from the army had reawakened savage passions in Paris. The people believed they had been betrayed. How else could it be explained that victories had been turned into defeats? The Jacobins put the blame upon the Girondins. Paris already hated these deputies savagely, and the mob was ready to attack the ministers who represented that party, as well as the leading Girondins of the Convention. An uprising was planned, accordingly, and the night of the 10th of March was fixed upon for the attack.

The insurrectionary plans, however, had not been well laid, and warning came to the threatened members. They remained away from the hall. The Girondin Minister of War, General Bournonville, showed unexpected vigour, advanced against the conspirators at the head of some Brest federalists, and put them to flight. The next day Vergniaud denounced the authors of the attempted insurrection, and demanded their punishment. After alluding forcibly to the tyranny of revolutionary opinion, and the intolerance which was becoming a despotism, he exclaimed: "Citizens, we have reason to fear that the Revolution, like Saturn, will devour its own children! It will engender despotism and the calamities which follow it."

To add to the distractions of the situation, Dumouriez, "the sword of France," was manifesting an inclination to turn the point of the weapon against the revolutionary

government. He had invaded Holland, had taken Breda, was about to invest Dort, as a preliminary to an attack upon Rotterdam. His ultimate design was to revolutionize the government of Holland, unite that province with Belgium, raise an army of 80,000 men, march upon Paris, and restore the constitutional throne in the person of Louis Philippe, son of the Duke of Orleans. This wild scheme might have led to dramatic results had not the air-castle been dissipated by the utter rout of that portion of Dumouriez's army commanded by General Miranda. The Austrians, under Archduke Charles, had fallen upon Miranda and thrashed him unmercifully in several engagements, to the great joy of the people of Belgium. At first these people had welcomed the French as deliverers, and had warmly embraced revolutionary principles; but the army of Dumouriez had been followed by a horde of commissioners and agents of various sorts, sent by the National Convention, and these commissioners had plundered the rich burghers of the Belgian cities with such monstrous rapacity that public sentiment had undergone a complete change.

Not only were the friends of the Republic pillaged, but also the soldiers who were fighting her battles. The army contractor was having a good time. To judge from a comparison of the two systems one would suppose that all the tax-farmers of the old régime had turned army contractors for the new order. Supplies which were bought by the Girondin government for the troops were misappropriated; clothes and shoes sent forward did not reach the soldier; wheat which was ordered for the army was sold on speculation by the contractors after having been carted from one province to another at public expense. A son of Israel, of the name of Benjamin Jacob, contractor to

the army of the Alps, charged thirty-four cents for meat, just double the market price. Similar methods being in operation in all the armies, the condition of the private soldier was pitiable. The officers were men of the old régime, almost without exception; and between themselves and the revolutionary levies there was no sympathy. In many instances, these inexperienced volunteers were subjected to inhuman treatment for the slightest breaches of discipline.

Dumouriez was forced to abandon his conquest of Holland. Filled with grief and rage, he exerted every effort to save the wreck of Miranda's army, and to unite his panic-stricken forces. On the 18th of March, 1793, he gave battle to the Austrians at Neerwinden, and was beaten. Belgium had to be evacuated. Dumouriez retreated to Valenciennes, where three commissioners, sent by the National Convention, appeared in his camp, with orders to inquire into his designs. With more or less frankness the general disclosed his purpose of attempting a counter-revolution. The commissioners returned to Paris, the general continued his retreat into France, and kept up his treasonable intercourse with the Austrians. The Convention sent commissioners to arrest him, and to bring him to Paris for trial. Dumouriez knew what that meant; consequently, he arrested the commissioners, and turned them over to the Austrians, who kept them in prison three years.

The army, however, fell away from its commander as soon as the facts became known. Just as La Fayette had fallen from power and popularity the moment he turned against the Revolution, Dumouriez fell. Like La Fayette, he had to mount and gallop. His troops shot at him as he galloped, but did not strike him. Next day the

indomitable man had the hardihood to return, and he succeeded in carrying off with him 800 officers and men. He joined the Austrians, but took no active part against France. Settling in Amsterdam, he lived there some fourteen years, and passed over to England when Napoleon's approach threatened him with trouble. He lived quietly on the Thames, near London, and died there in 1823.

The battle between Jacobins and Girondins had entered upon its last stage. Roland had resigned from the ministry on January 23rd, 1793, utterly disgusted, disillusioned, and broken-hearted. His high-souled wife had bidden farewell to her iridescent dreams. Between revolution as these two had conceived it and revolution as they had actually found it was a difference as sad as death.

The Girondins made one more attempt to crush Marat. He had been advising the people who were in want of the necessities of life to help themselves to the surplus of the rich. This counsel, given by a member of the Paris Commune and of the Convention, carried weight; it seemed almost an official declaration, coming as it did from a source so potential. Besides, it harmonized admirably with the secret wishes of the ragged battalions who had left off all kinds of labor excepting those pertaining to revolutionary agitation. Consequently, when so prominent a journalist, municipal officer, Jacobin Club leader, and Convention member pointed his suggestive finger at the shops of the dealers in family groceries, and invited the needy to go and take bread and meat, the needy responded with alacrity, and the numbers of the needy were surprisingly great. Bakers' shops were plundered, butchers' stalls were raided, and from the taking of meat and bread the pillagers extended the scope of their operations



to sugar, coffee, candles, and such other articles as seemed good in their sight.

This practical application of mob law scandalized the Girondins greatly, and they were able to carry a sufficient number of the Plain with them to decree the accusation of Marat, and to send him before the Revolutionary Tribunal for trial. On the 22nd of April, 1793, Marat appeared before the Tribunal, accompanied by a general turnout of the ragged squadrons of the streets. Practically it was coming to court with an army at his back. The Girondin tribunal was as powerless before this clamorous and desperate multitude as Henry the Third had been before the accused and summoned Duke of Guise. With a unanimous voice, Marat's acquittal was announced; and his faithful retainers caught him up in their brawny arms, and bore him about the city in triumphal procession. The women crowned him with chaplets of laurel and flowers, the men seated him on a sort of throne which was lifted to their shoulders and carried from street to street; jubilant cheers, patriotic songs, shouts of defiance to the Girondins accompanied the rabble king on his way, and they bore him to the Convention Hall, gloried there in their victory in the usual Jacobin style, and then caught up their hero again, and bore him to his home. This attack upon Marat did more than discredit the Girondins with failure; it established a precedent for the prosecution by the Convention of its own members. This precedent was turned against the Girondins themselves in a little while, and they then realized their folly. Danton had vainly warned them of their mistake, saying to them, "Do not mutilate the Convention." So far from listening to Danton, they made matters worse by assaulting him also, — with the result of

drawing upon themselves his destructive hostility. Robespierre had already accused by name Brissot, Vergniaud, Gaudet, Pétion, and Gensonné in the Convention; Pache, mayor of Paris, came to the bar of the Assembly, and in the name of the thirty-five sections of the city and of the general council demanded the expulsion of twenty-four leading Girondins. Gaudet met the attack by the counter-motion that the Commune of Paris be abolished, that it be replaced by the presidents of the sections, and that the Convention itself remove to Bourges.

The men of the Plain feared the extreme measures of the Jacobins on the one side, and those of the Girondins on the other. Barrère came forward with a compromise, which created a committee of twelve members, to take control of the Commune, and to afford protection to members of the Convention. This Committee of Twelve was composed of Girondins and men of the Plain. They entered vigorously upon the discharge of their duties by arresting Varlet and Hébert, two of the rabidest of the Parisian journalists.

The Jacobins took up the challenge, and the Commune put the machinery of revolution in motion against the Convention, as Convention and Commune had jointly done against the monarchy. It was the easier to do for the reason that the Girondins had no friends in Paris. Even the rich middle class, which should have been their support, was disgusted by their attacks upon Paris, and their plans for diminishing the importance of the capital city. The usual methods of agitation were resorted to, the revolutionary cohorts were summoned to the standards of insurrection, and on May 27th, 1793, an enormous multitude surrounded the Tuileries where the Convention sat,

and demanded the release of the prisoners, Hébert and Varlet.

The Commune went so far as to demand of the Convention that the Twelve should be delivered up for trial before the Revolutionary Tribunal. Isnard, the president of the Convention, made this imprudent reply: "Listen to what I am about to say. If ever by any of these insurrections, which have grown so frequent since the 10th of March, a hostile hand be raised against the national representatives, I declare to you, in the name of all France, that Paris will be destroyed. Yes, universal France would rise against such a crime, and soon it would be a matter of doubt on which side of the Seine Paris had stood." This speech was followed by a tumult. "And I declare to you," shouted Danton to Isnard, "that so much insolence becomes unbearable; we will combat you."

The wildest uproar prevailed within the hall and without. The Convention was in a state of siege; the Girondins were threatened on all sides, and had no defenders within reach. Garat, Minister of the Interior, and classed as a Girondin, was called upon to give an account of the state of Paris. To the amazement and despair of the Girondins he reported that the Convention had nothing to fear; that the deputies could return in peace to their homes. Isnard vacated the chair, and his place was taken by a Jacobin, Hérault de Séchelles. The demands of the mob were conceded by a vote in which many members of the mob voted. The multitudes then dispersed, and quiet again reigned.

Next day the Girondins renewed the battle in the Convention and reëstablished the Committee of Twelve. This caused the tumult to break out again. An insurrection

aimed at the leading Girondins was regularly planned by the Jacobin leaders, Robespierre, Danton, Marat, Chaumette, and Pache, the mayor of Paris. Just as the Girondins and the Jacobins had formerly aroused the mob to attack the court, the Jacobins now relied upon it to overthrow the Girondins.

The Tenth of August was repeated. The Tuileries was again invested by armed insurgents under the chief command of Henriot, a manufacturer who had gradually risen to prominence in the municipality. Robespierre violently harangued against the Girondin deputies within the hall, while the insurgents bellowed against them from without. Vergniaud demanded leave to speak, but Robespierre, looking down upon him with intense disdain, continued his endless and furious tirade against the entire Girondin party. Vergniaud exclaimed impatiently, "Finish, then!" "I will finish," screamed Robespierre in his shrillest tones, wrought up to the highest pitch of passion. "Yes, I will finish, and it will be against you! Against you, who after the 10th of August wished to send to the scaffold those who effected it! Against you who have incessantly invoked the destruction of Paris! Against you who wished to save the tyrant! Against you who conspired with Dumouriez! I finish by demanding a decree of accusation against the accomplices of Dumouriez, and against all those named in the petition of the Commune of Paris!"

For once, at least, Robespierre was genuinely eloquent. His furious retort upon Vergniaud had an immense effect; but Saturn had not begun to devour his own children, and the Convention hesitated to follow the bold lead of Robespierre. Barrère came forward with another of his compromises, and moved the suppression of the Committee

of Twelve. This satisfied the majority. The motion was adopted and the insurgents disbanded. This was May 30th, 1793.

The Jacobin leaders were not content to let matters rest there. They determined to crush the Girondins as a party. During June 1st the excitement of the people was fanned and fed by all sorts of lies and inflammatory appeals. Hébert, released from prison, resumed his place in the Commune, was given an ovation, and was crowned with laurel. In the evening Marat himself went to the Town-Hall, climbed the clock-tower and rang the alarm-bell. He demanded of the members of the Municipal Council that they should not disperse until the Girondin traitors had been put under a decree of accusation. The tocsins — all bells pealing after the bell of the Town-Hall — rang out, hour after hour; and the whole night was spent in preparations for the morrow. Drums beat to arms, the mob gathered, and on June 2nd (Sunday) a vast multitude had the Convention imprisoned within its bristling lines. In the name of the people, Henriot demanded a decree of accusation against the twenty-two Girondins who were particularly obnoxious. The Convention marched forth in a body to test the temper of the mob. They found the Tuileries invested on all sides, and they were not allowed to pass through the insurgent ranks. They were held in a girdle of steel. Soldiers stood firmly in serried line, cannoneers with matches lit by their guns. Marat ran here and there along the front of the insurgents, exhorting them to stand firm. The members of the Convention realized that they were prisoners, and their president, Hérault, led them back to their hall.

Couthon moved that the demands of the mob be granted

There was nothing else to be done, and the Convention agreed. Orders of arrest were issued at the same time against nine members of the Committee of Twelve, and against the two Girondin ministers, Lebrun and Clavière.

A warrant had already (May 31st) been issued against Roland by the Commune, but he had escaped from the city. His wife sought once more to appear before the Convention, to take it by storm with her beauty, her eloquence, and her innocence; but she was able to penetrate no further than the lobby of the hall so great was the crowd. Vergniaud came to meet her in the waiting-room from whence she could hear the terrible uproar in the Assembly. She wished to go in and make her appeal. Vergniaud dissuaded her. Nothing could be done. She went away, but returned again that night. The session was over. She had hardly reached her home again when the fateful knock was heard at her door. "We have come, Citizeness, to arrest you." "Where are your orders?" "Here"; and the man drew them out. The warrant was signed by the Commune, and no reason for the arrest was stated.

The ignorant but earnest commissioners had orders to put seals on everything, and they did so, — boxes, books, papers, doors, windows, and wardrobes. They were about to put one on the piano; but when it was explained that the piano was merely one of civilization's instruments of torture, whereon people who have no music in their souls are, at great expense, taught how to make life a burden to their neighbours, the man withheld the seal, but carefully measured the piano. It was after midnight when Madame Roland was led off to prison. Her husband had fled, her party was destroyed, her republic defiled, her

hopes cast down, her future as black as the night into which they led her.

When the demands of the insurgents were conceded on June 2nd, they dispersed. It does not appear that there was any serious intention of bringing the condemned men to trial and punishment. The Jacobin purpose was to get them out of the way of the Jacobin programme. They were such inveterate talkers and obstructors, these eloquent Girondins, that there was no doing business with them. Marat, Danton, Robespierre, had practical work to do, and as long as the Vergniauds and Buzots were there, consuming time with their everlasting Greeks and Romans, their attacks upon Paris, their harpings upon the September massacres, and their projects for departmental guards, nothing could be done to meet the crisis which had come upon the Republic.

The arrest of the members was only nominal. They went at large in Paris pretty much as they pleased. So long as they did not obstruct Jacobin legislation Jacobin leaders cared little what became of them. They could all have escaped had they desired. As it was, Barbaroux, Rebecqui, and a number of others who were under this nominal arrest, left Paris, threw themselves into those provinces which were most inclined to support them, and began to prepare for armed resistance to Paris and the Jacobin government. The royalists, quick to take advantage of this split among the revolutionists, flocked to the support of the Girondins, and the dangers to the Republic, arising from this source, were the cause of the intense hatred with which all the revolutionists turned upon the fugitive chiefs of the Gironde.

The 2nd of June was the last great day of Marat. The

frail, small body had been worn out by constant work, constant excitement, and irregularities of living. A severe skin disease, not, however, syphilitic, had reduced his strength so much that his paper had ceased to appear regularly. After June 8th he was unable to attend the sittings of the Convention. He was confined to his squalid house, where he passed most of his time in the bath-tub, hot water affording him his only relief from pain. Here he was attended by a devoted woman whom he had married, as he said, "before high heaven," but without the customary technicalities required by statute law. He was known to be a very sick man, and the Jacobin Club had sent deputations of condolence to visit him.

Of all this the fugitive and desperate Girondins were ignorant. At Caen and elsewhere, Marat's was the name which they held highest and loudest to public execration. He had been the man of June 2nd. He had planned the insurrection, had sounded the tocsin, had held them prisoners in the Tuileries with bayonets at their breasts, had read off their names in the hall, and had consigned them to infamy and death. More than any one man he was the author of their ruin. His incessant attacks in his paper, his gad-fly accusations which came back as often as they were brushed away, his poisoned darts which were so sure to hit and so sure to hurt, his intense activity, his infinite rancour, his startling audacity and perseverance, had been overpowering to the Girondins,—and now in their exile they remembered him above all others as the sleuth-hound who had run them down.

Charlotte Corday, a beautiful Norman girl, hearing so much furious denunciation of Marat, conceived, in her simplicity, the idea of saving France by killing Marat. Going



up to Paris she sought admission to the sick leader, and was at first refused. On July 13th she wrote him a second letter, stating that she had important secrets to reveal which would enable him to serve the Republic. She added this plea: "Further, it is enough for me to inform you that I am unhappy, in order to hope that your kind heart will not be insensible, and to have a right to your justice." This appeal opened Marat's door, and that evening Charlotte entered, found him in his bath-tub writing, and, after a few words, stabbed him, while he was writing down the names she had given him.

A more useless crime has rarely been committed. It weakened those she wished to serve, it strengthened those she wished to intimidate. Marat the martyr was more potent than Marat the living leader. The furious passions provoked carried Charlotte to the scaffold, struck down the Girondin sympathizers in all quarters, and gave to the most radical of the Jacobins full control of the revolutionary elements. As Vergniaud said, "She has killed us, but she has taught us how to die."

During the spring and summer of 1793 it was Danton who was the great man of the Revolution. Almost every one of the measures which enabled the Republic to concentrate its power, organize its resources, and inspire its defenders, originated with Danton. Having been sent to Belgium as commissioner of the Convention, he viewed from the point of view of the generals in command the embarrassments under which they laboured, and hurried back to Paris to raise and forward reënforcements. He had the nerve to declare in the Convention that the generals were not so much to blame as had been supposed. He explained that of the reënforcements

of 30,000 troops which had been promised to Dumouriez not one had been sent. Big-hearted and fearless, he put the blame on the Convention itself. Practical as he was bold, he continued: "Let us repair our errors. You must cry out to the whole of France, 'If you do not fly to the succour of your brethren in Belgium, if Dumouriez be surrounded and his army forced to surrender, who can calculate the terrible consequences?' Our Republic destroyed may mean the death of 600,000 Frenchmen. Appoint commissioners, who shall go this very evening to all the sections of Paris, who shall call the citizens together, make them take up arms, and get them to swear that they will fly to the defence of Belgium. All France will rebound to such enthusiasm. May the first success of the enemy serve, as was the case last year, to rouse the nation! I move that the commissioners be appointed this moment."

There is no despondency about Danton. The darker the night, the louder his shout of defiance to foes, of encouragement to friends. He carries the Convention with him, the commissioners are named, they go to work at once, the Commune helps, and recruits are rushed out of Paris by the thousands.

This is on March 9th, too late for Dumouriez. One bad report from the front follows another; the siege of Maestricht has been abandoned, the French are in retreat. On the 12th of March it is Danton we hear again in the Convention. "This is not the time to examine the causes of our disasters. It is the time to apply remedies. When the house is on fire, I do not collar the thieves who steal the furniture; I rush to put out the fire. In order to conquer our enemies Dumouriez must have Frenchmen, and

France is full of them. Do we want to be free? If we do, let us rush to defend our independence. If we do not, then let us perish. Send commissioners into every department. Sustain them by your energy. Let them set out this very evening. "Let them say to the rich, 'Either the aristocracy of Europe, thrown down by your efforts, must pay our debts, or you must do it. The people has only its blood, and is prodigal with it; be up, then, miserable men, and be prodigal with your riches!' What! You have a whole nation for lever, and reason for fulcrum, and you have not yet overturned the world! Let us cause France to march forward, and we shall go to posterity with glory. Let us fulfil our grand destiny. No more dissensions, no more quarrels among ourselves—and the fatherland is saved!"

Such were the electrical appeals which Danton sent ringing throughout the country, and the results were marvels. Armies sprang up at the stamp of his foot, and rushed off to the frontiers, chanting the battle-hymn of liberty as they marched.

It was on March 12th, 1793, that Danton also made, for the first time, the suggestion which led to the formation of the great committees which ruled the country during the Terror. The defeat of Neerwinden and the flight of Dumouriez were fearful blows to the Girondins, and to Danton, though the effect was not immediate. Isnard's motion for the creation of the committee clothed with extraordinary powers having been adopted, the members of it were appointed on April 7th, 1793, and Danton, one of these, became its president. During the three months he held this position, he was virtually the chief executive of France. Then came the fight to expel the Girondins, and Danton

was driven into leading it. The Girondins themselves goaded him to do it, by attempting to fix upon him the charge of treasonable intrigues, whose intent was to restore the monarchy by the aid of Dumouriez, and for the benefit of Louis Philippe, son of the Duke of Orleans.

Realizing that the decree of November 18th, 1792, in which France declared war upon all kings and aristocracies, isolated his country, Danton became convinced that it ought to be repealed. On the 13th of April, 1793, he secured the adoption of a decree, in which the Convention declared that it would never intermeddle with the affairs of other nations, nor suffer other nations to intermeddle with hers.

After the Girondins were cast out, June 2nd, 1793, it looked for a moment as if there would be a flame of insurrection from one border of the Republic to the other. Two-thirds of the departments rise against the authority of the Convention, and threaten to antagonize Paris. Marseilles revolts; Lyons sends its Jacobin leader to the scaffold; Toulon imprisons patriots and enters into relations with England; Montpellier, Bordeaux, Nantes, Caen, declare their intention to resist.

It is Danton who again speaks, and the act follows the word. Commissioners are sent into all the departments. These agents of the Convention go as the Roman envoys did, to offer peace or war. In their leather belts hang naked swords, around the waist the tricolour scarf, in the hat three plumes of the national colours. These commissioners appear at each centre of disaffection, speak a few resolute words, and the revolts disappear. In three days it is a different France. A despairing Girondin wrote, "The seventy-two departments which had declared for

us turned round and abandoned us in twenty-four hours." Why not? Danton has identified the Convention with the honour, the salvation of his country; to rise against the Convention is to deliver up France to emigrant princes and hostile kings.

In July and August five foreign armies occupy French soil. Mayence is lost, and five days later (July 28th), Valenciennes. Alsace is entered by the Prussians; Toulon lowers the tricolour and runs up the English flag. Labour is unemployed, commerce paralyzed, famine prevails, currency falls before the counterfeiter, the troops are almost without food, clothing, and ammunition. England has declared all the ports of France in a state of blockade.

Again it is Danton who knows what to do. He deliberately creates that despotism of liberty which was the salvation of the Republic. The dictatorship of the Committee of Public Safety alone gave France the unity of purpose and of action which enabled her to concentrate all her strength to resist appalling dangers within and without. Danton declared in advance that he himself would never accept a place on this committee. And that was the error of his career. To create a despotic committee and take no place upon it was a very notable and lamentable instance of getting at the wrong end of the gun.

The Jacobins, pushed to frame a constitution, and in a great hurry to get it ready, took that which Condorcet had framed, modified it to suit themselves, and proclaimed it as the Constitution of 1793. It was enthusiastically received, and 8000 delegates from the 8000 primary assemblies which had adopted it came up to Paris, where a great festival was had on August 10th, 1793. Everybody went

to the Field of Mars, where the first Constitution had been so fervently sworn to, and fervently swore to this new one. The first was tried and found unworkable; the second was never even tried.

The 8000 delegates crowded in and around the Convention Hall, and listened to Danton: "You, the envoys of the primary assemblies of France, should be empowered by the Convention to draft into the service of the country those citizens whose patriotism is lagging. By joining the apostleship of liberty to the rigour of the law, we shall create an enormous force. I hereby ask the Convention to give these delegates direct and extensive power to levy recruits. If each of these 8000 delegates sends to the front twenty men, the fatherland is saved. I demand further that these delegates be empowered to take supplies for the use of the armies. These delegates are ready to swear to carry out these suggestions." The delegates rose and swore that they were.

Then Danton resumed, "This is the time to take, for the last time, the oath to destroy our enemies or die." And everybody on floor, galleries, aisles, corridors, waved hats, and fervently shouted, "Yes, we swear."

Few stronger men have lived than this Danton. He was now dealing with the last great crisis; he was to save the Revolution one more time, and then it was to rush upon him, beat him down, and take his life. At his suggestion, Barrère brought in the decrees which embodied his suggestions to the delegates. There was a levy in mass. Every Frenchman between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five was drawn into the army. All horses, suitable for the purpose, were drafted into the cavalry and artillery. All weapons, even shotguns and pikes,

were taken for the use of the army. Provisions were taken, arms manufactured, tents and clothes made, hospital service organized. In fact, France became a vast workshop and camp. Fourteen armies marched, and before frost fell all insurrection was quelled, and all foreign armies routed.

The Constitution of 1793 had been made to satisfy the revolutionary public, and the people were told that it would be put into operation as soon as the dangers which menaced the country had been met. Temporarily it was felt that the Committee of Public Safety must have full powers and a free hand. Therefore, while the democratic Constitution was laid quietly aside, the Revolutionary Despotism systematized itself, and made ready to rule France with a rod of iron.

Historians have not wearied of telling the story of the crimes of the Convention. The blood-stained record has been kept very perseveringly uplifted to the gaze of a shuddering world. What has not been so industriously circulated is the story of the work of reconstruction which was attempted, the new system which was sketched, the new order which was planned. The guillotine, standing in gaunt nakedness before the ancient palace of the kings, and casting its black shadow athwart the eyes and upon the souls of men, is not by any means the surest proof of the inward nature of the men who built it, and who fed it with daily victims. No institution would submit willingly to be measured by its mistakes or its crimes. The Church should not be judged solely by the stake, the rack, the dungeon, and the gibbet, though it made regular use of them all. Admirers of the old French monarchy and of its Grand Monarch would not cheer-

fully consent to have the case closed with no proof offered in its favour save the Dragonnades and the wholesale slaughter of the Waldenses. Let us apply to the men of Terror the same rule we would apply to the Church, to Louis XIV. Let us form no verdict upon individual crimes, nor upon a black spot in the system, but upon the whole system viewed broadly, giving due weight to motive, to purpose, to environment, and to ultimate results.

During most of the time from October, 1792, onward, the Convention was the scene of the wildest disorders; there was continuous uproar among the members; there was perpetual noise in the galleries; orators denounced each other in the fiercest terms; men and women in the galleries hissed and hooted speakers whom they did not approve; the president more than once threatened members on the floor; members on the floor more than once threatened the president; Girondins strained every nerve and muscle to overthrow the Jacobins; Jacobins moved heaven and earth to destroy the Girondins; the whole Convention was overshadowed by the Commune, and Convention and Commune combined were overshadowed by the confederated armies of fifteen different states;—and yet the builders who were at work on the new order moved steadily onward with their work. They have been finely compared to the builders of the Jewish Temple, who worked “with a trowel in one hand and a sword in the other.”

At a time when imprisonment for debt was in constant practice both in England and in America, Danton moved its abolition in France, and the Convention so voted. This was in the spring of 1793. The Jacobin Convention abol-